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THE NOVEL AND THE COMMON SCHOOL.

THERE has been a great improvement in the physical condition of the people of the United States within two generations. This is more noticeable in the West than in the East, but it is marked everywhere, and the foreign traveler, who once detected a race deterioration, which he attributed to a dry and stimulating atmosphere and to a feverish anxiety, which was evident in all classes, for a rapid change of condition, finds very little now to sustain his theory. Although the restless energy continues, the mixed race in America has certainly changed physically for the better. Speaking generally, the contours of face and form are more rounded. The change is most marked in regions once noted for leanness, angularity, and sallowness of complexion, but throughout the country the types of physical manhood are more numerous; and if women of rare and exceptional beauty are not more numerous, no doubt the average of comeliness and beauty has been raised. Thus far, the increase of beauty due to better development has not been at the expense of delicacy of complexion and of line, as it has been in some European countries.

Physical well-being is almost entirely a matter of nutrition. Something is due in our case to the accumulation of money, to the decrease in an increasing number of our population of the daily anxiety about food and clothes, to more leisure; but abundant and better prepared food is the direct agency in our physical

change. Good food is not only more abundant and more widely distributed than it was two generations ago, but it is to be had in immeasurably greater variety. No other people existing, or that ever did exist, could command such a variety of edible products for daily consumption as the mass of the American people habitually use to-day. In consequence they have the opportunity of being better nourished than any other people ever were. If they are not better nourished, it is because their food is badly prepared. Whenever we find, either in New England or in the South, a community ill-favored, dyspeptic, lean, and faded in complexion, we may be perfectly sure that its cooking is bad, and that it is too ignorant of the laws of health to procure that variety of food which is so easily obtainable. People who still diet on sodden pie and the products of the frying-pan of the pioneers, and then, in order to promote digestion, attempt to imitate the patient cow by masticating some elastic and fragrant gum, are doing very little to bring in that universal physical health or beauty which is the natural heritage of our opportunity.

Now, what is the relation of our intellectual development to this physical improvement? It will be said that the general intelligence is raised, that the habit of reading is much more widespread, and that the increase of books, periodicals, and newspapers shows a greater mental activity than existed for-

merly. It will also be said that the opportunity for education was never before so nearly universal. If it is not yet true everywhere that all children must go to school, it is true that all may go to school free of cost. Without doubt, also, great advance has been made in American scholarship, in specialized learning and investigation; that is to say, the proportion of scholars of the first rank in literature and in science is much larger to the population than a generation ago.

But what is the relation of our general intellectual life to popular education? Or, in other words, what effect is popular education having upon the general intellectual habit and taste? There are two ways of testing this. One is by observing whether the mass of minds is better trained and disciplined than formerly, less liable to delusions, better able to detect fallacies, more logical, and less likely to be led away by novelties in speculation, or by theories that are unsupported by historic evidence or that are contradicted by a knowledge of human nature. If we were tempted to pursue this test, we should be forced to note the seeming anomaly of a scientific age peculiarly credulous; the ease with which any charlatan finds followers; the common readiness to fall in with any theory of progress which appeals to the sympathies, and to accept the wildest notions of social reorganization. We should be obliged to note also, among scientific men themselves, a disposition to come to conclusions on inadequate evidence, — a disposition usually due to one-sided education which lacks metaphysical training and the philosophic habit. Multitudes of fairly intelligent people are afloat without any base-line of thought to which they can refer new suggestions; just as many politicians are floundering about for want of an apprehension of the Constitution of the United States and of the historic development of society. An honest acceptance of the law

of gravitation would banish many popular delusions; a comprehension that something cannot be made out of nothing would dispose of others; and the application of the ordinary principles of evidence, such as men require to establish a title to property, would end most of the remaining. How far is our popular education, which we have now enjoyed for two full generations, responsible for this state of mind? If it has not encouraged it, has it done much to correct it?

The other test of popular education is in the kind of reading sought and enjoyed by the majority of the American people. As the greater part of this reading is admitted to be fiction, we have before us the relation of the novel to the common school. As the common school is our universal method of education, and the novels most in demand are those least worthy to be read, we may consider this subject in two aspects: the encouragement, by neglect or by teaching, of the taste that demands this kind of fiction, and the tendency of the novel to become what this taste demands.

Before considering the common school, however, we have to notice a phenomenon in letters, namely, the evolution of the modern newspaper as a vehicle for general reading matter. Not content with giving the news, or even with creating news and increasing its sensational character, it grasps at the wider field of supplying reading material for the million, usurping the place of books and to a large extent of periodicals. The effect of this new departure in journalism is beginning to attract attention. An increasing number of people read nothing except the newspapers. Consequently, they get little except scraps and bits; no subject is considered thoroughly or exhaustively; and they are furnished with not much more than the small change for superficial conversation. The habit of excessive newspaper-reading, in which a

great variety of topics is inadequately treated, has a curious effect on the mind. It becomes demoralized, gradually loses the power of concentration or of continuous thought, and even loses the inclination to read the long articles which the newspaper prints. The eye catches a thousand things, but is detained by no one. Variety, which in limitations is wholesome in literary as well as in physical diet, creates dyspepsia when it is excessive, and when the literary viands are badly cooked and badly served the evil is increased. The mind loses the power of discrimination, the taste is lowered, and the appetite becomes diseased. The effect of this scrappy, desultory reading is bad enough when the hashed compound selected is tolerably good. It becomes a very serious matter when the reading itself is rapid, frivolous, or bad. The responsibility of selecting the mental food for millions of people is serious. When, in the last century, in England, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Information, which accomplished so much good, was organized, this responsibility was felt, and competent hands prepared the popular books and pamphlets that were cheap in price and widely diffused. Now, it happens that a hundred thousand people, perhaps a million in some cases, surrender the right of the all-important selection of the food for their minds to some unknown and irresponsible person whose business it is to choose the miscellaneous reading matter for a particular newspaper. His or her taste may be good, or it may be immature and vicious; it may be used simply to create a sensation; and yet the million of readers get nothing except what this one person chooses they shall read. It is an astonishing abdication of individual preference. Day after day, Sunday after Sunday, they read only what this unknown person selects for them. Instead of going to the library and cultivating their own tastes, and pursuing some subject that will increase their mental vigor

and add to their permanent stock of thought, they fritter away their time upon a hash of literature chopped up for them by a person possibly very unfit even to make good hash. The mere statement of this surrender of one's judgment of what shall be his intellectual life is alarming.

But the modern newspaper is no doubt a natural evolution in our social life. As everything has a cause, it would be worth while to inquire whether the encyclopædic newspaper is in response to a demand, to a taste created by our common schools. Or, to put the question in another form, does the system of education in our common schools give the pupils a taste for good literature or much power of discrimination? Do they come out of school with the habit of continuous reading, of reading books, or only of picking up scraps in the newspapers, as they might snatch a hasty meal at a lunch counter? What, in short, do the schools contribute to the creation of a taste for good literature?

Great anxiety is felt in many quarters about the modern novel. It is feared that it will not be realistic enough, that it will be too realistic, that it will be insincere as to the common aspects of life, that it will not sufficiently idealize life to keep itself within the limits of true art. But while the critics are busy saying what the novel should be, and attacking or defending the fiction of the previous age, the novel obeys pretty well the laws of its era, and in many ways, especially in the variety of its development, represents the time. Regarded simply as a work of art, it may be said that the novel should be an expression of the genius of its writer conscientiously applied to a study of the facts of life and of human nature, with little reference to the audience. Perhaps the great works of art that have endured have been so composed. We may say, for example, that Don Quixote had to create its sympathetic audience.

But, on the other hand, works of art worthy the name are sometimes produced to suit a demand and to please a taste already created. A great deal of what passes for literature in these days is in this category of supply to suit the demand, and perhaps it can be said of this generation more fitly than of any other that the novel seeks to hit the popular taste; having become a means of livelihood, it must sell in order to be profitable to the producer, and in order to sell it must be what the reading public want. The demand and sale are widely taken as criterions of excellence, or they are at least sufficient encouragement of further work on the line of this success. This criterion is accepted by the publisher, whose business it is to supply a demand. The conscientious publisher asks two questions: Is the book good? and Will it sell? The publisher without a conscience asks only one question: Will the book sell? The reflex influence of this upon authors is immediately felt.

The novel, mediocre, banal, merely sensational, and worthless for any purpose of intellectual stimulus or elevation of the ideal, is thus encouraged in this age as it never was before. The making of novels has become a process of manufacture. Usually, after the fashion of the silk-weavers of Lyons, they are made for the central establishment on individual looms at home; but if demand for the sort of goods furnished at present continues, there is no reason why they should not be produced, even more cheaply than they are now, in great factories, where there can be division of labor and economy of talent. The shoal of English novels conscientiously reviewed every seventh day in the London weeklies would preserve their present character and gain in firmness of texture if they were made by machinery. One has only to mark what sort of novels reach the largest sale and are most called for in the circulating libraries, to

gauge pretty accurately the public taste, and to measure the influence of this taste upon modern production. With the exception of the novel now and then which touches some religious problem or some socialistic speculation or uneasiness, or is a special freak of sensationalism, the novels which suit the greatest number of readers are those which move in a plane of absolute mediocrity, and have the slightest claim to be considered works of art. They represent the chromo stage of development.

They must be cheap. The almost universal habit of reading is a feature of this age,—nowhere else so conspicuous as in America; and considering the training of this comparatively new reading public, it is natural that it should insist upon cheapness of material, and that it should require quality less than quantity. It is a note of our general intellectual development that cheapness in literature is almost as much insisted on by the rich as by the poor. The taste for a good book has not kept pace with the taste for a good dinner, and multitudes who have commendable judgment about the table would think it a piece of extravagance to pay as much for a book as for a dinner, and would be ashamed to smoke a cigar that cost less than a novel. Indeed, we seem to be as yet far away from the appreciation of the truth that what we put into the mind is as important to our well-being as what we put into the stomach.

No doubt there are more people capable of appreciating a good book, and there are more good books read, in this age, than in any previous, though the ratio of good judges to the number who read is less; but we are considering the vast mass of the reading public and its tastes. I say its tastes, and probably this is not unfair, although this traveling, restless reading public meekly takes, as in the case of the reading selected in the newspapers, what is most persistently thrust upon its attention by the great

news agencies, which find it most profitable to deal in that which is cheap and ephemeral. The houses which publish books of merit are at a disadvantage with the distributing agencies.

Criticism which condemns the common school system as a nurse of superficiality, mediocrity, and conceit does not need serious attention, any more than does the criticism that the universal opportunity of individual welfare offered by a republic fails to make a perfect government. But this is not saying that the common school does all that it can do, and that its results answer to the theories about it. It must be partly due to the want of proper training in the public schools that there are so few readers of discrimination, and that the general taste, judged by the sort of books now read, is so mediocre. Most of the public schools teach reading, or have taught it, so poorly that the scholars who come from them cannot read easily; hence they must have spice, and blood, and vice to stimulate them, just as a man who has lost taste peppers his food. We need not agree with those who say that there is no merit whatever in the mere ability to read, nor, on the other hand, can we join those who say that the art of reading will pretty surely encourage a taste for the nobler kind of reading, and that the habit of reading trash will by and by lead the reader to better things. As a matter of experience, the reader of the namby-pamby does not acquire an appetite for anything more virile, and the reader of the sensational requires constantly more highly flavored viands. Nor is it reasonable to expect good taste to be recovered by an indulgence in bad taste.

What, then, does the common school usually do for literary taste? Generally there is no thought about it. It is not in the minds of the majority of teachers even if they possess it themselves. The business is to teach the pupils to read; how they shall use the art of reading is

little considered. If we examine the reading-books from the lowest grade to the highest, we shall find that their object is to teach words, not literature. The lower-grade books are commonly inane (I will not say childish, for that is a libel on the open minds of children) beyond description. There is an impression that advanced readers have improved much in quality within a few years, and doubtless some of them do contain specimens of better literature than their predecessors. But they are on the old plan, which must be radically modified or entirely cast aside, and doubtless will be when the new method is comprehended, and teachers are well enough furnished to cut loose from the machine. We may say that to learn how to read and not what to read is confessedly the object of these books, but even this object is not attained. There is an endeavor to teach how to call the words of a reading-book, but not to teach how to read; for reading involves, certainly for the older scholars, the combination of known words to form new ideas. This is lacking. The taste for good literature is not developed; the habit of continuous pursuit of a subject, with comprehension of its relations, is not acquired; and no conception is gained of the entirety of literature or its importance to human life. Consequently, there is no power of judgment or faculty of discrimination.

Now, this radical defect can be easily remedied if the school authorities only clearly apprehend one truth, and that is that the minds of children of tender age can be as readily interested and permanently interested in good literature as in the dreary feebleness of the juvenile reader. The mind of the ordinary child should not be judged by the mind that produces stuff of this sort: "Little Jimmy had a little white pig." "Did the little pig know Jimmy?" "Yes, the little pig knew Jimmy, and would come when he called." "How

did little Jimmy know his pig from the other little pigs?" "By the twist in his tail." (Children, asks the teacher, what is the meaning of "twist"?) "Jimmy liked to stride the little pig's back." "Would the little pig let him?" "Yes, when he was absorbed eating his dinner." (Children, what is the meaning of "absorbed"?) And so on.

This intellectual exercise is, perhaps, read to children who have not got far enough in "word-building" to read themselves about little Jimmy and his absorbed pig. It may be continued, together with word-learning, until the children are able to say (is it reading?) the entire volume of this precious stuff. To what end? The children are only languidly interested; their minds are not awakened; the imagination is not appealed to; they have learned nothing, except probably some new words, which are learned as signs. Often children have only one book even of this sort, at which they are kept until they learn it through by heart, and they have been heard to "read" it with the book bottom side up or shut! All these books cultivate inattention and intellectual vacancy. They are — the best of them — only reading exercises; and reading is not perceived to have any sort of value. The child is not taught to think, and not a step is taken in informing him of his relation to the world about him. His education is not begun.

Now it happens that children go on with this sort of reading and the ordinary text-books through the grades of the district school into the high school, and come to the ages of seventeen and eighteen without the least conception of literature, or of art, or of the continuity or the relations of history; are ignorant of the great names which illuminate the ages; have never heard of Socrates, or of Phidias, or of Titian; do not know whether Franklin was an Englishman or an American; would be puzzled to say whether it was Ben Franklin

or Ben Jonson who invented lightning, — think it was Ben somebody; cannot tell whether they lived before or after Christ, and indeed never have thought that anything happened before the time of Christ; do not know who was on the throne of Spain when Columbus discovered America, — and so on. These are not imagined instances. The children referred to are in good circumstances and have had fairly intelligent associations, but their education has been entrusted to the schools. They know nothing except their text-books, and they know those simply for the purpose of examination. Such pupils come to the age of eighteen with not only no taste for the best reading, for the reading of books, but without the ability to be interested even in fiction of the first class, because it is full of allusions that convey nothing to their minds. The stories they read, if they read at all; the novels, so called, that they have been brought up on, are the diluted and feeble fictions that flood the country, and that scarcely rise above the intellectual level of Jimmy and the absorbed pig.

It has been demonstrated by experiment that it is as easy to begin with good literature as with the sort of reading described. It makes little difference where the beginning is made. Any good book, any real book, is an open door into the wide field of literature; that is to say of history, that is to say of interest in the entire human race. Read to children of tender years, the same day, the story of Jimmy and a Greek myth, or an episode from the Odyssey, or any genuine bit of human nature and life; and ask the children next day which they wish to hear again. Almost all of them will call for the repetition of the real thing, the verity of which they recognize, and which has appealed to their imaginations. But this is not all. If the subject is a Greek myth, they speedily come to comprehend its meaning, and by the aid of the teacher to trace its development elsewhere, to

understand its historic significance, to have the mind filled with images of beauty and wonder. Is it the Homeric story of Nausicaä? What a picture! How speedily Greek history opens to the mind! How readily the children acquire knowledge of the great historic names, and see how their deeds and their thoughts are related to our deeds and our thoughts! It is as easy to know about Socrates as about Franklin and General Grant. Having the mind open to other times and to the significance of great men in history, how much more clearly they comprehend Franklin and Grant and Lincoln! Nor is this all. The young mind is open to noble thoughts, to high conceptions; it follows by association easily along the historic and literary line, and not only do great names and fine pieces of literature become familiar, but the meaning of the continual life in the world begins to be apprehended. This is not at all a fancy sketch. The writer has seen the whole assembly of pupils in a school of six hundred, of all the eight grades, intelligently interested in a talk which contained classical and literary allusions that would have been incomprehensible to an ordinary school, brought up on the ordinary readers and text-books.

But the reading need not be confined to the classics nor to the masterpieces of literature. Natural history, generally the most fascinating of subjects, can be taught; interest in flowers and trees and birds and the habits of animals can be awakened by reading the essays of literary men on these topics, as they never can be by the dry text-books. The point I wish to make is that real literature for the young, literature which is almost absolutely neglected in the public schools, except in a scrappy way as a reading exercise, is the best open door to the development of the mind and to knowledge of all sorts. The unfolding of a Greek myth leads directly to art, to love of beauty, to knowledge of history, to an

understanding of ourselves. But whatever the beginning is, whether a classic myth, an Homeric epic, a play of Sophocles, the story of the life and death of Socrates, a mediæval legend, or any genuine piece of literature from the time of Virgil down to our own, it may not so much matter (except that it is better to begin with the ancients in order to gain a proper perspective), — whatever the beginning is, it should be the best literature. The best is not too good for the youngest child. Simplicity, which commonly characterizes greatness, is of course essential. But never was a greater mistake made than in thinking that a youthful mind needs watering with the slops ordinarily fed to it. Even children in the kindergarten are eager for Whittier's Barefoot Boy and Longfellow's Hiawatha. It requires, I repeat, little more pains to create a good taste in reading than a bad taste.

It would seem that in the complete organization of the public schools all education of the pupil is turned over to them as it was not formerly, and it is possible that in the stress of text-book education there is no time for reading at home. The competent teachers contend not merely with the difficulty of the lack of books and the deficiencies of those in use, but with the more serious difficulty of the erroneous ideas of the function of text-books. They will cease to be a commercial commodity of so much value as now when teachers teach. If it is true that there is no time for reading at home, we can account for the deplorable lack of taste in the great mass of the reading public educated at the common schools; and we can see exactly what the remedy should be, namely, the teaching of literature at the beginning of school life, and following it up broadly and intelligently during the whole school period. It will not crowd out anything else, because it underlies everything. After many years of perversion and neglect, to take up the study of litera-

ture in a comprehensive text-book, as if it were to be learned like arithmetic, is a ludicrous proceeding. This is not teaching literature nor giving the scholar a love of good reading. It is merely stuffing the mind with names and dates, which are not seen to have any relation to present life, and which speedily fade out of the mind. The love of literature is not to be attained in this way, nor in any way except by reading the best literature.

The notion that literature can be taken up as a branch of education, and learned at the proper time and when other studies permit, is one of the most farcical in our scheme of education. It is only matched in absurdity by the other current idea, that literature is something separate and apart from general knowledge. Here is the whole body of accumulated thought and experience of all the ages, which indeed forms our present life and explains it, existing partly in tradition and training, but more largely in books; and most teachers think, and most pupils are led to believe, that this most important former of the mind, maker of character, and guide to action can be acquired in a certain number of lessons out of a text-book! Because this is so, young men and young women come up to college almost absolutely ignorant of the history of their race, and of the ideas that have made our civilization. Some of them have never read a book, except the text-books, on the specialties in which they have prepared themselves for examination. We have a saying concerning people whose minds appear to be made up of dry, isolated facts, that they have no atmosphere. Well, literature is the atmosphere. In it we live, and move, and have our being, intellectually. The first lesson read to or read by the child should begin to put him in relations with the world and the thought of the world.

This cannot be done except by the living teacher. No text-book, no one

reading-book or series of reading-books, will do it. If the teacher is only the text-book orally delivered, the teacher is an uninspired machine. We must revise our notions of the function of the teacher for the beginners. The teacher is to present evidence of truth, beauty, art. Where will he or she find it? Why, in experimental science, if you please, in history, but, in short, in good literature, using the word in its broadest sense. The object in selecting reading for children is to make it impossible for them to see any evidence except the best. That is the teacher's business, and how few understand their business! How few are educated! In the best literature we find truth about the world, about human nature; and hence, if children read that, they read what their experience will verify. I am told that publishers are largely at fault for the quality of the reading used in schools, — that schools would gladly receive the good literature if they could get it. But I do not know, in this case, how much the demand has to do with the supply. I am certain, however, that educated teachers would use only the best means for forming the minds and enlightening the understanding of their pupils. It must be kept in mind that reading, silent reading done by the scholar, is not learning signs and calling words; it is getting thought. If children are to get thought, they should be served with the best, — that which will not only be true, but appeal so naturally to their minds that they will prefer it to all meaner stuff. If it is true that children cannot acquire this taste at home, — and it is true for the vast majority of American children, — then it must be given in the public schools. To give it is not to interrupt the acquisition of other knowledge; it is literally to open the door to all knowledge.

When this truth is recognized in the common schools, and literature is given its proper place, not only for the development of the mind, but as the most

easily opened door to history, art, science, general intelligence, we shall see the taste of the reading public in the United States undergo a mighty change. It will not care for the fiction it likes at present, and which does little more than enfeeble its powers; and then there can be no doubt that fiction will rise to supply the demand for something better. When the trash does not sell, the trash will not be produced, and those who are only capable of supplying the present demand will perhaps find a more useful occupation. It will be again evident that literature is not a trade, but an art requiring peculiar powers and patient training. When people know how to read, authors will need to know how to write.

In all other pursuits we carefully study the relation of supply to demand; why not in literature? Formerly, when readers were comparatively few, and were of a class that had leisure and the opportunity of cultivating the taste, books were generally written for this class, and aimed at its real or supposed capacities. If the age was coarse in speech or specially affected in manner, the books followed the lead given by the demand; but, coarse or affected, they had the quality of art demanded by the best existing cultivation. Naturally, when the art of reading is acquired by the great mass of the people, whose taste has not been cultivated, the supply for this increased demand will, more or less, follow the level of its intelligence. After our civil war there was a patriotic desire to commemorate the heroic sacrifice of our soldiers in monuments, and the deeds of our great captains in statues. This noble desire was not usually accompanied by artistic discrimination, and the land is filled with monuments and statues which express the gratitude of the people. The coming age may wish to replace them by images and structures which will express gratitude and patriotism in a higher because more artistic

form. In the matter of art the development is distinctly reflex. The exhibition of works of genius will slowly instruct and elevate the popular taste, and in time the cultivated popular taste will reject mediocrity, and demand better things. Only a little while ago few people in the United States knew how to draw, and only a few could tell good drawing from bad. To realize the change that has taken place we have only to recall the illustrations in books, magazines, and comic newspapers of less than a quarter of a century ago. Foreign travel, foreign study, and the importation of works of art (still blindly restricted by the American Congress) were the lessons that began to work a change. Now, in all our large towns, and even in hundreds of villages, there are well-established art schools; in the greater cities, unions and associations, under the guidance of skillful artists, where five or six hundred young men and women are diligently, day and night, learning the rudiments of art. The result is already apparent. Excellent drawing is seen in illustrations for books and magazines, in the satirical and comic publications, even in the advertisements and theatrical posters. At our present rate of progress, the drawings in all our amusing weeklies will soon be as good as those in the *Fliegende Blätter*. The change is marvelous; and the popular taste has so improved that it would not be profitable to go back to the ill-drawn illustrations of twenty years ago. But as to fiction, even if the writers of it were all trained in it as an art, it is not so easy to lift the public taste to their artistic level. The best supply in this case will only very slowly affect the quality of the demand. When the poor novel sells vastly better than the good novel, the poor will be produced to supply the demand, the general taste will be still further lowered, and the power of discrimination fade out more and more. What is true of the novel is true of all

other literature. Taste for it must be cultivated in childhood. The common schools must do for literature what the art schools are doing for art. Not every one can become an artist, not every one can become a writer, — though this is contrary to general opinion; but knowledge to distinguish good drawing from bad can be acquired by most people, and there are probably few minds that cannot, by right methods applied early, be led to prefer good literature, and to have an enjoyment in it in proportion to its sincerity, naturalness, verity, and truth to life.

It is, perhaps, too much to say that all the American novel needs for its development is an audience, but it is safe to say that an audience would greatly assist it. Evidence is on all sides of a fresh, new, wonderful artistic development in America in drawing, painting, sculpture, in instrumental music and singing, and in literature. The promise of this is not only in the climate, the free republican opportunity, the mixed races blending the traditions and aptitudes of so many civilizations, but it is in a certain temperament which we already recognize as American. It is an artistic tendency. This was first most noticeable in American women, to whom the art of dress seemed to come by nature, and the art of being agreeable to be easily acquired.

Already writers have arisen who illustrate this artistic tendency in novels, and especially in short stories. They have not appeared to owe their origin to any special literary centres; they have come forward in the South, the West, the East. Their writings have to a great degree (considering our pupilage to the literature of Great Britain, which is prolonged by the lack of an international copyright) the stamp of originality, of naturalness, of sincerity, of an attempt to give the facts of life with a sense of their artistic value. Their affiliation is rather with the new literatures of

France, of Russia, of Spain, than with the modern fiction of England. They have to compete in the market with the uncopyrighted literature of all other lands, good and bad, especially bad, which is sold for little more than the cost of the paper it is printed on, and badly printed at that. But besides this fact, and owing to a public taste not cultivated or not corrected in the public schools, their books do not sell in anything like the quantity that the inferior, mediocre, other home novels sell. Indeed, but for the intervention of the magazines, few of the best writers of novels and short stories could earn as much as the day laborer earns. In sixty millions of people, all of whom are, or have been, in reach of the common school, it must be confessed that their audience is small.

This relation between the fiction that is, and that which is to be, and the common school is not fanciful. The lack in the general reading public, in the novels read by the greater number of people, and in the common school is the same, — the lack of inspiration and ideality. The common school does not cultivate the literary sense, the general public lacks literary discrimination, and the stories and tales either produced by or addressed to those who have little ideality simply respond to the demand of the times.

It is already evident, both in positive and negative results, both in the schools and the general public taste, that literature cannot be set aside in the scheme of education; nay, that it is of the first importance. The teacher must be able to inspire the pupil; not only to awaken eagerness to know, but to kindle the imagination. The value of the Hindoo or the Greek myth, of the Roman story, of the mediæval legend, of the heroic epic, of the lyric poem, of the classic biography, of any genuine piece of literature, ancient or modern, is not in the knowledge of it, as we may know the

rules of grammar and arithmetic or the formulas of a science, but in the enlargement of the mind to a conception of the life and development of the race, to a study of the motives of human action, to a comprehension of history; so that the mind is not simply enriched, but becomes discriminating, and able to estimate the value of events and opinions. This office for the mind acquaintance with literature can alone perform. So that, in school, literature is not only, as I have said, the easiest open door to all else desirable, the best literature is not only the best means of awakening the young mind, the stimulus most congenial, but it is the best foundation for broad and generous culture. Indeed, without its coördinating influence, the education of the common school is a thing of shreds and patches. Besides, the mind aroused to historic consciousness, kindled in itself by the best that has been said and done in all ages, is more apt in the pursuit, intelligently, of any specialty; so that the shortest road to the practical education so much insisted on in these days begins in the awakening of the faculties in the manner described. There is no doubt of the value of manual training as an aid in giving definiteness, directness, exactness, to the mind, but mere technical training alone will be barren of those results, in general discriminat-

ing culture, which we hope to see in America.

The common school is a machine of incalculable value. It is not, however, automatic. If it is a mere machine, it will do little more to lift the nation than the mere ability to read will lift it. It can easily be made to inculcate a taste for good literature; it can be a powerful influence in teaching the American people what to read; and upon a broadened, elevated, discriminating public taste depends the fate of American art, of American fiction.

It is not an inappropriate corollary to be drawn from this that an elevated public taste will bring about a truer estimate of the value of a genuine literary product. An invention which increases or cheapens the conveniences or comforts of life may be a fortune to its originator. A book which amuses, or consoles, or inspires; which contributes to the highest intellectual enjoyment of hundreds of thousands of people; which furnishes substance for thought or for conversation; which dispels the care and lightens the burdens of life; which is a friend when friends fail, a companion when other intercourse wearies or is impossible, for a year, for a decade, for a generation perhaps, in a world which has a proper sense of values will bring a like competence to its author.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

AMONG the gorgeous canvases of Rubens which crowd the great galleries of Europe, there is none more memorable, and none surely which better illustrates the superb mastery of the painter, than a certain one in the Belvedere at Vienna, which represents a swarthy man, in the full vigor of middle age, wearing the spiked crown of a Roman Emperor upon

his thick, short hair, and accompanied by a group of attendants no less stalwart than himself, and even fiercer in expression. Pressing unitedly and vehemently forward up a flight of steps, at whose head stands a stately mitred figure, they suddenly pause, — arrested, as it would seem, by an almost imperceptible gesture of the prelate's hand, and reluctantly

acknowledging in every tough fibre of their warlike frames the ascendancy over mere brute force of the spiritual power by which they are confronted. No need to consult the catalogue for an explanation of this picture. The incident of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, turning back from the doors of the Portian basilica the man who had ordered the massacre of Thessalonica is too picturesque not to have held its place in the least retentive memory, and Rubens has portrayed it once for all. But the vigorous genius of the artist does more than this. It kindles in the gazer's mind a new curiosity concerning the causes and consequences of so dramatic an event. How, after all, did it come about, this first prostrate submission of the ruler of the world to a mere local dignitary of the Christian Church, and what were its immediate results? The teeming moral chaos of the time, the spirit brooding over the darkling waters, the general inundation and subversion of the old upon the one hand, and on the other the dimly emerging proportions of the new, — these things could hardly, as I think, be better illustrated than by collating the following curious facts. Theodosius was denied by Ambrose the shelter and sacraments of the Church from the April day commemorated in Rubens's picture until the following December; and during this period of excommunication he restored to favor and nominated to the consulate of the following year, 391, Q. Aurelius Symmachus, one of the staunchest as well as ablest pagans of his age, — a man whose religious opinions were notorious, and who had already had more than one *démêlé* concerning them with the Bishop of Milan himself.

Symmachus and Ambrosius were nearly of the same age, and both scions of the old Roman nobility. Whether they were acquainted in boyhood is uncertain, but it is hardly likely that they met before 353, when the death of his father,

who had been prefect of Gaul, brought Ambrose back to Rome. With him came his widowed mother, and the sister, already a professed virgin, who is known to the faithful as St. Marcellina, and to whom so many of his subsequent letters are addressed.

The chances are, however, that, belonging as they did to the same social rank, the two youths knew one another at least by sight. The family of Ambrose was Christian, indeed, but he himself was still a layman, and he may well have frequented, along with Symmachus and Hieronymus (afterwards St. Jerome), the lectures of that Victorinus the story of whose long vacillation and final conversion to Christianity may be read, like so much else which helps to vivify that time, in the Confessions of St. Augustine: "Let me tell what I have learned concerning Victorinus, . . . once master of rhetoric at Rome, that illustrious and most erudite old man, an adept in all the liberal sciences, who had read, weighed, and elucidated so many works of the philosophers; who had been the instructor of so many noble senators; who, for the excellent discharge of his official duties, had merited and obtained what the men of this world think a supreme honor, a statue in the Roman Forum, — he to so great an age a worshiper of idols, and partaker of those sacrilegious rites which the haughty Roman nobility of that day, almost without exception, imposed upon the people, . . . now a disciple of Thy Christ and a child of Thy baptism," etc. The passionless yet ever poignant narrative, quiet from the very excess of emotion which underlies it, runs its even course, bearing unintentional testimony of the strongest kind to the state of religious opinion in the middle of the fourth century, in that capital which was still the one *City* to all who spoke the Latin tongue.

That the Christian colony at Rome, now long delivered both from the terror and the stimulus of persecution, was

flourishing and perpetually recruited is made evident, not so much by the vehement assertions of controversial writers as by certain incidental indications. Among these, three may be named as most significant,—the many churches erected or enlarged, the increasing splendor of living affected by the Bishop of Rome, and the considerable number of persons who relapsed to paganism.

The great mass of Christian converts belonged to that sturdy middle class of traders and artisans, by whom Protestantism was fostered in France in the seventeenth century, and Methodism in England in the eighteenth. The *basso popolo*—and very base, for the most part, it was—wavered from side to side in obedience to its material instincts; but when the rites of the Church and the pleasures of the circus came into conflict, the latter usually carried the day. As for the senatorial caste of Rome, with a few noble and familiar exceptions, there is no reason to suppose that any distinct presentiment had at this time visited its members of the complete revolution so soon to occur. Constantine had established religious equality; they shrugged their patrician shoulders and acquiesced. The ceremonies of the old worship were kept up, auspices taken and sacrifices offered, as one necessary part of the ritual of a Roman existence; just as the incessant frequentation of those magnificent baths, doomed also ere long to become a thing of the past, constituted another. It hardly seems that the augurs can have been sufficiently alert of mind, even to smile any longer behind their sheltering hands.

We must remember, too, that the Rome in which the functions of Pontifex and Sacerdos were thus punctually performed lacked nothing as yet of the splendor of that marble city which Augustus had left. Two late cults, those of Mithras and Cybele, had indeed

arisen, and had attracted many of the worshipers of the old divinities; but the superb temples of the latter, even when not frequented, continued to exist in all their golden glory, and garden, street, and forum were still thronged with statues.

There is a certain dry enumeration of the principal monuments of the secular city in the middle of the fourth century, which is invaluable to the modern student, for the very reason that it is plainly but the careful and conscientious list of a mere sight-seer who had no point to make. I will copy Publius Victor's catalogue of the edifices which adorned that portion of Rome where modern investigation has been most active:—

Ward VIII. contains:—

The great Roman Forum, the rostra.

The golden genius of the Roman people, and the horse of Constantine.

The little Senate-House.

The hall of Minerva.

The fora of Cæsar, Augustus, and Nerva Trajan.

The temple of the Divine Trajan, his column one hundred and twenty-eight feet high, having within a spiral staircase with one hundred and eighty-five steps and forty-five windows.

Six cohorts for guards.

The Bourse.

The temple of Concord.

The navel of Rome.

The temples of Saturn and Vespasian.

The Capitol with its monuments.

The Golden Milestone.

The temples of Julia, the Castors, and Vesta.

The storehouse built by Agrippina in memory of Germanicus.

Four shrines in the crypt of the temple surrounded by water.¹

The hall of Cæus.

The street of the ox-herds and perfumers.

The Greek embassy.

The portico of the pearl-merchants.

Elephantum Herbarium.²

XXXIV streets, XXIX shrines, XLVIII superintendents of roads and ways, II curators, III DCCCLXXX apartment houses, CXXX dwellings, XVIII granaries, LXXXVI baths, CXX ponds, XV bakeries.

yew and box still found in old-fashioned English gardens.

¹ *Aquam cernentem IV sacros sub æde.*

² This suggests those monsters in clipped

Baffled and bewildered by the attempt to realize all this, the mind retains only a vaguely dazzling impression of unparalleled riches and majesty. Yet the vision has once been depicted almost as conclusively as the humiliation of Theodosius, and the very *Roma aurea* of our dreams — a cloud-capped city, a vista of warm-hued colonnades along a shining river, a suffusion of unearthly sunshine — lives for whoever will seek it out in that most poetic of Turner's classical pictures, *The Landing of Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus*.

When Constantius, the son of Constantine the Great, visited Rome in 356, — that is to say, thirty-five years before the discipline of Theodosius, — and went through with his vain travesty of a Roman triumph, he was simply overpowered by the architectural splendor of the ancient capital. "He went over the whole city," says the faithful historian Ammianus Marcellinus, "both the level parts and the slopes and summits of the seven hills; he visited all the suburbs, also, and every new object which he beheld seemed more glorious than the last; but the temple of Tarpeian Jove transcended all the rest, he thought, as heaven transcends the earth."¹

Nevertheless, it was Constantius himself, during this very visit, who made the first ominous attack upon the pagan worship in Rome, by ordering the altar of Victory to be removed from its place in the Curia Julia. This altar and the celebrated statue of the divinity by which it was surmounted² were both easily portable, and it had long been the custom to set them up wherever the Senate assembled, and, after the burning of in-

cense upon the altar, for the senators there to take their civic oath of fidelity to the Emperor.

"Constantius, of august memory," says Ambrose, in the course of a long letter to Valentinian II. on this exceedingly vexed question, "though not initiated into the sacred mysteries, thought himself polluted by the sight of that altar; he commanded it to be removed, he did not command it to be replaced. His order has the force of an act; his silence does not bear the authority of a precept."

Inasmuch as Julian, the successor of Constantius, had formally reinstated the altar, this seems a little beside the point; nor does Ambrose here mention any strong feeling among the minority of Christian senators concerning this matter. The elder Valentinian was not disposed to trouble himself about the altar, nor indeed about the Senate itself, nor any of the — to him — shadowy concerns of the Eternal City; it was during his reign, however (362–375), that Ambrose and Symmachus began to play the conspicuous parts assigned them at a memorable moment of history.

Both have left a mass of correspondence, of which the major part is unimportant, the remainder of the highest significance. The dates of the letters of Symmachus are especially hard to fix, but the earliest which has come down to us appears to have been written during the urban prefecture of his father, the elder Symmachus, who held that office in the years 364, 365. It runs as follows: "To Flavian, my brother: The valuers of property accused of malversation, whom your Highness ordered

tonius alludes in his description of the funeral of Augustus: "Also the Senate, in order to give éclat to the ceremony and honor his memory, set about its preparations with such zeal that among many other things they ordered that the funeral procession should be conducted after the manner of a triumph, the Victory which is in the Senate going at its head."

¹ It is impossible to omit here the anecdote of the subtle Persian, Hormisdas, who had come to Rome in Constantius' suite. When asked by the Emperor what gratified him most in Rome, he replied by one of the great epigrams of the world, "The thought that here also men must die."

² The statue had been originally brought as booty from Tarentum, and it is to this that Sue-

to be brought in from the Abruzzi, have arrived, escorted by a detachment of the prætorian guard. But since the case falls within the jurisdiction of the prefect of the city, my lord, our relative, who holds that office, by virtue of his legal right, and wishing to testify his confidence in yourself, has assumed the charge of these persons and of the whole business. I write this by way of assuring you that no blame should attach to the sergeant who surrendered them to your relative and to the laws."

This letter is noteworthy, not only as a specimen of the concise and courteous official style of Symmachus, but because the Flavian to whom it and many more were addressed played a very prominent part in the last revival of paganism. He was an intimate friend of Symmachus, and probably also connected with him by some tie of blood. But whether this were the case or no, — for both *frater* and *communis parens* were expressions which, in the days of Symmachus, were occasionally applied to mere friends, — the identity of this Flavian is always clear, and he need never be confused with the two other persons of the same name who sometimes figure in the correspondence, one of whom was his own young son, and a great favorite with our Symmachus, the other a gentleman with whom the latter was on extremely formal terms.

About the same time a correspondence begins with Agorius Prætextatus, the most eminent member of the pagan party, and its titular leader up to the time of his sudden and melancholy death, nearly twenty years later. One of these letters alludes to an incident which might have occurred yesterday, so familiar to our thoughts and fears is the tension of feeling between rich and poor which it illustrates. The elder Symmachus had a beautiful palace in Trastevere, which the Roman mob burned down one night, because he had wounded their sensibilities by saying that he would

sooner slake lime with his wine than sell it at the low figure then prevailing. The son writes: "To Prætextatus: Pray forgive me if I insist upon telling you something to my own advantage. You must have heard that while my father was in rural retirement, endeavoring to digest his indignation at the loss of his house, the Senate, after passing repeated votes for his recall, paid him the unheard-of compliment of sending an embassy to bring him back. He accordingly embraced the earliest opportunity of returning thanks to the Senate, and he did it with that sober eloquence of his which you know so well. This was on January 1st; and almost immediately after, I had to fulfill an earlier promise, and make public acknowledgment on behalf of the son of my friend Trigetius, who had been elected prætor, thus doing for another what I had not done for my own father, who, however, as I have already told you, had discharged his duty to the Senate in person. So, on the 9th of January, I too spoke at considerable length, and I send you my speech herewith, begging that you will judge it upon its own merits. While awaiting your criticism, I have thought it right to withhold from you the opinion of others, lest I should seem to wish to influence you by their unanimity. Farewell."

The contrast, in this ingenuous letter, between the irrepressible self-satisfaction of the opening sentence and the ceremonious modesty of its conclusion is amusing.

In 368, or somewhere about his thirtieth year, Symmachus went to Germany to perform military duty, and there, at the court of Valentinian II., to which his rank gave him easy access, he met and became warmly attached to Ausonius, the Burgundian poet and tutor of the heir apparent, Gratian. Ausonius was old enough to have been his father, but the two men had many tastes in common, and may well have been a

resource to one another in the Belgian capital and the imperial camp. Symmachus delivered two panegyrics during his residence in Germany, — one of the Emperor, and one of the lad Gratian on the occasion of his investiture with the purple. He had been *corrector* of Lucania before serving his term in the army, and when the latter was concluded he was made proconsul of Africa, and distinguished himself in that office.

At the close of 373 we find him once more in Rome, and already married to that fair Rusticiana whose sympathy with her husband's literary pursuits Sidonius Apollinaris illustrates so quaintly by saying that she held "candles and candlesticks" for him when he worked at night. Orfitus, the father of Rusticiana, was one of the wealthiest of the Roman patricians. He erected a new temple to Apollo, and raised a statue to the great hero of his party, Julian the Apostate. He got statues in return, after his own race was run, and some of their inscriptions yet remain, bearing witness to the sterling qualities of his character and his fervent devotion to the faith of his fathers.

The palace which was burned seems never to have been rebuilt, and later we find the town house of the family of Symmachus upon the Coelian hill. Villas indeed they had, enough and to spare, in every one of the well-known suburbs, and on the remoter and yet lovelier sites, distinguished by the fashion and adorned by the taste of four hundred years: at Tivoli, Ostia, Formiæ, and Capua, and upon the Bay of Naples. The writings of Symmachus abound in careless allusions to these different country-seats, but we find no elaborate descriptions, like those of which the younger Pliny had started the vogue. In fact, the great quality of the letters of Symmachus is their simplicity. Their language is the clumsy and often obscure Latin of the time, but they are singularly devoid of affectation, whether personal or literary.

Take as a specimen the following pleasant note to Flavian, one of ninety odd letters and billets addressed to this friend:

"Your special messenger with letters found me at my little place on the Appian Way. You must know the one I mean, where I put up such a mass of buildings on so narrow a piece of land. I have had a most delightful rest out here; that is to say, if anything can be delightful without you. Now, however, I must hie me home on account of the feast of Vesta;¹ and I don't know yet whether I can come back, or whether I shall have to remain with my fellow-citizens. I am longing to know what you decide to do; really, you have been too long away! But my candidature — please the gods — will bring you back at once. Your presence will give more éclat to my taking of office than that of any other relative or friend whom I have in the world."

The letters of this time are all those of a conservative Roman gentleman, loyally abiding by the traditions, political, social, and religious, of the great days gone by, who notes with sharp regret that "once men filled even their familiar correspondence with the affairs of Rome, now become so insignificant, or rather null."

The worship of Vesta, concerning which our friend was especially punctilious, had a peculiar sacredness for every Roman of the *vieille souche*. Not merely was Vesta the divinity of hearth and home, but her handmaids had charge of the sacred fire, and of those mysterious relics which formed the *fatal pignus imperii*, — the "fateful pledge of Rome's eternal sway." The Vestal Virgins themselves enjoyed infinite privileges and immunities. Their independence of the conventional trammels of ordinary womanhood might have satisfied the soul of any modern reformer of their sex, and how they

¹ Probably that which occurred early in June.

struck a contemporary may be seen from the work of a nameless geographer, of about 374, and known to us only through a Latin translation from the original Greek:—

“So Italy, abounding in all good things, possesses, moreover, this chief good,—the greatest, most eminent and royal city, which shows its quality by its very name of *ROME*, which they say the boy *Romulus* founded. Thus it is especially extensive, and adorned with sacred edifices. For every Emperor, whether of former times or of the present day, has desired to build something there, and each of them has left such a work, bearing his own name. If you look for those of the *Antonines*, you will find numberless things, as, for example, the forum of *Trajan*, which contains a striking basilica called by his name. The city has a well-situated circus, much ornamented with brass. There are in this same *Rome*, also, seven ingenuous virgins of noble birth, whose duty it is to insure the safety of the city by caring for the sacred things of the gods, according to the custom of the ancients. These are denominated the *Vestal Virgins*. *Rome* has, likewise, a river known to many, the *Tiber*, which is of use to the aforesaid city, dividing it on its way to the sea; and by means of this, all things which come from foreign parts make their way up a distance of eighteen miles, and so the city abounds in all good things. Moreover, it has a great Senate of rich men; and if you consider its members one by one, you will find they have all been, or are to be, judges, or in some other post of authority, though reluctantly, as men who prefer to enjoy their own possessions in security. Also, they worship certain of the gods, *Jupiter* and the *Sun*, and they are said to cherish the rites of the mother of the gods. Certainly, good aruspices are to be found there. So much for *Rome*.”

I have given this extract entire, as
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affording one more striking illustration of how completely to outward appearance *Rome* was still the peerless pagan city, serenely unconscious or sublimely careless of the new life which had increased so mightily within her walls, and which was about to make, in the period to which we have now arrived, a tremendous assertion of its vigor.

The chair of *St. Peter* was at this time occupied by *Pope Damasus*, known to us chiefly from the testimony of his enemies, but even thus approving himself a man of great and varied ability. He ruled his flock both adroitly and firmly, and was a man of letters also, being the rival of *Ambrose* as a hymn-writer, and one of the first of his age to discard the learned measures of *Greece* in favor of the old-fashioned rustic poetry of accent. After carefully trimming between the Catholic and Arian parties, during the alternate bishoprics of the *Pope Liberius* and the Anti-Pope *Felix*, he was elected, on the death of the former, in 366, as orthodox *Pope*, while the choice of the *Arians* fell on one *Ursicinus*. Twice, during the month of his election, *Damasus* came to blows with his rival; and on the occasion of the second of these conflicts, which took place in the *Liberian basilica*, *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, one hundred and sixty *Arians* of both sexes are said to have perished. These unseemly disturbances were finally quelled by *Prætextatus*, in his capacity of urban prefect. “*Ursicinus* was exiled,” says *Ammianus*, “and there ensued a time of great quiet, very desirable for the citizens of *Rome*, whereby the fame of the distinguished ruler who had carried so many wise measures was much increased.”

The labors of *Damasus* in the catacombs, where he “constructed flights of stairs leading to the more illustrious shrines and adorned the chambers with marble, opening shafts to admit air and light where practicable, and supporting the friable tufa walls with arches of

brick and stone work,"¹ show plainly enough how far past was the day when Christian rites needed the shelter of secrecy. The anecdote is perhaps not perfectly authenticated which represents Prætextatus as saying jestingly to Damasus, with reference to the luxury of the latter's establishment, that if he could be Bishop of Rome he would not himself mind turning Christian; but Ammianus bears his dryly impressive and always trustworthy testimony to the curious contrast between the pontiff's way of living and the hardships of his provincial clergy.

The year 374 was the last in which the title of Pontifex Maximus was borne by a legitimate Roman Emperor, and we know to whom that title ultimately fell; but the same year was even more memorable to the Christian Church, as being that of the elevation of Ambrose to the bishopric of Milan.

Already famous as an advocate at Rome, Ambrose had gone to Milan about four years earlier under the patronage of the prefect Anicius Probus, — a nominal Christian like himself, but probably like himself, also, still unbaptized. When the then Arian Bishop of Milan came to die, it fell to Ambrose, as a civil magistrate, to attempt to quiet the violent disturbances attending the election, extremely popular in form as then conducted, of his successor. The great advocate was addressing a sort of mass-meeting in the metropolitan church, which occupied the posterior part of the present cathedral, when a child's voice was heard to pipe the words, "Bishop Ambrose!" The cry was caught up by the crowd; Catholic and Arian swelled the shout, and the Roman lawyer was chosen bishop by acclamation. Feeling himself profoundly unfit for the solemn charge so strangely thrust upon him, Ambrose made strenuous efforts, first to decline the honor altogether, and then to

defer the time of its acceptance, but without avail. Heaven was believed to have spoken; and Ambrose, though his traditions were orthodox, being as yet unpledged to either of the warring parties in the Church, considered that the "enemy and the aggressor" would surely be "stayed" by the inspired proclamation of the babe in the basilica. The Emperor, when heard from, highly approved, and Probus was naturally gratified at the signal fulfillment of his own parting words to Ambrose, when the latter was leaving Rome: "Farewell, and conduct yourself like a bishop rather than a judge."

But it required miracles not only in Milan, but at Rome, where he paid a visit shortly after his election, fully to convince Ambrose of his own episcopal vocation. His position would have been difficult enough in any case in a capital where pagan influences were still as predominant as at Milan, but it was yet further complicated by the presence in the city of that extremely clever woman the Arian Empress Justina, together with a large following who shared her opinions and were devoted to her person. She was the second wife of Valentinian I., and upon that Emperor's sudden death, having caused her four-year-old boy, who bore his father's name, to be proclaimed co-ruler with his half-brother Gratian, she herself acted as regent and guardian, and continued, so long as she lived, to afford efficient protection to the Arian sect.

From this time on, it becomes doubly curious to compare the letters of Ambrose the Bishop and Symmachus the Pontifex Major. The identity of their social habits and traditions causes them to use precisely the same tone and language about trivial affairs.

"Thanks for your splendid mushrooms," says the former; "they were amazingly big. Not wishing, as the proverb says, 'to hide such a gift in my bosom,' I shared with my friends, and

¹ Roma Sotterranea, Northcote & Brownlow. Compiled from Rossi. pp. 97.

kept only a part. But do not fancy that by this seductive offering you are going to propitiate my righteous wrath against you for staying so long away from your friends," etc.

"Your exploits in the hunting-field," Symmachus writes to two young sportsmen of his acquaintance, "are a sufficient proof that you are in robust health. Allow me, then, first to congratulate you on being able to enjoy field sports, and then to thank you for your gift of game. It is thought a suitable compliment even to the gods to consecrate the horns of stags, and fasten the teeth of boars to our doorposts. How much more, then, to offer to a friend the spoils of the forest!" etc.

But the moment public matters are broached, the enormous difference in the point of view of the two dignitaries becomes evident. Thus there came before each of them for adjudication the painful case of a *virgo devota* accused of having broken her vow of chastity. The one culprit was a Christian nun, the other a Vestal Virgin. Ambrose, though distressingly prolix, reiterating the evidence for and against the culprit, and examining the subject from all possible points of view, is yet merciful and tender to the unhappy girl. Symmachus, in the case of the Vestal, is brief, dignified, and absolutely pitiless. It is the difference between the piety of the new world and the virtue of the old. In purely religious matters the contrast is, of course, yet more striking.

"As a true citizen, born for the good of the state," writes Symmachus to Prætextatus, "you desire the very latest intelligence concerning our harassing affairs. I thought I had good reason for supposing that all was going well. Then came a time of suspicious silence, fol-

lowed by disquieting rumors. I never propose to distress myself about anonymous reports, but I am made exceedingly anxious by the fact that, although sacrifices of all sorts have been offered again and again by all the authorities, no efficient atonement has yet been made in the public name for the portentous occurrence at Spoleto. The eighth victim seems hardly to have propitiated Jove, and the eleventh sacrifice to the goddess of the Public Fortune has produced no result, notwithstanding the unusual number of victims. You see what a state we are in. It is now proposed to call a meeting of all our colleagues" (the Pontifices Majores), "and if the gods give any signs of relenting I will assuredly let you know."

Beside this grave bulletin from one perturbed statesman to another we will set a letter of Ambrose to Marcellina:—

"To my lady sister; dearer than life and eyes, her brother: Since it is my custom to keep your holiness apprised of all that goes on here in your absence, I beg now to inform you that we have found some holy martyrs. For when I was in the act of dedicating the basilica, I was interrupted by a great and general cry of 'Dedicate it as you did the Roman one!' 'I will do so,' I replied, 'if I find any relics of martyrs.' And all at once I felt within me the glow of a strong presentiment. To be brief, God granted me this very grace. For, in spite of the alarm of the clergy,¹ I caused the earth to be opened in front of the altar rail of SS. Felix and Nabor, and there I found the accustomed tokens. Moreover, while they were bringing in people for me to lay my hands upon them, the holy martyrs began to work so powerfully that, before a word had been spoken, an urn² was seized and

¹ Owing to penalties lately enacted concerning the disturbance of graves.

² Several able commentators have held that *urna* must be a corrupt reading for *una*, and that it was a woman possessed by an evil spirit

who was seized and thrown down. But surely the sort of commotion involved in the displacement of the urn has always been one of the accepted modes of spiritual manifestation.

flung prostrate upon the sacred sepulchre. We then found two male bodies, of that extraordinary size which was customary in ancient times. Their bones were all intact, and there was a good deal of blood. For two days there was an immense concourse of people. But not to enlarge, we arranged the remains in perfect order, and carried them at nightfall to the Faustan basilica. There we kept vigil all night, and there was some laying on of hands. The next day the relics were taken to the basilica which they call the Ambrogian,¹ and a blind man was healed during the translation. I addressed the people as follows."

The sermon of St. Ambrose is too long to quote, even if it were not too polemical in tone to be altogether agreeable reading. The strife of Catholic and Arian was then at its bitterest at Milan, but the invention of these relics of the saints, Gervasius and Protasius, gave the orthodox party an immense popular lift, and after the death of the Empress Justina their ascendancy was confirmed.

We will now resume the thread of those public events which were destined to bring into sharp collision our two representative Romans. When the death of Valentinian I. had been followed, four years later, in 379, by that of his brother Valens, Emperor of the East, Gratian, as is well known, raised to the throne of Constantinople the great Spanish general Theodosius, assigned to his boyish half-brother, Valentinian II., the Italian peninsula and a portion of the Illyrian coast, and reserved to himself the kingdom of the West. It was the last wise act of Gratian's brief and ineffectual reign, but it is Ambrose who must be held chiefly responsible for the unfortunate reversal of his religious policy.

Perfect liberty of worship had been the law of the Roman Empire since the conversion of Constantine, in 325; and now, after fifty years of rest, recuperation, and marvelous growth, the Chris-

¹ Still known as San Ambrogio.

tians were beginning to clamor for permission to become persecutors in their turn. They had their way in the East sooner than in the West, and both the orthodox and the pagan subjects of the Arian Emperor Valens had to suffer severely for their religious opinions. Valentinian, however, continued, so long as he lived, to deal out to all parties a rough but even-handed justice, and Gratian, on his first accession, not merely confirmed the edicts of toleration, but even suffered his father's apotheosis, after the pagan fashion. The imperial youth was probably, for the moment, still swayed by the ideas of his free-thinking and never properly converted tutor, Ausonius; but the time was approaching when the influence of Ambrose would become paramount with him. Already, in 379, Gratian had written to the Bishop of Milan expressing his willingness to receive religious instruction, and the bishop had forwarded to the Emperor five doctrinal treatises of his own. In 381, Gratian made a considerable stay in Milan, and it was in August of this year that he published his first edict restricting liberty of worship and forbidding heretics to preach their false doctrines. Another deprived relapsed Christians of the right to testify in the courts, and in 382 a law was promulgated which struck at the very heart of paganism. It was enacted that the fateful altar of Victory should be definitively removed from its place in the curia, while a considerable proportion of the income of the pagan priesthood, including all provision for the worship of Vesta and the support of her handmaids, was alienated to the imperial treasury.

It was unlikely that this edict should have been meekly received at Rome, and we are not surprised to find Symmachus at Trèves shortly after, as head of an embassy, come to remonstrate with Gratian against the injustice of the new laws. This mission failed signally, and it is but natural that the usurpation of

Maximus and the fall and death of Gratian in the following year should have been complacently regarded by the pagan party. To Ambrose, however, the blow was a severe one. He went at once in person to Maximus to beg the body of Gratian; and though his petition was as curtly refused as had been that of Symmachus concerning the desecrated altar, he seems to have succeeded, by means of his unalienable personal prestige, in binding over Maximus to keep a species of peace, which lasted for three years.

The letters of Ambrose at this period abound in eulogies of the murdered youth and lamentations over his untimely end; nor can the name of Gratian be quite kept out even of his strictly religious writings. His disquisition on the sixty-first psalm is thus prefaced, probably by another hand: "In treating of this psalm, Ambrose the bishop severely censures the impiety and bad faith of the tyrant Maximus, who dared by wiles and fraud to compass the death of his lord the Emperor Gratian, which Emperor, he tells us, doth now dwell in the tabernacle of God and on his holy hill." On the other hand, Zosimus, the pagan historian, affirms roundly that Gratian was slain by the gods for his insults to the pontiffs, and the Arian Philostorgus finds a striking similarity between his character and that of Nero.

So the year 384 appeared, upon the whole, to open with favorable auspices both for the Arians at Milan and the pagans at Rome. Our friend Symmachus was prefect of the city, the illustrious Prætextatus was prætorian prefect of Italy and consul designate for the ensuing year, and between these two, so united in sentiment and aim, was maintained a brisk interchange of letters, which curiously remind one, in their careless frankness and pithy informality, of the correspondence of Count Cavour, in the last pregnant years of his life, with the Marchese d'Azeglio in London.

Symmachus, on assuming office, had first of all to provide for the grain supply, rendered dangerously scanty by the bad harvests of the past two years in Italy and the failure of the African crop. He is very anxious for a time concerning this matter, and pleads eloquently with the Emperor Theodosius to order the shipment of grain from abroad; then, when he has won his point, he pours out his feelings of relief to one Ricomer, a pagan general in the army of Theodosius, of whom we shall presently hear more:—

"Your letter found me snatching a little rest at my suburban farm.¹ For why, indeed, should one stay in Rome when you have left it? The estate in question overlooks our Tiber, and runs for some distance alongside the river, so that I have an excellent view of the daily arrival of grain in the Eternal City, whereby the harvests of Macedonia are feeding the storehouses of Rome. For we were, as you may remember, on the very brink of a famine, owing to the failure of the African crop, when our most gracious Emperor, born for the public weal, came to our assistance by ordering foreign supplies. The first of several fleets has just cast anchor in our port, and we are completely reassured. May all manner of good everywhere attend this excellent prince! I have written both that you yourself may be a sharer in our common joy, and that you may inform the master of the world of the results of his bounty."

This letter bears no date, but it must have been before the close of this autumn of 384, which had seemed to begin so cheerfully, that pagan Rome sustained a crushing calamity in the sudden death of Prætextatus.

The leadership of the conservative party devolved, as a matter of course, upon Symmachus, and it also became his duty officially to announce the death

¹ On the Vatican hill, which was considered much cooler than the city proper.

of the prætorian prefect at the seats of government. We have his dispatches to the Emperors of Constantinople and Milan; none to Maximus has been preserved. I quote from the first of these:

“To the ever divine Theodosius and the ever divine Arcadius” (lately created associate Emperor by his father), “Symmachus the Consular, Prefect of the City:—

“I could have wished that I might be the bearer of good news to your august Majesties, but the obligations of my public office impose on me a sadder necessity. Your servant Prætextatus, a man clothed in honor, a champion of the old-time probity, adorned with every public and private virtue, has been snatched away from us by sudden death. It will be no easy matter for your eternity, admirable as are the selections which you have made hitherto, to find a man to fill his place. He has left a great void in the republic, a great anguish in the hearts of well-disposed citizens. As the bitter rumor gained credence in Rome, the people forsook the solemn amusements of the theatre, bearing testimony by acclamation to the noble character of the dead, and heavily accusing that fate which had robbed them of the good gift of our illustrious princes. He indeed has obeyed the law of nature; but I, who was associated with him both by inmost sympathy and by your appointment, am so confounded by the blow I have received that I beg to be allowed to retire. There are other reasons which help to make the prefecture intolerable to me, but of these I say nothing now. The loss of my colleague is enough in itself to justify my prayer,” etc.

What these other reasons were is explained more fully in a second letter to “their eternities” at Constantinople. Theodosius had issued an edict, in the time of Prætextatus, forbidding the spoliation and defacement of public edifices; that is to say, forbidding the Christians to lay violent hands on the

statues, altars, and other hated emblems of a, to them, idolatrous worship,—a grievance demanding incessant legislation. A counter-complaint was then laid before Theodosius that the urban prefect Symmachus was proceeding, under cover of this edict, to torture and imprison the Emperor’s Christian subjects, whereupon Theodosius wrote very sharply to Symmachus, ordering him to release his captives without delay. The prefect replied by an indignant denial of the charge, respectfully worded, but very much to the point, and inclosing a written statement of Pope Damasus to the effect that no one of his flock had been subjected to the slightest annoyance.

“Since, therefore, the excellent bishop officially denies that any one of his subjects has been put either in chains or prison, I am at a loss to understand who the individuals may be whose release is so strenuously commanded. A certain number of persons are in confinement, accused of various crimes, but I have fully ascertained that no one of these cases has anything to do with the mysteries of Christian law.

“It is my desire implicitly to obey the commands of your eternity, and I therefore beseech you to repudiate the false accusation which has disturbed the calm of your divine mind to the extent of inducing you to put forth so severe an edict. I am fortified against the malice of my enemies by the assurance that an accusation once proved false can thereafter find no access to your sacred ears. Should there be any attempt to renew these calumnies, I demand a trial. My accusers, though unable to prove me guilty, will at least find me patient under the Emperor’s decision.”

In the ensuing year, 385, Symmachus was once more *aux prises* with Ambrose. Going to Milan, at the head of a deputation of senators, probably to present the Emperor with his quinquennial money tribute, it seemed a good opportunity to press the claims of the pagan

party by laying before the young prince, who was at least no orthodox Christian, and whose position for the moment was far from assured, a fresh complaint concerning the altar of Victory. The address of Symmachus upon this occasion is preserved both in his own correspondence and in that of Ambrose, and it contains a statement of the pagan case, at once full, temperate, and forcible. A few extracts will give an example of its quality. After a brief preamble, the orator comes boldly to the point:—

“Our prayer is that you will restore those religious conditions which for so long a time proved beneficial to the republic. . . . Grant, I beseech, that what we received in youth we may transmit as old men to our descendants. The love of ancient custom is a mighty thing. The innovations of the divine Constantius were transitory, and deservedly so. It is for you to shun a course of action which experience has proved to be futile. I beseech your eternity to care for your own fame, for your own future divinity, and to take heed that coming ages find no fault of yours to censure. Where, I ask” (if that altar be removed), “shall we swear obedience to your own laws and precepts? What sense of things divine shall withhold the deceitful soul from bearing false witness? Truly, I know that all things are full of God, and that there is no safe refuge anywhere for a perjured man. Nevertheless, the actual presence of a sacred object has great power to overawe a delinquent. And this altar subserves the harmony of all, while confirming the faith of each. That which gave the decrees” (of the Senate) “their paramount authority was ever their attestation by this solemn witness. A profane spot would be an invitation to perjury, and will our illustrious rulers, now protected by the public oath of allegiance, judge it worth while to offer such? It is urged that the divine Constantius did the selfsame thing” (remove the altar),

“but there are other deeds of that prince which are worthier of imitation, and even he would have committed no such aggression if he had had previous example to guide him. I mean because the error of a predecessor serves always as a warning, and amendment is born of the condemnation of another’s guilt. It may have been that your clemency’s illustrious relative had no thought of incurring odium by an act then wholly unprecedented. But no such excuse can avail ourselves, if we do what our own consciences disapprove.

“I prefer, however, to invite your eternity’s attention to other and worthier deeds of the prince in question. By him the holy virgins were shorn of no privilege: he conferred the priesthood upon nobles only; he granted the customary supplies for the expenses of the Roman ceremonial, and, following the rejoicing Senate through the streets of the Eternal City, he mused upon the shrines of the gods, he read their names engraved thereon, he inquired into the origins of the temples and expressed his admiration of their builders. Himself professing another faith, he defended in his empire the exercise of this. Every man has his own practice, his own ritual. The divine spirit has given each city into the hands of its own keepers. As souls are distributed to men at birth, so is its own genius awarded unto every people. . . . Therefore we ask peace for the gods of the country, the gods of the soil. Surely, that which all men worship must be one. We look up to the same stars, we have a common heaven above us, one universe enfolds us all. What matters it by what method a man seek truth? *It is impossible that all should arrive at so great a secret by the same road.* But these are perhaps idle speculations.”

He then makes one more earnest appeal on behalf of the despoiled Vestals, to whose wrongs he is inclined to attribute the late famine, and concludes:—

"May the unknown guardians of all the sects, even those whom we worship, defend your clemency from harm as they defended your ancestors, . . . and, for the sake of your own fame in coming time, rescind those measures which are so palpably unworthy of a prince."

To this address of Symmachus Ambrose replied in two celebrated letters, examining point by point, and technically demolishing the arguments of the prefect with all the ingenuity of an acute and experienced lawyer, as he was. If the forensic style of these epistles, only one of which was composed before the Emperor's decision was made known, be a little less congenial to the ordinary reader than the straightforward earnestness of Symmachus, the bishop, on the other hand, makes a powerful appeal to our sympathies in a passage like the following: —

"We glory in shedding our blood; they are troubled by questions of expense. That which they regard as injury is victory to us. They never did us a greater service than when they caused us Christians to be scourged, proscribed, and slain! Religion made a reward of what was intended as torture. Noble creatures, truly! We have thriven upon insult, penury, and persecution. They cannot even keep up their ceremonies without asking alms."

But the next sentence chills us a little: "He" (Symmachus) "clamors for the restoration to the Vestals of their immunities, — naturally, since he cannot believe in such a thing as gratuitous virginity. They tempt with lucre where they dare not trust to virtue. And after all, how many virgins have they secured by their rich promises? Barely seven! Just so many, and no more, have been persuaded by their veils and their fillets, their purple-dyed garments, the pomp and circumstance of litters accompanied by crowds of attendants, the fattest emoluments, the largest immunities, and finally a limited period of virginity!"

Now, though Ambrose may very easily have carried the Milanese court with him when he proceeded to offset against the aristocratic pretensions of these pampered maidens the humility and devotion of the meek multitude of Christian nuns, he knew perfectly well, of course, that from time immemorial the number of Vestals had been limited by law. First four were permitted, then six, never at any time more than seven. Again, is he quite ingenuous when he says, a little later, that Christian priests are not allowed to receive private legacies? The law only forbade the acceptance of *bequests from widows and unmarried women*; and that such an enactment was required in defense of family rights is made clear by the remark of St. Jerome: "I am not complaining of the law, but I am sorry that we should have needed it." We are with Ambrose entirely, however, when he brings a little plain common sense to bear on the supposed supernatural origin of the recent famine.

The Empress Justina had no love for the orthodox Bishop of Milan, but her mouth, as has been intimated, was shut by the fact that a certain proportion of the confiscated revenues went straight into the privy purse of her son; and the end of it all was that the petition of Symmachus was refused, and he had to retrace the weary stages of his ten days' journey, arriving at Rome ill in body and sad at heart, but by no means as yet despairing.

But the lawyer-bishop, though triumphant in this case, had his own experience of defeat. Two years later, that is to say in 387, in the summer of the year in which he had baptized St. Augustine at Easter, Ambrose, who had already made one unsuccessful expedition to the court of the usurper Maximus at Trèves, was again present as a petitioner there, and he tells with great animation to Valentinian II. the story of his second discomfiture: —

"The day after I arrived at Trèves, I presented myself at the palace. A certain Gaul, a chamberlain and royal eunuch, received me, and when I demanded an audience he asked me whether I had your clemency's commission. I said that I had, and he then informed me that I could be heard in the consistory only. . . . I remarked that such a tribunal was unworthy of my office, but that I must acquit myself of the charge which I had received. . . .

"When, therefore, I entered the consistory where he" (Maximus) "was sitting, he rose, as though to give me the kiss of peace. I, however, kept my place among the members of the consistory, some of whom advised me to go up the steps. Finally, he himself invited me. My answer was, 'Why should you kiss one whom you do not acknowledge? For, if you had acknowledged my credentials, you would not have seen me in this place.' 'Bishop,' he replied, 'you are excited.' 'Not at all,' I answered. 'I am only outraged at being summoned to appear in a place that is unfit for me.' 'But you appeared in the consistory on the occasion of your first mission.' 'It was no fault of mine,' said I, 'but that of him who summoned me.'"

There was a good deal more of this verbal sparring, with his own share of which the bishop seems tolerably well satisfied, the end of it all being that Maximus consented to treat.

"But when," concludes the high-spirited yet not intolerant ambassador, "he found that I would not communicate with bishops who had administered the communion to him, or who had put any—even heretics—to death, he got very angry, and ordered me to be off without delay. I was willing enough to go, even though the common opinion was that I should certainly fall into some sort of ambush. My greatest distress was for the aged Bishop Hyginus, now almost at his last gasp, who had been driven into exile. I was pleading

with the guards not to suffer this old man to be driven forth without a robe to cover him or a pillow to lay his head upon, when I was myself thrust out. Such is the report of my mission. Farewell, Emperor, and be on your guard against one who hides warlike designs under the cloak of peace."

The warning came none too soon. Within a year Maximus had thrown off the mask, and crossed the Alps at the head of a formidable army. Valentinian, with his mother and sisters, was in flight, and the hopes of the pagan party rose high. Symmachus is known to have delivered a eulogy on Maximus, which has, however, been lost; but even the bold Ambrose preached submission, from the episcopal chair of Milan.

The episode proved a brief one. The great Theodosius came from the East, Maximus was defeated and slain at Aquileia, Justina died, and the first of January, 389, saw the nominal restoration to Valentinian II. of his insignificant bit of royalty.

Personally, the youth, still only eighteen years of age, was completely overshadowed by Theodosius, who became from this time the ruling spirit of the peninsula. Once, and once only, as this history began by saying, he acknowledged in the person of Ambrose an authority mightier than his own.

Theodosius passed more than two years in Italy, setting in order the affairs of his young colleague, now his brother-in-law; for the conqueror, being a widower, had fallen captive to the charms of Justina's beautiful daughter Galla. The summer of 389 was passed by the two Emperors in Rome. They entered the city in triumph; and with them came Honorius, the son of Theodosius' former marriage, who then witnessed those gladiatorial games which twenty years later he definitively suppressed.

Symmachus received an official pardon for the crime of *lèse-majesté* in-

volved in his panegyric of Maximus, but made haste once more to compromise his position with the party in power by introducing into his address of congratulation to Theodosius a few additional words concerning the altar of Victory. For the scene which followed a controversial writer of the next century is, so far as I know, the only authority:¹—

“To this prince, whom he knew for a Christian, one Symmachus, a man marvelously instructed and endowed, but a pagan, suggested, in the course of a panegyric, delivered in the consistory with all the eloquence of which he was master, that the altar of Victory should be restored to the Senate. But Theodosius drove him straightway from his presence; and having been thrust into a cart without cushions, he was ordered to come no more within an hundred miles of Rome.”

Whether or no he were treated with the personal indignity here described, it is plain from the correspondence of Symmachus that he remained for more than a year in deep disgrace with the powers that were. Take as an example of the letters of this period of eclipse one more of the many addressed to his friend Flavian:—

“I know that you are both a lover of justice and very fond of me, and I am afraid that you will get into trouble and bring odium upon yourself by attempting to defend my reputation in my absence. I do therefore entreat you to keep quiet. I shall probably have an opportunity some time of representing the truth to the eternal prince, our lord, Theodosius, whose former favor to me was in fact the cause of this invidious attack. I do not think my case can be as bad in these peaceful times as it was under the tyrant,” etc.

Symmachus appears to have lived in wholly dignified retirement, mostly in the house of his married daughter at

¹ Lib. de Promiss. et Prædict. Dei, incerti Auctoris; a nomul. S. Prosp. Aq. attrib.

Bauli, on the Bay of Naples; and he soon regained so large a measure of the Emperor's favor as to be inaugurated at the beginning of 391 into the office of consul.

But what a change, and from the consul's point of view what a woful one, had passed over the face of affairs since he held the office of urban prefect, six years before! In that interval the tide had turned; the brilliant imperial visit of 389 had at length brought Christianity into fashion among the remnant of the Roman nobility. “Under the influence of Theodosius,” says Prudentius, “the patricians, the noblest lights of the world, were to be seen exultant; the assembly of those venerable Catos rejoiced in a whiter toga, laying aside their pontifical vestments, and putting on the snowy robe of piety;” while the city flocked as one man “to the tomb under the Vatican hill where sleep the ashes of our beloved progenitor, or thronged to the Lateran church and brought back the sacred banner anointed by the king.”

This is the language of poetry, so called, but St. Jerome bears substantially the same testimony. Sorrowfulest of all, to Symmachus, must have been the fact that the edict which closed the temples of Rome and its environs arrived during his consulate.

Yet, though the ultimate issue was no longer doubtful, the cause of paganism at Rome was to have one last sparkle of revival. There is no proof that Symmachus was privy to the conspiracy of Arbogastes, but he wrote two letters to the Frankish general Ricomer, recommending to his notice a grammarian named Eugenius; and he must thus be held responsible for the first introduction to public life of the singular puppet whom, after the murder of Valentinian II. in 392, it pleased Arbogastes to invest with the purple.

The nominal Christianity of the pseudo-Emperor did not prevent his putting himself at the head of the pagan party,

and restoring for a brief interval most of its abrogated privileges. His standard bore a figure of Hercules in place of the *labarum*; he placed the mountain passes, where he knew he would have to meet Theodosius, under the protection of Jupiter Tonans; and he uttered the vaporous boast that when he should have entered Milan in triumph, its basilicas should become stables and its clergy common soldiers.

That triumphal entry, as we know, never took place. The army of Eugenius was ignominiously routed, the usurper slain; Arbogastes, his patron, and Flavian, his chief lieutenant, the *frater* of Symmachus, committed suicide. It was Theodosius who triumphed at Milan; but the fatigues of the function cost him his life.

His sons, who now divided the empire of the world, found it easy to be merciful to the shadowy remnant of an opposition which had forever ceased to be formidable. Even the son of Flavian received pardon, and recovered a part of his father's attainted property. Symmachus, who plainly felt his own position to be quite secure, wrote many letters on the youth's behalf, both to Ambrose and to the renowned general Stilicho, then just emerging into prominence. The ex-consul had retired altogether from public affairs; he had, in fact, survived his party. But he was at no pains to conceal the bias of his own sympathies, nor to disguise the satisfaction which he derived both from the death of Valentinian and the brief ascendancy of Eugenius.

The policy of Ambrose was more ambiguous, and his deferential attitude towards the upstart Eugenius has been sharply criticised by some writers,¹ and is regretfully admitted even by so passionless a writer as Beugnot. "Beaucoup de chrétiens," he says, with simplicity, "avaient sans difficulté reconnu

¹ Not, however, by Gibbon, who might be expected to lead the cry, for he says, "The in-

l'autorité de l'usurpateur, et malheureusement il faut placer Saint Ambroise à leur tête." It is certain, however, that Ambrose remonstrated with Eugenius for reopening the pagan temples; and if his address upon this occasion also evinces rather the subtlety of the ingenious pleader than the self-abandonment of the willing martyr, we must never forget that Ambrose had been trained for the bar, and that it is not possible for a man ever wholly to divest himself of the habits of mind and the style of reasoning which he has assiduously cultivated until forty years of age. Such as the celebrated Bishop of Milan was, with his qualities and his defects, his character and career remain one of the beacon lights of what is perhaps, upon the whole, the darkest and stormiest passage in the history of man, on this planet. The rest of his life and his death belong to the general history of the Christian Church, while the circumstances of Symmachus' departure, when and how he finally faded out of the world which had grown so strange to him, are unknown.

After the fall of Eugenius the pagan party never again raised its head, though it was long before life was quite extinct in that herculean frame. Curiously enough, however, the statue of Victory, the goddess of that altar which, by common accord, had been made the gage of battle and the touchstone of division, makes one more triumphant appearance in history. It has been claimed that the poet Claudian is merely elaborating a poetic image, but I myself cannot doubt that he alludes to a visible fact, and one to his own profoundly pagan heart most thrilling and uplifting, when, in the act of describing the triumphal entry into Rome, not many years later, of the all-conquering Stilicho, he uses the fiery words of which I give a necessarily feebler version:—

flexible courage of Ambrose alone had resisted the claims of successful usurpation."

“What shouts of our nobles, in jubilant chorus,
 Went up to the hero, while over his head
 Inviolat Victory, bodied before us,
 Wide, wide to the ether her pinions out-
 spread!
 O guardian goddess of Rome in her splen-
 dor,
 O radiant palm-bearer, in trophies arrayed,
 Who only the spirit undaunted canst ren-
 der,
 Who healest the wounds that our foemen
 had made!
 I know not thy rank in the heavenly legion,

If thou shinest a star in the Dictæan
 crown,
 Or art girt by the fires of the Leonine re-
 gion,
 Or bearest Jove's sceptre, or winnest re-
 nown
 From the shield of Minerva, or soothest in
 slumber
 The War-god aweary when battle is o'er,
 But come all the prayers of thy chosen to
 number,
 Oh, welcome to Latium! Leave us no
 more!”

H. W. P. and L. D.

THE PATHLESS WAY.

“A shipwrecked sailor buried on this coast
 Bids you set sail.
 Full many a gallant ship, when we were lost,
 Weathered the gale.”

THEOCRITUS.

WHY, shipwrecked brother, bid'st thou me set sail?
 The morn is dark, the stormy winds still blow;
 Why bid me to succeed when thou dost fail?

Who shall control the whirlwind in his wrath?
 How shall a man the force of waters know?
 How, through the pathless way, to find his path?

“Man cannot know! Behold where buried lie
 My body and the treasure I had gained;
 But lo! my deathless joy can never die.”

Joy in a struggle where the prize is death?
 Joy in a rising glory quickly waned?
 Faint as a sigh and fleeting as a breath?

“Question no more, but hoist thy tardy sail;
 Ask not the fickle wind nor adverse wave:
 Some other shall succeed, though I must fail.

“Think thou, O mariner, on the deathless joy
 Of voyaging toward a beacon that shall save
 Both thee and me, nor any death destroy!”

Annie Fields.

SIDNEY.

XVII.

Mrs. PAUL's face was white when Mrs. Jennings left her, and her hands shook. She could not bear excitement very well, she admitted, impatient at bodily weakness. She smiled a little, and frowned, and said, tremulously, to herself that it was outrageous that such an affair should have been brought to her ears. But by the time Davids, full of carefully concealed curiosity, returned from ejecting Mrs. Jennings to inquire if his mistress were ready for lights, he found her calm and almost agreeable.

"When Mr. John comes in, say to him that I wish to see him, Davids," she said pleasantly; and Davids, who knew perfectly well that Mrs. Jennings' visit "meant something," pursed up his shaven lips, and went out to the kitchen to say to Scarlett, "She's too polite to be safe, — poor Mr. John!"

But it happened that John Paul was late, and his mother had no opportunity for conversation with him before tea. He found her at the table, and glanced at her with some interest; for Davids had had a word with him before he entered the dining-room.

"If you please, sir," the man had ventured, standing with a napkin over his arm, gravely watching John pull off his overcoat, "Mrs. Paul wished to speak with you, sir; but that was when she thought you would be in, in good season for tea, Mr. John."

The words were simple enough, but there was a significant look, which John had known from boyhood. However, the threatened storm was not of enough importance to think about, and he merely had a moment of surprise at finding his mother quite good-natured. Indeed, had he come a little earlier, this would have been more striking. She was be-

ginning to remember something that the shocking old woman had said, which was neither amusing nor interesting, — something about a person called Townsend. This hint had begun to assume annoying proportions by the time John arrived. He had been going to see this young woman, had he? Who was she? The name was familiar, but a music teacher? Johnny was always a ploughboy! However, as he entered, she banished all that, and said her clever and unkind things in a really friendly way. Her son took the trouble to be glad of this eccentricity, for he had planned to tell her that night of his intentions for the future. The matter of his interest in a newspaper of the great city of his State had been concluded, and he was to leave Mercer by the middle of May, and, for the first time in his life, go to work. He was full of enthusiasm, and full of hope too, for the step which was to follow this, but of which, of course, no one could know until he had Katherine's promise.

John Paul knew quite well that the breaking his purpose to his mother would not be an agreeable business, so it was a comfort to find her less irritable than usual. He only hoped that her amiability would last until they reached the drawing-room; but it never occurred to him to hurry through his supper, that he might assure himself of her mood. Supper was far too serious a matter to John Paul to be disturbed by anything so unimportant as his mother's temper. Mrs. Paul bore his delay with a patience which confused Davids, who was standing behind her chair, and watching John with an expression of the deepest solicitude.

"There's something pretty bad up," he said to Scarlett, when he went out to the kitchen for another plate of toast, —

in his sympathy for his master, his eyebrows quite lost their supercilious arch upon his narrow forehead, — “something pretty bad. Maria Jennings don’t come here and talk about *him*, and get put out, for nothing; and *she* ain’t so smooth for nothing, either. But, law! I’m glad he can eat. It’s hard to stand a woman’s tongue on an empty stomach.”

“The toast is getting cold,” Scarlett observed. As usual, she kept her opinion to herself.

“Like a woman!” Davids thought bitterly, with a man’s inconsistency in regard to the mothers of the race. His curiosity was really anguish when, later, he was obliged to shut himself out of the room, leaving the mother and son together. He invented a dozen excuses to go back again, but his common sense stood firmly in the way, — and Scarlett would not hazard a single guess, or even look interested! Davids gnashed his teeth. “Women!” he said. “The world would be a sight better if there was n’t a woman in it!”

Scarlett turned her passive face towards him, and looked at him.

“See the trouble *she* makes for Mr. John,” the man hastily explained.

But in spite of Davids’ anxiety and sympathy, John Paul was not at all troubled, although towards the close of supper he felt that there was something unusual in the air. His mother’s face had grown harder; she spoke with an increasing sharpness; there seemed to be a deliberate preparation for anger; yet, oddly enough, he could not rid himself of the idea that, beneath it all, she was more than ordinarily good-tempered.

They were no sooner in the drawing-room, where a little fire was burning on the hearth, and where the air was heavy with fragrance from the pots of hyacinths in the south window, than Mrs. Paul began with great bitterness to reproach her son for having been late to tea; John, meanwhile, silently calculating

how soon he could escape into the fresh night, and take a turn in the garden with his cigar. The thought struck him that, according to Katherine’s doctrine, he ought, in order to teach his mother a lesson in unselfishness, to refuse to play at draughts in a room which was made insufferable by a fire and by the heavy sweetness of flowers. But he shook his head, and laughed under his breath. Heat, and perfume, and interminable checkers were better than the possibilities in that voice. Yes, very likely he was a coward in such matters, but at least he had no shrinking from greater things. Now that the final moment had come, he had not the slightest disinclination to tell his mother of his plans, and he was really glad when Davids, having brought the footstool and arranged the fan-shaped screen, left him alone with his opportunity.

“Now!” said Mrs. Paul. “Davids dawdles so over his work, I really thought he meant to spend the evening with us. No, don’t bring the checkers, — your intolerable lack of punctuality has lost me my game, — for I have something to say to you, and you are too selfish to stay with me later than nine. One would think I had plenty to entertain me, instead of sitting here alone for hours. Though to-day, thanks to you, I have had a diversion, — a most unpleasant, a most shameful interruption. I am astounded, sir, at your conduct!” She struck her clenched hand on the arm of her chair, and John, sitting opposite, noted, lazily, how her rings sparkled. “Of course you know what I mean?”

Her son had been so heedless of her words that his face was quite blank.

“I don’t pretend,” she said, “that you are a pattern of virtue, though you are a fool; but at least you might keep such affairs from your mother’s ears, and not subject me to what I have endured this afternoon.”

“What in the world is the matter

now?" thought John Paul. He yawned furtively in his beard, and wished that he might begin his own story. If it had not been for a curious feeling that his mother was in a good humor under all this fierceness, he would not have noticed her railing; he observed that she addressed him as "John," with a hint of respect in her voice, which he could not understand; he watched her, faintly interested.

Mrs. Paul polished her glasses delicately with her handkerchief, and then put them on and looked at him.

"It is scandalous that I should know of it, — that you should have permitted that abominable old creature to come here about her daughter." John sat up straight, in sudden attention. "I do not propose to interfere in such a matter" (her son leaped to his feet, with an unspoken word upon his lips); "of course I deplore it, and all that, but it is n't my affair, and I only refer" —

John cried out, with a sharp gesture, "Not your affair? Oh, mother!"

She frowned at his interruption. "Let me proceed, if you please. You should know enough to silence her mother's tongue, and prevent her from coming here — to *me* — to ask for my interference, or aid, I don't know which. It is outrageous."

"What are you talking about?" said John Paul, very quietly.

"You know perfectly well; the girl's mother has been here. It appears that you have made her jealous. And I have to listen to that, too, — *I*, your mother!"

"My mother," John repeated. His face was white. John Paul had borne many things from this handsome woman; he had been railed at, and snubbed, and neglected ever since he was a child. He had never shown her the affection which she apparently despised; perhaps he had never stopped to see whether he had any affection; but beneath his indifference had been always the instinct

of the child for the parent. Once he had rested on her heart, she had carried him in her arms, he had slept in her bosom; she was his mother. And now it was his mother who said that the evil life which she believed he led was no affair of hers. John caught his breath in something like a sob. Then he said, "Who is this person whom you have seen?"

Mrs. Paul shrugged her shoulders. "I do not care to discuss it. I have merely mentioned it to insist that you shall keep such matters from me, and — and to say how such conduct distresses me — of course."

"I must insist upon the name of your informant."

His mother made an impatient gesture. "Be good enough to drop this affectation."

"I have no intention of defending myself to you," John answered. "I only desire to know who has said these things; then I will drop the subject."

"Really?" said Mrs. Paul. "But I certainly shall not tell you, my friend, for you know perfectly well. One thing, however, I will say: it is shameful that you should permit such a creature to gossip about you. You should know better than that, at least. This person who has made her jealous, apparently, this Miss Townsend" —

"Silence!" cried John Paul. "What do you mean? Who has dared to speak her name?"

His calm white face suddenly blazed with passion, and he stammered as he spoke. Mrs. Paul felt as though caught in an unexpected hurricane; she was breathless for a moment.

"You — you — use that tone to me? I dare! I accuse you. I say plainly that I am astounded at your stupidity — and your low ways."

"Have you finished?"

"No, sir, I have not! This Townsend girl that" —

"You will leave Miss Townsend's

name out of this discussion," interrupted her son. He was standing before her, his arms folded, so that the grip of restraint in his hands was not seen.

"What? There is something in that, is there? You do go to see this person, do you, this — school-teacher? And perhaps she does think you are going to marry her? The old woman knew what she was talking about, it appears."

"I don't know what you are talking about, and I don't know what you mean by your 'old woman,'" John answered slowly. "I have no idea to what absurd and lying scandal you have listened, nor do I care to inquire further into it, unless some damnable gossip has dared to use Miss Townsend's name without reverence; in which case, she will answer to me. I ask you once more, what is the name of this person?"

Her lip curled into a short laugh. "You may ask me as often as you wish. I shall not tell you; you know perfectly well. Unless, indeed, there are" — ("Oh, hush, hush!" John said. "Oh, mother!") "As for this Miss Townsend, I want it distinctly understood that I shall not permit such a thing for a moment."

"Permit what?"

Anger and shame had transformed John's face; it seemed to have grown years older.

"You — to marry her. Your friend informed me that the girl had some such expectation; but you had better make her understand that I will not allow it, and that if you choose to disobey me you shall not have one cent of my money. Not one cent! Do you hear me?"

"I hear you perfectly; and now, if you please, you will hear me. I have too much respect for my father's wife to deny to my mother such an accusation as has been made, though I do ask you for the name of the person whom you permit to slander your son. But for this other matter, I have the honor of

informing you that Miss Townsend is to be my wife."

"Go on," said Mrs. Paul.

"I had also intended, this evening, to tell you that I shall end my connection with the warehouse on the first of next month."

"Go on."

"I have nothing more to say."

"Then listen to me!" cried his mother. "If you marry a beggar, you can live like a beggar. Do you understand what that means? Answer me."

"Yes, it is what I have done all my life. It is what comes to an end when I cease to eat your bread."

Mrs. Paul choked with rage. "I will not have you marry her!"

John did not speak for a moment; then he said, under his breath, "How terrible, how terrible!"

"Ah, you are coming to your senses, are you? You are wise to reflect upon the husks that the swine do eat, rather than to try them. I warn you that the rôle of the prodigal son shall never be played in my house. If you disobey me once, it ends everything. Forgiveness is weakness. I never forgive."

"We shall be married very soon," John said, looking away from her, almost as if he had not heard her. "You may do what you please with your money; it is nothing to us. But oh, I wish you could see Katherine, — I wish you could see her! It must make a difference." His voice softened as he spoke. "I have been a coward; I see it now. I have helped to make this possible in you. Forgive me. And yet — and yet — I think I shall never forgive you."

Mrs. Paul, staring at him, dumb with anger, and struggling to see some meaning in his words, suddenly shrank back into her chair, and put her hands before her eyes. "You look — like your father!" she said, in a whisper.

John, turning on his heel, glanced back at her. "My poor father!"

He did not stop to call Scarlett or Davids, but went at once out into the heavy darkness of the moonless night. An intent purpose blotted out even the anger in his face, but his hands were clenched, and he breathed quickly between his teeth, in unconscious rage.

When he reached Katherine's door, he stood with an impatient hand upon the knob, waiting the answer to his ring, and a moment later pushed past the mournful Maria without a word; for he saw Katherine in the parlor, standing by the bookcase, absorbed in the volume in her hand. John was so intent upon his own thoughts that he would scarcely have noticed it had the room been full of people. As it was, there was only Ted, curled up in the big armchair, reading *Mother Goose*, like a wise baby.

John went at once to Katherine's side, taking the book and her hands in his. "Katherine," he said, "we must be married at once, dear."

"Very well," she answered. She drew a quick breath and bit her lip, and then the tears came into her eyes.

"John," observed Ted, putting down *Mother Goose*, "why do you and Kitty look at each other so funny? Why don't you do something?"

Katherine laughed tremulously, but John's face was stern with the greatness of the moment. He lifted her hand to his lips. "I will try to be a good man, Katherine. God bless you!"

Ted did not see why he should have been taken in his sister's arms, nor why she should have kept her face hidden so long in his little thin neck; nor did it seem reasonable that he should have been sent to bed just "as John is here, and we could 'a' gone and played with the pups!" It was hard, to be sure, so Mr. Paul promised to come earlier the next time.

After that, there was a very long talk, — very long and very happy. It seemed to John, watching Katherine with worshipping eyes, as though each moment

showed him more clearly how great, and sane, and beautiful life was. He had not meant to do it, but he told her, briefly, that he had had a scene with his mother. "I shall never forgive her, Katherine, and — she is my mother!" he ended.

"Yes, dear, yes," she answered, — he had heard that tenderness in her voice before, but it had always been for Ted or her sisters, — "you will. I think you do already, John, in your pity and your own regret."

But John Paul shook his head.

Katherine's eyes had blazed with sudden understanding at the mention of "some old woman and her daughter," but she offered no explanation. How much her silence was kindness towards poor little silly Eliza, and how much that absurd anger which she had felt when she had learned the milliner's harmless secret, she did not try to understand.

"When can we be married?" John insisted, after many plans had been made and many things explained. "In a week, Kate, surely?"

She laughed, with a rippling gladness on her face that was not a smile, but light in her eyes and tenderness about her lips. "Why, you have never asked me to marry you, John! We've never been engaged. I have just thought of it."

"Have n't we?" John said, frowning, joyously. "It seems as if we had been, always. But that does n't make any difference, you know; only it's queer it did not strike me when I told my mother that we were to be married. I think we take the best things for granted! Now, Katherine, when?"

XVIII.

The next morning, Sidney, walking up and down between her garden borders, heard her name called, and saw Mr. John Paul coming down the path. These spring mornings filled Sidney Lee

with that strange joy which is quite apart from personal experience, and has nothing to do with reason, but which leaps with the sap in a lily stalk, and guides the frolics of the young sheep in an upland pasture, or brings a prayer upon a man's lip and tears to his eyes.

"Sidney could forget the sad world outside her garden walls as easily as she could forget that Miss Sally was busy in the kitchen, and that another pair of hands would have made her aunt's work lighter. She had been singing softly to herself; singing was like breathing, in this sunshine, and soft wind, and scent of growing things. She stopped when she saw John, and smiled, shielding her eyes from the fresh glitter of the sunshine with one hand, and giving him the other.

"Sidney, my dear," John said, keeping her hand in his big grasp, "look here; will you do me a favor?"

"I'll be glad to." His face was so serious that she added, "Is Mrs. Paul ill?" At which he scowled so blackly that Sidney felt she had said something wrong, and was puzzled, but waited for him to explain; like her father, she did not ask many questions.

"I want you to do me a favor," John began again. "I want you to go and see Katherine Townsend, and ask Miss Sally to go, too. She knows her; Miss Townsend is Robert Steele's cousin, you know. I believe you weren't at home either time she came to call on Miss Sally?"

"No, I have n't seen her," Sidney answered, wondering at the color which had come into Mr. Paul's face. "I'll go with pleasure;" and she waited to be told why.

But John suddenly became aware of the observing windows of his mother's house, and hurried his companion into the evergreen alley that ran across the garden from the green door in the wall, on one side, to the fence that shut off the lane, on the other. The alley widened

in the middle of the garden into a little circle, where a sun-dial stood; but the path was always in the shade, and the dial did not mark the quiet hours on its stained copper face. The branches were so thick that the alley was quite dark, and the black earth was damp, and faintly green with mould, and powdery with white streaks about the roots of the trees. (There was no danger that Mrs. Paul could see them here; but before they turned into the pleached walk she had had a glimpse of her son calmly pacing up and down by Sidney's side. That sight had been like wind upon a fire; after an instant's breathless silence, she called out to Scarlett with furious fault-finding, and even made as though she would strike the woman with her stick.)

"I'll tell you what it is, Sidney," John was explaining in the evergreen alley. "Miss Townsend, she's — she's going to marry me. And my mother — well, she is n't willing, you see. And though, of course, it does n't make any difference, it is sort of unpleasant for Kate. So I want some of my friends to be nice to her. I knew Miss Sally would go to see her, she's so good; but I thought, perhaps, if you would go — you are nearer her own age — you know?"

Sidney, with parted lips, stood quite still, and looked at him.

John blushed. "I know I seem old to you, Sidney, and I'm sure I wish she'd taken me ten years ago, twenty years ago; only I did n't know her until last fall. Oh, Sidney, she is — really, I don't speak in any personal way — I mean I am unprejudiced, entirely unprejudiced — but, by Jove, Sidney, she's — she's — a very remarkable woman!"

Sidney drew a long breath. "I will go, of course; and aunt Sally will, too; but I — I don't understand!"

"You will love her," John declared, following his own thoughts, and blind to Sidney's confused look. "We are not going to be married until August. Kath-

erine won't have it a day sooner, I'm afraid. Miss Sally is to be married then, too, is n't she?"

Sidney nodded, frowning a little.

"We shall not live in Mercer," John proceeded. "I am going into the office of *The Independent Press*. The major takes it, does n't he?"

"But Mrs. Paul," Sidney said, scarcely hearing his reference to the newspaper, — "what will she do?"

John's face darkened savagely. "Sidney, you don't understand these things, more's the pity. But listen to me. If a man and woman care for each other, nothing in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth has a right to part them. Do you understand? They belong to one another. See? Why, it would be wicked to let anything interfere. There is," declared John Paul, "no such thing as duty to any one else (even if a — a mother deserved it) that should keep two people apart who — care, you know, at least who care as *we* do. The only thing in the world to be considered, Sidney, is love, my dear, love!" John lowered his voice, and looked up at the drift of white clouds above the swaying points of the cypresses. Sidney caught her breath. It was wonderful, this illumination in his good-natured face. "And so," he continued cheerfully, "there's nothing to be said about anybody's wishes but just our own." Then he fell to talking in the frankest way of his plans, and economies, and many practical things.

There was gladness in his face, to be sure; but rent? and the size of a house? and whether it were better to be on the line of the steam or horse cars? Sidney felt as though dropped suddenly from a height.

"I will go," she said slowly; "only, if you please, I would like to tell Mrs. Paul."

John looked uneasy. "I don't think it is necessary."

But Sidney was determined. "I will

surely go," she insisted, smiling. "I want to." And with that he had to be contented.

She watched him closely as he spoke again of Katherine; he was certainly very happy. She looked up at the soft blue of the April sky, and at the snowy clouds stretching across the east like a flight of cherubs. She shivered a little and seemed about to speak, but could not. "Does he forget death?" she thought. After he left her, with this new joyousness in his eyes, which made his step lighter and his face younger, Sidney still walked up and down the shadowy alley.

Perhaps, for the moment, John Paul's indifference to his mother and her wishes was the most forcible comment he could have made upon the power of that new emotion which so transformed him. Sidney's very instincts were her father's; disobedience had never been a temptation, because it was an impossibility. Of course she knew that, outwardly, John's relation to his mother was quite different, but — she was his mother. That was the first wonder at what love could do, but the greater wonder came.

There was an old wooden bench near the sun-dial, curved like an irregular crescent; it had stood here so long that its paint had flaked and worn away, and its four thick posts were mossy green and stained with the rust of lichen. In summer the slats of the back were hidden by a tangle of vines, but now only leafless stems and brittle tendrils twisted in and out between them; crocuses grew close about the bench, and, opening their white and purple cups, filled the damp, warm air with that fresh earth-scent which belongs to spring. Sidney sat down here, and leaned her chin in her hands.

"Death, death!" she said to herself, — "he can forget it; he never thinks of anything but happiness. Perhaps that is because it is all new; perhaps as soon as he gets used to it he will begin to

be afraid?" She watched, with absent eyes, a brown butterfly flicker along the shadows of the path into the open light of the circle; then, with a start, she remembered that she must tell Miss Sally. Did Alan know? she wondered. Sidney's mind was in a tumult. Never in her calm, self-centred life had she been so stirred. Miss Sally's little love affair? She frowned as she thought of it. Yet to stop to talk about rents and steam-cars! What did it all mean?

She told her aunt in the briefest way that Mr. Paul was to marry Miss Townsend, but she did not wait to listen to the little spinster's delighted surprise. To have Miss Sally, with a ladle in her hand, fall into a chair, and gasp, and exclaim, and laugh with pleasure through twinkling tears, seemed to the girl profane; she wished she could get away from it all. A strange dislike and passionate interest clamored in her mind.

When she went to see Mrs. Paul, the scolding of the older woman was almost a relief. It was something tangible and easily understood. "I thought I ought to come," she announced in her calm way, "to say that this afternoon I am going to see Miss Townsend. Mr. Paul asked me to."

Mrs. Paul was so angry, so dismayed, so unwilling that Sidney should see her discomfiture at her son's defiance, that for a moment she did not know how to reply.

"I am very sorry to hear it," she said, — "very sorry and disappointed in you. This Miss Townsend has some foolish infatuation for John which I do not at all approve of, — not at all. I am very sure that she is not a proper person for you to know. I suppose, though, like every other young person in these impudent days, you set yourself up to know more than your elders, so I need not expect you to be guided by me when I say that you ought not to see her; but at least I can insist that you do not call upon this very offensive young

woman without your father's permission. Your aunt knows you are going? As though Sally had the slightest sense in such matters! I have no doubt she would think it proper to visit her washerwoman!"

"But," said Sidney gently, "Miss Townsend is Mr. Steele's cousin, Mrs. Paul."

Mrs. Paul was astounded, but not for a moment dismayed nor softened. "What, the girl whose mother was a Drayton? I remember; some one told me. More shame to her, then, for her conduct in running after a rich man, — at least a man with a rich mother. I am perfectly disgusted with those Steeles and every one connected with them. I would n't have had you look at young Steele for worlds, though it's plain enough why he took Sally. You very properly repulsed him."

Sidney looked at her with faint curiosity.

"This Townsend girl is shockingly forward," continued Mrs. Paul, her voice shrill and her hands unsteady. "No well-brought-up young woman would try to marry a man against his mother's wishes. I should think you would know better than to want to see her. It's this talk of love and marriage that pleases you; you are like all the rest of them, in spite of Mortimer Lee's fine theories. But there shall be no wedding gayeties, — I can tell you that, miss!"

Another girl, with quick consciousness, would have disclaimed interest in such subjects; but Sidney only looked with puzzled surprise at the fierce old woman, whose eyes blurred once as though with terrified tears. Sidney was stinging with interest, and painful interest; it did not occur to her to deny it.

"It shall not be!" cried Mrs. Paul, forgetting that she was betraying her own fear. "Johnny knows his interests; he won't throw away his bread and butter, I can tell you!"

But Sidney was too much absorbed in

her own wonder to care for Mrs. Paul's dismay. She did not stay very long; she was impatient to see the girl who was going to take love into her life. Perhaps, without being aware of it, this experience of another woman was the greatest reality which Sidney had ever known; for her love for her father was so much a part of herself she was almost unconscious of it.

It was evident, from the confusion of her thoughts, as she walked out to Red Lane this April afternoon, that, whether she knew it or not, the slumber of her mind, which had followed an accepted opinion, had been rudely broken. She was beginning to live as she opened her eyes to the power of love.

Life was very bewildering to Sidney Lee. First, her calm and almost beautiful egotism (there is a certain beauty in anything which is perfect) had been touched faintly by Miss Sally's timid happiness. It was as though a hesitating knock had fallen upon the outer gates of a sleeping palace, only loud enough to make the contented dreamer within stir impatiently. But now had come a clamor upon the very door of her heart. She must hear Life! Its importunate gladness banished dreams, even though she barred the door and refused to look upon its glowing face.

She went over and over in her mind John Paul's words and looks. "It isn't just because he is happy in caring for her," she thought, "but because he has imagined a heaven for his happiness. And there is no heaven! Oh, that isn't what I should suppose he would imagine, for it doesn't seem to me that heaven would be enough to make up for the years that may come and stand between them. Time is like death, in a way; but if they were sure that their God knew what it all meant, — love and death in the same world, — *why* they lived and *why* they suffered, I should think they could bear to be without their heaven. But it is immortality,

not God, apparently, that excuses love. Oh, I should imagine — Some One who knows!" Then she fell to thinking of a certain wise man who left a field untilled for many years, that he might observe how it was altered or affected by the earth-worms below the surface. "If the worms could only have known," she thought, intent upon this reality which had pressed upon her dreaming eyes, "if they could have guessed why their field suffered those conditions, and why they were living their poor, dark lives, it would have been worth while. Oh, if there were only any great reason above all the little reasons and ignorances, I could understand that people might be patient to suffer!"

Katherine Townsend saw Sidney coming, and, guessing who it was (for John, taking every opportunity to send a note to Red Lane, had announced that she would call), opened the door herself, and took the girl's hand in her cordial grasp.

"You are Sidney Lee?" she said, leading her into the parlor. "I am so glad to see you." She looked at her with keen, friendly eyes. "John told me you were coming."

Sidney was far more embarrassed than Katherine; but it was not shyness, nor any unworldliness, in the sense of what was unaccustomed; only the wonder of the dreamer who has been unaware of any other landscape than the blurred world of sleep.

Katherine's charming tact was for once at a loss. The weather, and the fresh, sweet skies, and the bird singing in the rain under her window the day before; Miss Sally, and Robert Steele's good fortune in winning her, and how kind, and gentle, and unselfish Katherine thought the little spinster; Ted and the pups, — all in vain! Sidney answered quite sweetly and briefly, with a little dignity in her manner which held Katherine very far away. Yet there was an eager, wistful look in her eyes

that seemed a shadow of trouble in their placid depths.

Katherine drew a sigh of relief when her guest rose to go, but, with a simplicity which was born of her great content, she held Sidney's hand a moment as she said good-by.

"I wish," she declared, "that everybody could be as happy as I am."

"Oh!" cried Sidney, with a half-sobbing breath.

Katherine looked at her, surprised and not understanding. Long ago John had told her of this young girl's destiny as Major Lee had planned it, but to the very practical and warm-hearted woman it had been too absurd to remember.

"Are you happy?" Sidney asked, almost in a whisper.

There was something in the way in which Katherine said, looking frankly at her questioner, "Yes, indeed I am!" that gave Sidney Lee a pang. The tone was too glad. "How can she say it?" would have been her thought, had she known enough to put it into words; it was exactly the same feeling she had had when Mr. Paul talked of rent and steam-cars.

The question brought back to Katherine the strange thing John had told her, and, with that common sense which hid amusement under the kindest manner in the world, she added, smiling, "Don't you think I ought to be?"

"But" — Sidney said, and then waited a moment — "*death*?"

That word touched the glad content upon Katherine's lips, and left her silent.

"Forgive me!" Sidney cried. "I had no right to say that, but oh, I do not understand!"

"Why" — the other began. It was towards dusk, and the room was full of shadows, but she could see the strained look in Sidney's face. "Oh, Miss Lee!" She had no words.

"Are you not afraid — every moment?

I have no right to ask you, but it all seems so strange, so terrible."

"No, I am ~~not~~ afraid," Katherine answered. "Death? Yes, of course, but life first; and life is so rich and so beautiful; and after that — heaven."

"If — if," Sidney protested hurriedly, "there were not any heaven, then would the beauty and the richness be worth while?"

Katherine was flung into a seriousness which afterwards greatly surprised her. She put her hands up to her eyes for an instant; then she shook her head. Katherine Townsend was too well satisfied with the comfort of her religion ever to have invited any doubts of it by subjecting it to the scrutiny of her intelligence, and therefore she did not feel the dismay which might have shaken some persons with the memory of a forgotten terror. Although not aware of her mental processes, Katherine had curtailed her perceptions to fit her creed, knowing, without having taken the trouble to reason about it, that she could not stretch her creed to contain her perceptions. As a result, she was quite happy, and found the endeavor to live up to her religion far more comfortable than would have been the endeavor to understand it. But Sidney's words showed her a shuddering possibility. "No," she said, "oh, no, it would not be worth while, — not without another life." But her composure was shaken only for a moment. "My dear Miss Lee, I know what you think, — John told me; but you won't feel so when you care for some one. Indeed, indeed, you are all wrong. The good Lord meant us to love each other, and death does not end all, — it only begins it."

Sidney smiled sadly; it seemed to her very pathetic. "Of course you could not love unless you thought that."

"I *know* it!" Katherine declared.

"How?"

The two women looking into each other's faces had forgotten convention-

ality ; the tears were upon Katherine's cheeks, and Sidney's eyes threatened her for an answer. It was a cry for the unknown God.

But Katherine could only give her that longing of the human soul for compensation for the pain of life. "Oh," she exclaimed, "because life would be too terrible if it were not true! It must be true!" She sobbed as she spoke; she was very tired, — nervous, she told herself afterwards, not remembering the fierce demand in Sidney's young face, — or this would have been impossible.

"I hope," Sidney said, in a low voice, "that you will not be unhappy."

"I shall be — heavenly happy!" cried Katherine, half terrified. Then she put her hand on the girl's shoulder and kissed her. "I hope you may be, too. And — and, Miss Lee, we have Christ and his promises, — the Resurrection and the Life. Oh, do think of that?"

As for Sidney, she went home with a certain equilibrium of mind asserting itself. This love which could be indifferent to grief, because it hugged a fallacy to its heart, was not beautiful nor great. It deliberately refused to think of the coming of sorrow, or it even forgot sorrow; and forgetfulness may be another name for cowardice.

"If she had said 'yes,' she knew that death would come, and that she had no imagined heaven, but that love was worth while, anyhow, it might seem great. But that would need — what?" Sidney had no words except that vague *Some One who knows*. Ah, with that! But she shook her head, with a wild instinct of freedom. She exulted, even while she pitied Katherine and felt the terror of life.

"And to talk of promises," she thought, the old contempt coming back, — "promises! Oh, how strange it is that these Christians are not satisfied with their idea of God! Why do they belittle it by their creeds and promises and their non-human man? I should think

a God would be enough. But they hang all these little thoughts about the one great thought until they almost hide it. I suppose one could cover a mountain with lace!" She smiled; perhaps there is no conceit so arrogant as the conceit which follows a conviction of emancipation. Still, the mystery and wonder lingered in her eyes, and did not escape Major Lee. He watched her closely at their silent tea-table, that evening, and, later, he asked her what her afternoon had been.

They were sitting by an open window in the library, for the day had been very warm. The spring twilight, full of the scent of the sun-warmed earth, came in from the garden, and hid their faces from each other as Sidney told her story.

Major Lee's astonishment made him put down his cigar. "John Paul! Is it possible that he found words enough to ask a lady to marry him?"

His face lighted as she told him of Katherine, and of that strange talk, and of her own conclusions. "Yes, it is always so; the young woman has the prodigality of youth in promising what does not belong to her. She can talk about this life, perhaps, although her experience is not large; but her suggestions of another life are pathetic or amusing, as one looks at it. The way in which persons who want to excuse or to explain a position wrench a statement from their imaginations, and then label it a fact, is amazing. But John Paul? He seemed to me a young man of a fair amount of intelligence. Ah, my darling, 'we are the men, and wisdom will die with us!'" He laughed a little; the major felt more cheerful than for many a day. Sidney had seen it for herself.

XIX.

John Paul's engagement produced an astonishment in the small world upon the hill, second only to that felt when

Miss Sally and Robert declared their passion; and in this case, as in the other, the most astounded and angry person was Mrs. Paul. John's laconic note announcing that he was to be married in August, and repeating his intention of leaving the warehouse, gave her a pang of more personal pain than she had felt for a very long time; perhaps, indeed, she had never felt that kind of pain before. The smothered and forgotten instinct of maternity was wounded, although not deeply enough to rouse anything but anger.

The major was annoyed that Sidney should have to see more of "this sort of thing," and somewhat disappointed in John Paul, but otherwise indifferent. Miss Sally was frankly delighted; she soon grew very fond of Katherine, and chattered about her incessantly to Robert; repeating the bright and pretty things his cousin had said, and laughing so heartily herself that she scarcely noticed the forced and tired smile on her lover's face. Robert had no heart for Katherine's gayety; he was absorbed in his own perplexities. When that storm of anger and determination in which he had left Mrs. Paul's house had subsided, he was distinctly aware of the ebb of the convictions gained then, and the slow flooding in of the terrible demand of honor: he must tell Miss Sally he did not love her, and be forever a dishonorable man in the eyes of his friends; or fail to tell her, and be dishonorable in his own eyes. How fierce was the alternative: to give her everything he was and hoped to be; to make every day, by tenderness and loyalty, secret reparation for secret robbery; in a word, deceive her so skillfully that she should never detect him, — or, humiliate and wound her!

With this was always the thought of what he owed her, — for surely it had been the will-of-the-wisp of love which had led him out of his slough of despond. He looked back and saw himself

holding to her hand, — that poor, silly little hand, which believed (had he not taught it so?) that it was a necessity to him, — saw himself struggling to emerge from the terror of weakness; gaining from her his life, his reason, his very honor. The fact that now, standing on firm ground, in clear sunshine, he could see how foolish was the amiable little soul that his imagination had clothed with every power and virtue could not alter the past conditions. Yet again and again returned the truer and the simpler thought. Was he to delude her, to offer her tinsel which she should accept as gold? Was he to let her take, through ignorance, what knowledge might teach her to reject? What answer could there be but No?

With a nature which demanded sympathy and support, Robert was singularly alone; no one knew of his struggle. Once he thought of going to Mr. Brown for advice, but instantly realized that what he wanted was not man-to-man counsel, but direction which might not be questioned, — the relief of shifting responsibility. It was in this connection that, with blank wonder at his own possibilities, he found himself thinking of the refuge of the confessional. His mother's church beckoned him, offering the allurements of infallible guidance, — the temptation to become as a little child. He said to himself bitterly that when his mother had been taken into the Catholic Church she had left him behind her. He despised his own intelligence, which had deprived him of such peace.

Perhaps, if Alan had been less joyfully absorbed in himself, he might have helped Robert; as it was, the doctor began to be a little impatient with his depression. "Steele is perfectly well," he said to himself, "and there is n't any excuse for depression;" so he shrugged his shoulders and silenced his conscience. "It does n't do to notice that sort of thing," he excused himself, with the instinct of the physician as well as the

conviction of the practical man. It is a curious and not a pleasing experience to discover how much real selfishness and willingness to escape personal annoyance can be concealed beneath that "conviction of the practical man," that morbidness and supersensitiveness must not be noticed, and to learn how often, in dealing with weak and unhappy souls, a little less sense would have been the greater wisdom. Robert was so alive to the doctor's intentional neglect that he had had no impulse to ask his friend's counsel; and yet, one morning, after wandering aimlessly about the streets, he found himself standing miserably at their own door.

"What would Crossan do?" he asked himself.

It was Alan's office hour, — a time so free from interruption that the two friends had amused themselves by regarding it as the part of the day to be devoted to pleasant things. They did some translating together; or Alan practiced — quite faithfully for him — while Robert read. So the unhappy man felt sure of finding the doctor alone. He opened the door of their library, not even looking into the department dignified by the name of office. Alan knew the step, and did not turn as he called out, "Hello, Bob!" He was standing by the window, with an intent look upon his face, stringing his violin. The room had all the comfortable confusion of a bachelor's lodgings, and much luxury as well. There was the smell of chemicals, to be sure, for Alan did some experiments here, so there was a stand with retorts upon it, and traces of blackened ashes, and bottles of salts, and crystals; but the odor of cigar smoke was stronger, and a great bowl of roses stood upon the table, among his books.

"I want to talk to you," Robert said, throwing himself wearily into a big chair.

"Go ahead," responded the doctor, frowning over the strings of his violin.

Robert lifted an illuminated copy of Italian sonnets from the table beside him, and began, absently, to turn the yellow leaves.

"Per esser manco almen, signora, indegnio
Dell' immensa vostr' alta cortesia,
Prima, all' incontro a quella, usar la mia
Con tutto il cor volse 'l mie basso ingegno.
Ma visto poi c' ascendere a quel segno
Propio valor non è c' apra la via" —

He put the book down, as though the words had stung him.

"Well?" Alan interrogated, suddenly noticing the silence, and glancing over his shoulder at his friend.

"John Paul is fairly started, it appears," Robert said. "I saw his name on the editorial page this morning."

"Is that all you have to say?" inquired the doctor. "Ah, confound it! there goes another string!"

"I wonder if his mother has forgiven him yet?" Robert went on, absently.

"I believe not. Sidney told me he did not see her before he started."

The spring wind from the open window blew one trembling chord back into the room. Alan smiled joyously; Sidney's name seemed blended with the music. He drew his bow lightly across the strings, and a burst of sound, like sudden sunshine, flooded the room. Then they talked of many things, in the old pleasant, desultory way; Paul's engagement most of all, with the amused question whether it was the major's theories which had kept him so long unmarried.

"Ah, well," said Alan, with half a sigh, turning round to look at Robert, "the major is right, you know, but not human. Listen; I've set those verses of Henley's to a little air of my own. I want you to hear it." He stopped, and tuned his instrument, and then, lifting his head, began to sing in a musical tenor, which was without that thread of pain that is so often woven into the tenor voice: —

“ ‘Fill a glass with golden wine,
And while yet your lips are wet
Set their perfume unto mine,
And forget
Every kiss we take or give
Leaves us less of life to live.

‘Yet again! your whim and mine
In a happy while have met.
All your sweets to me resign,
Nor regret
That we press, with every breath,
Sighed or singing, nearer death!’

There! is n't that morbid enough for anybody? What do you think of that minor, — ‘and forget — forget?’” Robert said something vaguely, but Alan was too pleased with himself to notice his friend's lack of enthusiasm. “Of course,” he proceeded, “if there were no love, there would be no sorrow. But what are you going to do about it? Cripple and deform life, to be spared pain? And we can't be spared, anyhow; we're bound to love, no matter how we fear it. There are really only two conditions in life: one is ignorance and the other is misery. Major Lee undertakes to create a third, — indifference. But it can't be done! The thing to do is to be ignorant as long as you can, — that's my belief. Yes, it is the only rational plan: live in the present; forget the future. It is intolerable to think of death and love together. The major's right.”

“You are not so great a coward, Crossan,” said the other, smiling in spite of his misery.

“My dear fellow,” Alan exclaimed gayly, “I am exactly so great a coward. I don't believe I shall have a very long life, with this heart of mine, and shall I refuse to make the most of it?”

“Why do you say that?” Robert protested uneasily. “You are as strong as anybody; you know you are.”

Alan shook his head. “Bob, the value of a medical education is, that you can number your days, and apply your heart to whatever seems most worth while. In a word, have a mighty good

time, and don't bother with a lot of unnecessary things.

‘Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?’

(I think that line is the extent of my Horace!)”

“You — you are not in earnest?” Robert insisted, not noticing the careless words, and his voice breaking with fear.

“I am entirely in earnest, but please don't look so dismayed. I am making the most of to-day, and I mean to make the most of to-morrow, trust me! Why, bless you, I may live to be a hundred; only, I may not. But I assure you I intend to be alive as long as possible.”

With his easy sympathy, Alan knew quite well the stunned and horrified dismay in Robert's mind, and so, with a touch that was a caress, he put his face against the violin, and hastened to talk of other things. He was sitting on the arm of a chair, swinging his foot with lazy comfort, intent upon enjoyment of the spring day, and the sunshine, and the soft wind which blew his hair about his forehead.

“There, hang it! don't look at me as though this were my last day. I've a lot of life in me yet, I can tell you, and I mean — I mean to enjoy it.”

“But,” Robert stammered, forgetting his own pain, “I can't believe it, Alan; it can't be. You must see a specialist, you must” —

“Stuff! Do you doubt my knowledge? And don't I tell you I may live to be a hundred? Drop it, Bob! Don't look so dejected; if there is anything I hate, it is dejection.”

All the while, running through his words, was the low and tremulous breathing of the violin; his face, and his careless words, and the ripple of a song somehow blurred this terrible thing he had been saying. Robert drew a long breath of relief. He came back sharply to his own distress.

“Alan,” he said suddenly, careful

only to protect Miss Sally, and eager to display his own shameful uncertainty and weakness, "if you've made a mistake which involves somebody else, what ought you to do?"

"Remedy it. Why?"

Robert got up, and began to walk about the room. The doctor had turned again to the window, and was tightening the strings of his instrument.

"And yet the person might be happier — mistaken?"

"Yes, a delusion is very comfortable once in a while," Alan admitted; "only, unfortunately, we can't delude people to make them comfortable. Look here; ask a straight question, will you? You always go ahead sidewise!"

"I can't," Robert answered hoarsely, "I've no right to; but I'll tell you the sort of thing I mean. Suppose that I had learned, after giving it to you in good faith, that that Corot was not an original. Suppose that you could never discover the cheat for yourself. Should I tell you?"

Alan laughed, glancing at the dark canvas framed in a great oblong of dull gold, which made a glimmering brightness on the chimney-breast. "Well, I should be happier to be ignorant, no doubt; but that doesn't help you any. I trust this is only an illustration, Robert?"

"You think I should tell you?"

"Why, I don't see how you could do anything else," Alan said, with that interest in a question of ethics which is almost a part of a lazy temperament. "I'm sorry for you if you've got to open anybody's eyes, but I'm sorrier for the other man. You've no choice, so far as I can see. If you give what you think is a jewel to your friend, and afterwards discover that it is paste, you've got to tell him, — all the more, that the friend, just because he is a friend, might never know it (only he would; those things always leak out in time); and as for your picture illustra-

tion, which is unpleasantly personal, art would be profaned if you called a spurious thing by its name, to say nothing of the lie of silence! Poor Bob!"

He drew his bow across the strings, and there was a rollicking laugh from the violin.

Robert groaned. "But there are things one cannot do, because they are impossible!"

"That does not follow, Steele," Alan said sympathetically, watching his friend's restless walk about the room. ("What in the world has come into his mind now?" he was asking himself. "I wonder if he means to divide his fortune among the stockholders who were pinched, and is afraid to break it to Miss Sally?")

"I know it! I know it!" cried Robert passionately. "Yes, if there is an impossible thing demanded by duty, by God, the impossibility is God's, the duty is ours. Yes, you are right, — you are right; it is to be done."

"But, my dear fellow," expostulated Alan, "glittering generalities are my forte; you must not make my words particular. The first thing I know, you'll say I have advised you to do Heaven knows what! And look here; I don't believe in examining your conscience in this way. I tell you, Bob, there is a point where concern about right and wrong becomes the subtlest kind of egotism. Yes, sir, you'd be a better man if you were n't so confoundedly good, — if you had a little more of the devil in you!"

Robert was not listening; he shook his head, with a gesture which meant that all was decided. "I *will*," he said to himself; and yet, oddly enough, as he reached the point where he saw himself capable of his duty, a flash of memory brought back the peace of the conquered dreams, the refuge of morphine. He thrust it out of his mind in an instant; but it had come.

Alan looked at him anxiously. "You

make too much of this thing, whatever it is. If anybody is mistaken through a mistake of yours, it is n't an unpardonable offense; go and explain, and get the thing off your mind. Man alive! it is n't such a great matter. One would think you were a young woman upon the steps of the altar discovering that she did n't love the man."

A strange look came into Robert's face. Alan had a sudden and terrible thought; so terrible did it seem to him that even as it flashed into his mind he banished it, as an insult to his friend. His face burned at his own meanness.

Robert sat down, bending forward, with his hands clasped between his knees. "Alan, the space between a man's ideal and the man himself is his opportunity. But God help the man who hates his ideal!"

"I don't know what you're driving at?" said Alan cheerfully.

After a pause Robert spoke, and his voice was curiously dull: "I'm going; you have given me good advice, and I shall take it."

"Oh, now," Alan protested again, "I tell you, I object to giving suggestions in the dark!"

Robert smiled a little, but he had nothing more to say. There seemed to be no alternative now, and that brought a sort of peace.

"It would profane love to call a spurious thing by its name," he thought afterward, going over Alan's arguments, "and silence would be a lie." To hear his own convictions put into words by some one else gave him new confidence in his often broken resolution to tell Miss Sally.

The doctor was puzzled by Robert's abrupt departure, as well as by those confused questions. "I wish he was n't so ridiculously conscientious," he thought. "People don't appreciate it unless they know him well, and it keeps them from liking him, — though it makes them love him!" Then he smiled, and reflected that when Steele saw fit to speak out

he would do so, and that it was absurd to feel any anxiety beforehand. Instead, he began to think of Sidney, and later, in the afternoon, he went to Mrs. Paul's, where his hope of finding her was fulfilled. She had come in to read the paper to the fierce old woman, who had grown more bitter and impatient in these last weeks than Sidney had ever seen her. With the new look in Mrs. Paul's face, since her estrangement from her son, had come a new feeling into the girl's heart; it was pity. But she only knew it as a vague discomfort in Mrs. Paul's presence, which she resented; so she kept away from her as much as possible. She would not have been here to-day, had she not been sent for; although Miss Sally was too busy to come, conveniently, and had thought of asking Sidney to take her place. Miss Sally had developed in the last few months a mild self-assertion, which even Sidney had noticed, not because of what it was in itself, but because of its contrast with the past. However, as Mrs. Paul's message had come, it had not been necessary for Miss Sally to make her request, and Sidney had gone over to the other house in silent reluctance. She did not look at Mrs. Paul in her usual direct way; the pain and perplexity in the face of the older woman were too unpleasant. She made haste to open the daily paper, that she might begin to read at once, but stopped for a moment of surprise at seeing, instead of the broad head-line of *The Republican*, on which she had been brought up, the smaller Roman letters of *The Independent Press*. Mrs. Paul actually blushed.

"I'm told that it is a very decent paper. I am not a person who looks only on one side. I was never unjust in my life. And — my — my son is connected with *The Independent Press*."

"Yes," Sidney answered, "I heard Mr. Paul talking of it to father, last Sunday."

"Last Sunday? I did not see him

on Sunday — I mean I would not see him. I disapprove of this newspaper folly, and he knows it. Though it won't last, — it won't last! But I am willing to overlook it; he may come in, if he wishes to, the next time he is in Mercer. You might tell him so. Only I'll have no talk of — of that Townsend girl! Just let him understand that!" Her hands trembled as she spoke.

"Mrs. Paul," said Sidney tranquilly, "if you knew Miss Townsend, I think you would like her."

"What!" cried Mrs. Paul. "You would dictate my likes and dislikes, would you? And I can tell you, I know quite enough of her. I know that she meditates marrying my son against my wishes. But how long is it that you have been an advocate of marriage, Sidney? This shows what stuff your theories are made of."

"I think," the girl answered, in a low voice, "that it is a pity they should love each other; but since they do, it would be happier for them if you were friendly."

"Well!" said Mrs. Paul. "But I don't know why I should expect you to be different from the rest of the world; of course you are inconsistent. Your father is the only consistent person I ever knew, and that is because he has no soul. There! don't look at me in that manner; I know more about your father than you do, I can tell you! And what does he think of your passion for this Townsend girl?"

"Why, he admires her himself, — he thinks her charming."

"Mortimer Lee has not the slightest idea what *charming* means," returned Mrs. Paul contemptuously. "Now, remember you are to tell John I wish — or at least that I am willing that he should come here at once. I am tired of this folly."

"Shall I not write a little note," Sid-

ney pleaded, "and say that you want to see him?"

"Certainly not! I don't want to see him unless he can behave himself. Tell him he may come; do you hear me? I am willing that he should come. Put it any way you choose, only don't bother me about it. Just say that he is to come."

It was at this moment that Alan made his appearance, and the subject of John's disobedience was dropped.

Mrs. Paul's past was too vivid a remembrance to her to allow her to feel any surprise that Alan Crossan came so often to see her; but for once she forgot herself in the purpose which had been growing in her mind since that day when she had suggested to Major Lee the possibility which had given him so much discomfort. She was waiting her time to make the same suggestion to Sidney. Indeed, so far as subtle words had gone, she had already done so, but had never yet brought the conscious color into the girl's face. Now, as she saw Alan, she cried out, with a significant look, "She is here, doctor!" Alan's radiant face answered her. That any one should recognize what his heart knew gave it a reality that elated him beyond words. "You are just too late to hear Sidney advocating marriage," she continued. "Did you know that she approves of love?"

Alan dared not look at the young woman at his side; yet he might have done so without giving her an instant's embarrassment.

"No, you misunderstood me, Mrs. Paul. We were speaking of some people who love each other, Alan, and I said it was a pity, — that was all."

Alan walked home with Sidney, tingling with the exhilaration of recognized love, but she was as unconscious of the passion in his eyes as a dreamer is of the sunshine.

Margaret Deland.

THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: ITS GROWING
INEFFICIENCY AS A LEGISLATIVE BODY.

AT the close of the Middle Ages, every effort which had been made in the direction of representative government upon the continent of Europe had come to an end. From that time down to the French Revolution, the English parliamentary system survived as the solitary representative of what is generally known as popular government. Since the overturning in 1789 nearly all the states of continental Europe have organized national assemblies after the model of the English Parliament, in a spirit of conscious imitation. As Sir Henry Maine has stated it, "The British political model was followed by France, by Spain and Portugal, and by Holland and Belgium combined in the kingdom of the Netherlands; and, after a long interval, by Germany, Italy, and Austria."¹ But the typical English national assembly, embodying what is generally known as the bicameral or two-chamber system, was not copied into the continental European constitutions until it had first been reproduced and popularized by the founders of the federal republic of the United States. When the colonial commonwealths in America severed the tie of political dependence which bound them to the mother country, and rose to the full stature of sovereign States, they, with a single exception, organized their several legislatures after the ancient model as it existed in the insular system. The framers of the Federal Constitution of 1787, forsaking the original idea of a federal assembly consisting of a single chamber, adopted the English system of two chambers in the form in which that system had reappeared in the several States. The adaptation of this dual system to the complicated interests of a federal republic gave

¹ Popular Government, p. 13.

rise to difficulties in the Federal Convention which at one time seemed to be insurmountable. All who are familiar with the history of the convention know that, upon a resolution offered by Virginia, the fact was settled, as a starting-point, that, however the respective branches of the new legislature might be organized, it should consist of two houses instead of one. As to the composition of the houses themselves, the question which first arose was whether or no the lower house should be organized upon a popular basis, after the model of the English House of Commons. After a debate, in which such men as Gerry, Sherman, Martin, and the Pinckneys expressed grave distrust of the wisdom of the people, the convention was induced by Madison, Hamilton, Wilson, and others to decide that the members of the lower house should be chosen directly by popular election. When this difficulty was removed, the convention was free to grapple with the supreme question before it, — the question whether or no the States in their corporate capacity were to be represented in the new assembly. If the "Virginia plan," which recognized population as the only basis of representation, was to prevail, the smaller States — which, under the Articles of Confederation, were entitled to an equal vote — would be placed at the mercy of their more populous associates. At this stage of the proceedings, as a counter blast to the Virginia scheme, the smaller States, under the lead of William Patterson, brought before the convention the "New Jersey plan," which proposed nothing more than a reformation of the Articles of Confederation. When angry and protracted debate between the opposing parties had brought the convention to the verge of

dissolution, Sherman and Ellsworth suggested the famous "Connecticut Compromise," which proposed that the national principle contended for by the greater States should prevail in the organization of the lower house, and that the federal principle claimed by the smaller States should prevail in the organization of the upper house, or Senate, in whose constitution the elective principle was to take the place of hereditary right. Thus modified by republican and federal ideas, the English bicameral system, in the form in which it had reappeared in the several States, passed into the Constitution of the United States.

The facts which have so far been epitomized as to the adaptation of the English bicameral system to the complicated wants of our federal republic are generally understood. What is not generally understood is this: At the time the adaptation was made, the relations which existed between the English Executive and the Parliament were radically different from what they have since become. At that moment cabinet government in England did not exist. As Mr. Bryce has recently observed, "In 1787, when the constitutional convention met at Philadelphia, the cabinet system of government was in England still immature. It was so immature that its true nature had not been perceived."¹ During the reigns of the first two Georges the foundations of the modern ministerial system were firmly laid, but in the presence of the imperious will of George III. its growth was checked; for a time it passed into eclipse. In the midst of this eclipse the Federal Convention met. The fathers had, therefore, no opportunity to view the working of the English Constitution in its later form; they had no opportunity to witness that perfect accord and cohesion which now exist in England between the cabinet, who represent the dominant party, and the majority of that party in the House of

Commons. As the English model was the acknowledged standard for imitation, it was naturally copied in the form in which it then presented itself to the gaze of the convention. In the teeth of the prevailing prejudice against monarchy, it was no easy task to devise an acceptable scheme through which the federal President should be clothed with the constitutional attributes of an English king. Yet that result was substantially accomplished. And here let the fact be emphasized, that the kingship whose constitutional attributes the framers reproduced was not the shadowy kingship of to-day, which reigns, but does not govern. "The figure they had before them was not a generalized English king nor an abstract constitutional monarch; it was no anticipation of Queen Victoria, but George III. himself, whom they took for their model. Fifty years earlier or a hundred years later, the English king would have struck them in quite a different light."²

By the Reform Bill of 1832 and the Reform Act of 1867, the actual control of the English House of Commons — upon which the Revolution of 1688 had conferred political supremacy — was transferred from the titled and untitled landed aristocracy to the main body of the English people. By these acts, the House of Commons has been converted into substantially such a representative national assembly as the fathers intended to create when they laid the foundations of our House of Representatives. Mr. Bagehot, in his brilliant review of cabinet government in England, has said: "There are indeed practical men who reject the dignified parts of government. They say, We want only to attain results, *to do business*; a constitution is a collection of political means for political ends, and if you admit that any part of a constitution does no business, or that a simpler machine would do equally as well what it does, you admit that this

¹ Amer. Commonwealth, vol. i. p. 273.

² Maine, Popular Government, p. 212.

part of the constitution, however dignified or awful it may be, is nevertheless in truth useless." The House of Commons is the business department, the workshop, of the English Constitution; and its capacity to do business, its capacity to grapple with and dispose of the great and complicated mass of affairs that come before it, grows out of the subtle yet practical relation which it bears to the executive power as embodied in the modern system of cabinet government. As all the world knows, the English cabinet is simply a governing committee, chosen by the dominant party in the House of Commons out of its own ranks, to which the Crown commits the executive power for so long a time as it can command a majority in the popular chamber. The efficacy of this system grows out of the fact that the governing committee, or cabinet, is authorized and expected to take the initiative in all great matters of legislation, to formulate them in the shape of bills, and to present them in the House for acceptance or objection. If the judgment of the House is not accepted as final, an appeal can be taken to the people, who can, in the last resort, in voting for members, pass directly upon the great matters in which they feel the deepest interest. The business part of the English Constitution in its modern form rests, therefore, upon the following principles: first, the governing power in the state is vested in the House of Commons; second, the powers of the House belong for the time being to that political party which can command the votes of a majority of its members; third, the directing power of the dominant party is vested in a committee called the cabinet; fourth, it is the duty of the cabinet to formulate all the great measures of administration and legislation, and to take the initiative in presenting them to the consideration of the popular chamber. The steam power which drives the constitutional machinery is the power of party.

The execution of that power the dominant party commits to a board of control, the cabinet, which is composed of the real chiefs of the party. Thus a corporate and impersonal leadership is created, which concentrates and applies the total force of the majority to the solution of every great question with which it is called upon to deal. In the modern English system there is a perfect adjustment between the legislative constitution and the political force which puts it in motion. It is the lack of that perfect adjustment between the driving force and the constitutional machinery which creates the friction and delay in legislation from which we now suffer in the United States. An impersonal and corporate party leadership, armed with the power to take the initiative in legislation, and to apply the total and undivided force of the party in possession of the executive office to the questions of overshadowing national importance, is the desideratum of American politics.

Those who have carefully observed the procedure of our national House of Representatives during the last twenty years can hardly differ as to the fact that it is yearly becoming more and more unequal to the task of discharging the vast and intricate duties which are cast upon it by the ever-increasing wants of our complex national life. That this inadequacy will increase as our domain widens and as our population increases can scarcely be doubted, provided no way can be found to remove the impediments which now choke up the main channel of national legislation. The public generally understands that at every session, after ten thousand or more bills and joint resolutions have been dumped in upon the House, it goes through a protracted period of outward activity, during which it deliberates very little, and legislates less, so far as vital national interests are concerned. The House is thus beginning to be looked upon as a vast graveyard, in which all serious

national business is laid to rest. The conviction is every day deepening that the overshadowing questions touching taxation, finance, the public defense, and the like enter its portals only to perish in a despairing struggle with the elements of political obstruction, which even their urgency has no power to overcome. In this way the House is ceasing to be the workshop of the Constitution; it is degenerating into an expensive and unwieldy machine, which does little or no business of real value and importance. Only a few years ago, the confusion and stagnation became so acute that the House was driven to adopt the humiliating expedient of a "Steering Committee," in the vain hope of extricating itself from the bog created by the inefficiency of its own cumbrous procedure. These well-known facts have for a long time been the subject of satire and of invective, to the detriment of the reputation of the House, both at home and abroad. One of the profoundest and most partial of our foreign critics (Mr. Freeman), after carefully observing the procedure of both houses, wrote not long ago as follows: "I may here quote the remark of an acute American friend, that the Senate is as much superior to the House of Lords as the House of Representatives is inferior to the House of Commons. . . . The Senate seemed truly a Senate; the House of Representatives struck me as a scene of mere hubbub rather than of real debate." However this may be, one thing is certain, and that is that the inefficiency of the House does not grow out of any inferiority of its membership to that of the Senate, but rather out of the cumbersome and unwieldy parliamentary system by which its energies are paralyzed. The root of the evil lies in the absence of an efficient and organized connection between the cabinet and the members of the political party in the House which the cabinet represents; in the absence of the right of the cabinet to appear

upon the floor of the House, and to lift up out of the mass of legislations the vital and urgent national questions upon which the legislative mind should be concentrated. There is no effective fighting force in the House, armed with the power to take the initiative and to force the great questions to an issue. The right of initiative in legislation is really reduced to zero by being subdivided among the forty or more standing committees of the House, to which was referred "all proposed legislation," under the old eleventh rule.

The single question which the writer of this article desires to propound is this: Cannot the practical working of the legislative department of our Federal Constitution, *constructed after the English model as it existed a century ago*, be improved in the light of the invaluable changes which have been made in the old machine since that time? In other words, if our fathers were wise enough in their day to adapt to the wants of the new-born republic the very best of everything which then existed in the English political system, should not the present generation be fertile enough in political resources to utilize and adapt to our present needs a most valuable improvement in the old system, which is in successful daily operation before our eyes?

A fortunate thing it is that a growing reverence for the Constitution of the United States is ever present to thwart the empirics who are continually proposing to amend some vital part of its organic structure. But it is one thing to alter the organic structure of a system, and quite another to devise expedients by which the practical operation of that system may be rendered more harmonious. The operator of a Corliss engine, who would shrink from the task of tampering with any of its vital elements, is always striving, by a careful lubrication and adjustment of its parts, to obtain from it the greatest possible

amount of work with the least possible amount of friction. Such is the task and mission of those who are now called upon to operate the constitutional machinery of the United States. The framers of the Constitution wisely left to congressional and party action a wide domain, in which it is practicable to devise, in the light of experience, methods and expedients by which the daily working of the federal system may be rendered more prompt and efficacious. There is no organic defect in the Constitution itself, but there is a lack of cohesion and adjustment between the legislative department and the political force which puts it in motion. Ours is a government of parties, — a system which presupposes compact party organization and efficient party leadership. It is an historical fact that, from the foundation of the government, the politics of the country have been dominated by one or the other of two great political organizations with more or less definite political creeds. In every national contest each party undertakes to formulate its convictions, and to announce them in the party platform which emanates from the leading minds that dominate the convention. Upon these platforms presidential candidates are nominated, and each party pledges itself, in the event of success, to give effect to its policy through practical legislation.

Down to this point our system of party organization works well. The trouble begins when the newly elected President and his cabinet, as the ostensible leaders of the successful party, undertake to give effect to the programme upon which it has triumphed. The fact that the cabinet has neither place nor voice in the popular chamber renders it unnecessary, in fact inexpedient, for the President to form his cabinet council out of the real leaders of his party. Thus, unknown and untried men — sometimes ambitious plutocrats

who have simply made large gifts to the party chest — are often for the first time brought to the front as pilots of the ship of state. As the administration has neither place nor voice in either house, it can offer in neither, in its own name, any scheme of legislation designed to carry out a definite policy. In this way, the President and his cabinet are driven to the humiliating necessity of appealing to this or that party leader in the Senate or House to get up something in the way of a bill or bills to redeem the pledges of the party platform. The great magnates thus appealed to do not always agree with the administration even as to what their own party teaches; each one is apt to have his own personal "views," and before long he begins to talk about "my policy." Hampered by this impotent system of personalism, of organized confusion, the party in possession of the executive power soon begins to drift helplessly upon a sea of troubles. If any great party measure is formulated, it must be the work of some self-constituted individual who gives the measure his name; and if by chance it passes all the rocks and shoals in its path, he becomes at last one of the immortals.

The great defect in this eccentric and personal system is that no one can now acquire sufficient personal authority for the end in view. What man in the House to-day, on either side, can demand that it pause and listen to him, while he presses upon it the urgent national questions which should first be disposed of? Here the question may be asked, How is it that we have gone on so well under the old system for so long a time? The answer is that that time has passed; our legislative business has so increased that the time has now come when we must have greater facilities and more efficient methods. There was a time when England had no cabinet, in the modern sense of that term, to take the lead in the Commons, and there

direct and drive the business of the kingdom. But that was when Parliament was little more than the local legislature of Great Britain, and not the supreme council of an empire. The business of our House of Representatives has grown, until it is nearly, if not quite, as vast and complex as that of the House of Commons. Under the pressure of it the primitive system has broken down, and we must now devise new expedients adequate to changed conditions. The practical question, therefore, is this: How can we so change our political and parliamentary methods as to obtain all the real advantages of the English cabinet system? If the end can be obtained at all, it must be through the adoption of two simple expedients.

First. The starting-point should be a bill which would confer upon the cabinet the right to a place and voice in each house, *with the right to offer in each such schemes of legislation as it might see fit to advocate*. Some years ago, Mr. Pendleton took a timid step in the right direction when he offered a bill which proposed to give to the cabinet the right to appear in each house, and to debate pending questions. The fatal defect in that bill was its failure to authorize the ministers to submit to the houses formulated measures of legislation. The end in view cannot be attained unless we vest in the administration the right to take the initiative, so as to force to an issue all the great questions upon which the public mind is divided. It is not necessary that the ministers should have the right to vote; it is only necessary that they should have the right to submit bills and to debate them. Here it may be asked, What practical good would be accomplished if the administration could not command a majority in either house? The answer is that the executive government would possess the power to lift up out of the bog in which they now

lie each one of the great questions as to which legislation is most needed; it could then force their consideration upon the House until definite action was had; and then in the first congressional election that followed the people could vote indirectly, in choosing their representatives, upon every question upon which the House had acted or refused to act. When a period of ten years is taken, we have quite as many, if not more, appeals to the people than usually occur in that length of time in England. The trouble is that in these elections the people are not permitted to pass upon definite propositions. Our congressional elections are therefore ceasing to be, what they should be, occasions upon which the people can express their views upon urgent and practical questions. It may also be asked, If the ministers are defeated in the House, should they be forced, as under the present French parliamentary system, to resign office before the constitutional term of the President expires? The answer is that under our Constitution no such provision would be either necessary or desirable. From the history of the Swiss cabinet system, which seems to stand midway between the parliamentary and congressional systems, we learn that a ministry with a definite term works well in practice. In a recent article in *The Nation*, entitled *The Swiss Cabinet*, the writer has this to say: "When, however, bills urged or approved by the Council are rejected by the Legislature, the ordinary parliamentary result does not take place. No one feels obliged to resign. The cabinet is elected for a given time, and, being thus established, sudden and frequent crises are avoided. . . . The chief objection to party government — violent and rapid changes of ministries — would seem to be overcome by a compromise which secures both responsibility to the majority in the Legislature and a known tenure of office." The great end to be attained is an investing of the cabinet

with the power to force every great national question to an issue in the House of Representatives, so that the people may pass directly upon the result in the next congressional election. The party that undertook to oppose the measures of the administration would of course be forced to propose better ones in order to maintain itself in the confidence of the people. Issues would thus be clearly defined, definite results would be reached, questions would be settled, and business would be disposed of.

Second. To vest in the cabinet the right to appear in both houses, initiate legislation, and then debate it, would be simply to make of them a dumb show, unless they go armed as the authorized and official representatives of the party to which they belong. The mere right to appear in the houses is a matter of no moment whatever, unless the cabinet can represent, in its corporate person, the political force which alone can make its presence effective. Nothing could be more simple than for each of the great parties, by a resolution of its national convention, to vest in its presidential candidate and his cabinet, in the event of success, the official party leadership, according to the English practice. In that way, the whole vexatious and inefficient system of personal dictatorship could be cut up by the roots, and supplanted by an impersonal system, which would be not only more effective, but more agreeable to the sensibilities of the average American. Nothing is easier for an American party man to understand than that the business and policy of his party are in the hands of a committee in whose selection he has had a voice. No party that has confidence enough in a man to elect him President should be unwilling to entrust to him the selection of the committee which shall shape the conduct of the party during his administration. From this condition of things two good results would follow: first, no party would dare to nominate

any but its real chief for the presidential office; second, no President would dare to select any but the real party leaders as his cabinet ministers. The lead in public affairs would thus pass, neither to accidents nor to personal favorites and friends, but to the real leaders of the people.

If a readjustment is ever brought about, upon the lines indicated in this article, between the driving force of the political party in possession of the executive power and the legislative machinery which such force is expected to put in motion, the House of Representatives will of course become, in a sense in which it never was before, the workshop of the Constitution. It will be, more than ever before, a place in which the party which possesses a majority will be expected to enact legislation without unreasonable or vexatious obstruction from the minority. Our whole system of representative government rests upon the principle that the majority, after patiently listening to the minority, shall possess the ultimate power to decide what law or policy shall prevail. For years the two great parties have divided the votes of the House in such equal proportions that it has become the fashion for the minority systematically to pursue such a plan of obstruction as to make all legislation upon contested questions practically impossible. Under this system of obstruction, for which both parties are equally responsible, the usefulness of the House has in a great measure disappeared, and the country is left to suffer the consequences. Although we are groaning under a war-tariff, which both parties admit should be reduced and reformed, no legislation even on that subject is possible. The first mutterings of the storm have been heard. The party now in possession of a scant majority in the House has made a revolutionary effort so to weaken the opposition as to enable it to do business.

Certain rulings of Speaker Reed have no doubt been revolutionary, if a departure from settled parliamentary precedent in the effort to do business can be called revolution. The most significant fact which the pending contest has so far developed is embodied in the statement which Speaker Reed is said to have made to the Associated Press, in explanation or apology for his conduct. The substance of this statement, as reported, is that the members of the House cannot be permitted to stand idly by and draw their pay; that every legitimate resource must be exhausted in the effort to expedite the public business. The public demand is becoming so imperious that the internal contentions of the House, which have for so long hindered and delayed urgent legislation upon a series of great national questions, shall cease, that the dominant party has been compelled to resort even to revolutionary tactics, in the effort to obtain the power to act. If the next congressional election shall put the Democratic party, as it possibly will, in possession of a bare majority, the same deadlock will recur, and the same imperious voice will demand that the majority shall be armed with the power to act. As the grievance which this un-

fortunate condition of things produces is national, the demand for its removal extends far beyond the limits of party. No reform will come from within until the leaders of both parties in the House are made to understand that there is an imperious popular demand that the lower house must so reform its procedure as permanently to vest in the majority of the dominant party, whichever it may be, the power to act.

It may be claimed that the Republican majority, by the adoption of the new rules, has already accomplished that result. If it has, a starting-point only has been gained. No decided and lasting change for the better can be brought about until there is established a real and practical connection between the working majority in the House and the executive government. The old worn-out congressional system, under which the initiative in legislation is vested in a large number of committees without any common leadership, can never be made adequate to the present wants of the country until it is so remodeled as to vest the initiative in legislation touching great national questions in a single grand committee, the cabinet, which should be clothed with the official leadership of the party which it represents.

Hannis Taylor.

ROD'S SALVATION.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

V.

DURING the next week things did not grow better. Rod was absent more and more, and had less and less to say about his employments. Fayal was too proud to ask questions, but her misery grew with the silence. He was restless, excited, or discontented, and somewhat

sullen; and her eyes, as they followed him about the room, or as he made his hasty exit after supper, were dark with suffering. When, in all the years of their two lives before now, had he gone off without her for a "cruise around," morning, afternoon, or evening? He had not even to call her; she was by his side as a matter of course. They

two, all ignorant of the rarity of it, had known the bliss of perfect, sufficing companionship; and now that it was past, of course it was on one heart that the bitterness of the loss chiefly bore.

The old people saw it all. Do not the old people always? And when youth thinks age irresponsible, weak, submissive, is it not only that it has so often seen it all?

It was at sunset, one clear afternoon, after the early tea, that Fayal threw a shawl over her shoulders and stepped out into the lane, and, nodding to her grandmother at the window, with the smile that had ceased in the last weeks to be brilliant, and become only sweet, walked slowly out towards the open country. The kind old blue eyes watched her till she was out of sight; then Mrs. Wheelock turned around and faced her husband, who was looking out of the window, too, over her shoulder.

"Well?" said she.

"Well?" answered Captain Wheelock, shaking his head.

There was a pause while Mrs. Wheelock went over to her accustomed seat and picked up her knitting.

"She is n't used to it," observed the captain, somewhat apologetically. "It's been plain sailing up to now."

"Yes," assented the old lady calmly. "This is a voyage to learn."

Then they sat placidly into the twilight, talking now about this little matter, then that, while the girl whom they both loved was absent, "taking her turn at the wheel," as Captain Trent would have said.

It did not take Fayal long to get into the open country. The little spot of houses was soon left behind, and the wandering road, with its divisions of footpaths twisting about in the grass which here and there spilled over the low white fences from the small dooryards, became a yet more wandering guide over the common and undivided

land. Captain Trent's house was the last one in this direction, and as Fayal passed Mary Jane came to the open door.

"Good-evening, Fayal Grant," she said. "Have you heard that Susan Whitton's brother, that's been studying so hard all winter, sickened and died yesterday, over awn the mainland?"

"No," answered Fayal, leaning on the palings. "Why, I'm so sorry."

"Yes; the news came this forenoon. William brought it over. I meant to stawp in and tell you before, but there's been a heavy sea awn all day, what with getting the baking done and having Julia Spence to help with the sewing."

"Poor Susan! I'm so sorry for her."

"Yes, it's a dreadful thing; and he was a very pretty young man, too."

"Yes, he was."

"And very well educated, too, but you'd never know it."

Fayal assented again, sadly. Both women recognized that commendation could go no further than this.

"Well, they say he'll have a very handsome obituary notice in the Seacove paper," declared Mary Jane, with a cheerful confidence that even death may have its compensations, — "a very handsome notice indeed."

"I'm glad of that. I hope it will be a comfort to Susan." Fayal's voice dropped into a somewhat doubtful intonation as she turned away. Her mind reverted constantly to Susan, as she picked her way over the deep ruts in the grassy roads, to turn out of which put in apparently imminent peril the wheels of any adventurous charioteer as well as his own bones. To have one's brother lying dead in one's sight, — that was terrible! Fayal had had no experience of death; it was as yet only a fact to her, not a reality; but she knew, at least, that it meant strangeness, separation, and silence. It was better even to see Rod loving her less, caring less

for her companionship, than to have him gone, to live without him, — oh, a thousand times better! Poor Susan Whitton!

But Fayal was still too young, too unused to trouble, to find consolation in the knowledge that there were worse things than that she was undergoing; and it was sadly enough that, having reached a point where the sea stretched forth on nearly three sides of her, while on the other the level land was unrolled to the horizon, with only the poor little huddled gray houses of Seacove in the near distance to break the lines of uniformity, she sank down on the dry grass, and looked landward towards the sunset. She heard nothing except the low accompaniment that was never wanting at Seacove, the break of the waves on the beach. As far away from the village as this, even those few sounds that come with twilight were lost, — the tinkling of the cowbells, the shutting of doors and windows, the good-nights of neighbors called to each other across the lanes. There were rarely more strident noises than these in Seacove; it was a singularly quiet place, and the women had low voices. The western heavens were bronze, illuminated with molten gold, and in the midst hung the sun, a globe of crimson fire, with, about it, clouds of yellow and flaming rose. Beneath, the earth itself glowed with a tender color, which was dark only when it touched the radiance of the sky. As her eyes, dazzled by this magnificence, turned to the sea, they saw there a tossing stretch of tinted lights and shadows, and a pink sky over it, the eastern clouds reflecting the western brightness, and the mist in the horizon shimmering with the warmth that lay before its face. Perhaps Fayal was too used to the glory of Seacove sunsets to be much moved by them, but it did not uplift her to-night. The sun sank below the darker earth, the flaming colors disappeared, as she sat there; the blue dropped down over

the green and lavender, and the eastern sky lost its pink reflections and grew slate-color before she moved at all; then she turned her head quickly, in response to a voice behind her.

"I have found you at last, Fayal," said Dan Farnor.

Fayal turned slowly away again, and did not reply for a moment. The sky was dark, and the clouds, which had seemed marshaled only to contribute to the splendor of the occasion, showed themselves instead opposing and dangerous forces which threatened to sweep all light from the earth. The sea was a wide-stretching gray waste, shrouded by a mist; no longer a shimmering veil of beauty, but a cold swathing garment, which would make sight and motion impossible.

"I thought you went over to the mainland to-day," said Fayal.

"So I did go, but I've just come back."

"Did you bring Rod with you?"

She spoke with an anxiety which she made no attempt to conceal. She was, however, restraining her impulse to rush home and greet her brother. She had learned lately that this was not always the best thing to do.

"Yes, I brought Rod."

There was a contemptuous carelessness in his voice which filled Fayal with wild anger, but, with instinctive and unusual self-control, she kept silence. She was angry with herself, as well as with him, that she had framed her question in just that way. Farnor seated himself beside her on the ground.

"I knew you did n't want him to stay over there all night," added Farnor.

Fayal said nothing. She was, indeed, glad that Rod was at home again, but she would give this man no thanks for it.

"I guess you have learned that I can bring him home to you about when I want to," he went on.

Fayal flashed an indignant glance at him.

"This seems to be a voyage to learn," she retorted, unconsciously making use of the same quaint phrase that had risen to her grandmother's lips; "and I guess you've learned that you don't get much thanks for it."

"No, that's a fact," assented the man; "but they'll come some time, when you want him worse than you have yet."

Fayal turned towards him again, and swept him with a look of superb disdain.

"You think that I'll come to you for him, do you?"

"I know you will."

Fayal's form was slighter, her cheeks were paler, and her eyes not so brilliant as when she had thrown open the door of the club-room, three weeks ago, but she looked like a spirited young goddess still, as she said slowly, —

"So you're threatening me, Dan Farnor?"

"I'll threaten you or anything else to make you think of me, and acknowledge that I'm something to you," was the dogged answer.

"So that's the way the people whom you come from make love, is it? That's not the way to talk to a Seacove girl, though. We're used to *men* down here."

The contempt in her voice was so genuine that it touched Farnor as perhaps nothing else would have done, but not as it would have touched a finer man. His self-love was of the sort that could not bear to know that he was underrated.

"And I am used to women," he returned angrily; "and I know there are other ways of making a girl like you than the straightforward way you are used to down here."

It was a foolish boast, and Farnor's sensitiveness to ridicule made him feel that it was, after he had made it; but he believed it, all the same. Fayal laughed a low, scornful laugh, which she would have been incapable of a month earlier.

"I guess you need n't be afraid of

anybody's thinking you're straightforward," she said.

"I don't care what they think," he rejoined sullenly.

"And as for making people like you, — well, I guess you might as well go at it next time, tilt a bucket, 'the way we do here;' you could n't have worse luck than you've had." Her mocking laugh and her words were maddening to the man, who, with all his faults, loved her. Moreover, he had made more than one mistake this evening, and the knowledge of this irritated him into making more.

She had risen, and he picked himself up, too, and faced her.

"You will take back every word you have said to me to-night," he asserted angrily.

"Do you think I will?" she questioned contemptuously. "You've said something like that before. I am going home now," she added.

"Going to find Rod?"

"Yes," she answered defiantly, "to find Rod."

"Fayal, Fayal!" exclaimed Farnor passionately. She was very beautiful, standing there in the misty twilight. "Why do you treat me like an enemy?"

"Because you are my enemy."

"I could be your best friend."

"You will never be my best friend."

"I can bring Rod back to you."

"Rod will come back to me without your help."

She spoke confidently, but she was tired, — tired out. She was utterly unused to emotional crises. She would have left him, but he followed her, and they walked back in an almost complete silence, which he broke at the door of the Wheelock cottage.

"I told you you'd listen to me, and you have listened to me," he said. "Now I have warned you twice, and it is no use. Next time you'll talk differently."

His vanity told him that, although he undoubtedly had a good deal of power

in his hands, the advantage of this interview had not been altogether on his side. Certain of her words and looks it irked him to remember; for once the menace in his words failed to rouse her. She scarcely heard him, and certainly gave no heed to what he might or might not be saying; for she had looked into the sitting-room window, and had seen Rod sitting alone in the high-backed rocker, his head on his hand. Quickly she slipped into the house, and, without a word or look at Farnor, shut the door behind her, and left him standing outside in the misty evening. The angry man waited an instant, with the annoying consciousness that his last shot had missed fire, and through the same window saw her enter the sitting-room, toss off the shawl that she had held tightly around her in the chilly evening, and, going up behind Rod, lay her hand softly on his tumbled curls. He waited to see no more, but flung himself away, down the tiny lane. He had taken a path from which all such manliness as was in him revolted; he had risked some money and a good deal of reputation, and had fretted through many a tiresome hour, in this stupid hole, as he characterized Seacove, — forgetting that places where we have met love and revenge and disappointment, face to face, can hardly be called stupid by the most exacting of us. All this he had done, and was doing, for the sake of a woman who forgot his very existence in the presence of a silly boy whose weakness he had made his tool, and who, unheeding even her own danger, left him outside alone, that she might meet this boy with a caress which, he told himself, he would have given half his life to induce her to bestow upon him.

VI.

It was not long before things reached a climax which Fayal, had she been older and wiser, might have foreseen,

and, had she been less single-minded in her devotion and a shade or two less truthful, might possibly have prevented.

One night Rod did not come at all. As usual, Fayal sat up long after the old people had gone to sleep, with that apparent indifference which, to her youth and intensity, was a strange and an unnatural thing; but at midnight, an unheard-of hour for Seacove dissipation to prolong itself to, she too, exhausted and miserable, dragged herself out of the big chair and crawled into bed.

With one of those intuitions, strong where love is strong, she felt that he would not come home that night. She was sure that she should not sleep, but trouble and anxiety had not yet so cowed the riotous health that was her birth-right that she could be wakeful through the long hours which lead to morning. She slept heavily, but waked early to hear Rod's step outside and his hand on the latch. In a few minutes she was downstairs, and, entering the kitchen, found him building the fire, his usual morning duty. He did not turn to greet her as she came in, but poor Fayal had learned to do without the almost lover-like demonstrations which had formerly been to her as sun and air. Yet it touched her that he had come home in time to save her the trouble of making the fire, as he knew she would have done, rather than let her grandfather suspect his absence. She stepped quickly to his side.

"It was good of you, Rod" — she began.

"Don't!" he interrupted sharply, as if she had hurt him. "I'm not good to do anything! Don't say it." Then he recovered himself, and glanced up at her only to look down again, and resume in an altered voice, "You gave me a start, Fay, coming in like that."

Fayal stood astonished, dismayed, by the change in him. His face was pale and haggard, with purple lines under his blue eyes, and a worried, apprehensive

look strayed about his eyes and mouth. Moreover, there was something else, — indefinable, unmistakable, — something which went straight to Fayal's heart, bringing a feeling of dread; something in his looks and voice which indicated mysteriously that here was no longer the petulance of a boy, but the misery of a man. She sank down beside him, the old protecting feeling strong as ever, but with a certain new helplessness which suggested that this was a trouble from which she might not be able to save him. Her arms about his neck, she said, —

"Tell me, Rod, what is it? Perhaps we can do something."

"What makes you think there is anything to tell?" he said quickly; but he did not push her away, as he sometimes did. Instead, he rested his disheveled curly head against her in a tired sort of way, which was balm to Fayal's heart. It brought him back to her for the moment. In fact, the boy was utterly exhausted; excited, disturbed, exultant, and depressed as he had been for the last weeks, this night's vigil had taken away his remaining strength.

"Oh, Rod, as if I would n't know!" said Fayal softly.

"There is nothing, — nothing," he said, moving his head restlessly, and then relapsing into quiet.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened."

"But just think, — you have been out all night."

Fayal spoke a little timidly. She was so afraid to disturb what seemed like their old affection.

"Never mind. Don't ask questions, Fay," he answered wearily.

Her lips were closed, but her heart cried out against this dreadful helplessness. Rod was in trouble, and she could do nothing for him! In all her young life she had never dreamed of such a catastrophe. His silence continued, and in a few moments they heard the heavy

step of Captain Wheelock in the next room. Rod roused himself, and Fayal went about the preparations for the early breakfast. After the meal was over, she stood a moment in the doorway, looking out over the shining sea. Rod was beside her, knocking a nail or two into a loose shingle. He had been on his way out, as usual, when his grandmother had stopped him, and asked him to attend to this small matter. A man's figure turned into the little side lane that led down to the bluff, and thence by wooden steps to the sand below.

"There is Dan Farnor," said Fayal.

Rod turned so suddenly that he almost dropped the hammer.

"Seems to me you can sight him 'most any time of day." She spoke with unconcealed aversion; evidently he was a blot on the face of nature.

"Coming here?" asked Rod.

"Oh, I guess so. He never seems to get time for a longer cruise."

She spoke with more open contempt than was usual with her before Rod. Dan Farnor's name had been practically tabooed of late. This morning, however, her deep resentment got the better of her; besides, in spite of his silence, Rod and she had drawn a little nearer together, though the heavy curtain of dread and anxiety still shut out hope and joy.

"Look here, Fay," — Rod spoke rapidly, and looked straight up into her eyes for the first time that day; "don't go to sending Dan Farnor all adrift, — not till this blow is over, any way."

"He's a pretty poor mate for either of us."

"Perhaps he is, and perhaps he is n't," answered Rod doggedly. "Anyhow, I've shipped with him for a while, and I wish you would n't give him the go-by every time he speaks to you," and Rod struck the hammer hard into the wall, so that the whole house quivered.

"My land!" said old Mrs. Wheelock, out of the window. "There's no

call to knock away the timbers under her just yet."

There was a look of ungracious triumph in Farnor's eyes, as he paused before them and glanced at Rod, who met his look for an instant, and then turned off and leaned his arms idly against the low fence, swinging his hammer, with his back towards the other two.

Fayal stood tall and straight, her hands falling lightly clasped in front of her, looking down, with the scorn which had animated her in their last interview reviving in her eyes, in spite of Rod's pleading. Nevertheless, it was not altogether fearless, this morning. Farnor recognized this with a thrill of pleasure. The fear which had haunted her since her first look at Rod's face, that day, could not be driven out before the man whom she instinctively felt to be responsible for it. His eyes took in her beauty with an intoxicating sense of ownership. He loved her, — he could even be sorry for her; but she should learn not to put him in belittling situations; after she had learned that, she should see how he could love her!

"It's a nice sailing morning, Miss Fayal," he said.

"Yes," answered Fayal, in an expressionless tone, "I guess it is."

"We've been having good weather, lately. Let me see; the moon fulls to-night, don't it?" went on Farnor speculatively.

"Could n't tell if I suffered," replied Fayal, with lamentable want of interest.

"I think it does. Suppose you take a walk with me — a little cruise, as you say here — after tea, to-night, and see if it does n't." He spoke with an attempt at easy intimacy which it annoyed him to feel was not altogether successful.

"You need n't take the trouble to say what we say here. Nobody'll ever take you for Seacove-born," remarked Fayal. This statement from the mouth of a dweller in Seacove was never meant to be flattering.

Farnor's cheek flushed, but he repeated his question quietly. He could afford to bide his time.

"Will you go?"

Fayal's evasive answer had not been without its motive. She hated with all her undisciplined soul to yield in the smallest matter to this detested man, but she had caught a pleading glance from Rod, as, with apparent inattention, he had listened to Farnor's question, and she herself was troubled by a new and strange emotion, — she was afraid. If she had known of what she was afraid, the fear might have vanished. It was not of this man personally, and yet he had the power to inspire her with this mysterious suggestion of dreadful possibilities. She did not know just what saving rope she might be casting from her if she answered as she would fain have done, and so she hesitated, and Farnor repeated his question.

Distrust your first impulses, says Talleyrand; they are almost always true ones.

"I don't know but I will," she answered, carelessly enough for a girl who had no social training, only feminine instincts, to teach her deception. Then she went into the house; angry, helpless, frightened, and contemptuous, she could trust herself no longer. Rod and Farnor exchanged a few words, and then walked away together.

"Well, Fayal," said Mrs. Wheelock, her bright blue eyes scanning the girl with placid deliberation, "I guess you'd better make you a cap that don't muss your hair like that when you take it off. You certainly do look like split."

VII.

The early darkness had fallen, and the moon was just rising over the sea, as Fayal stepped from the doorway and turned down the lane with Farnor. They took the way through the village towards

the lighthouse on the other side. The air was cool, but there was none of that raw chilliness which breathes through autumn evenings farther inland. The shadows of the little houses lay in black irregularity across the moonlit road. The short turns and windings were so many mysterious paths leading to what might be anything, but which proved to be nothing at all save passages into further grassy moonlit roads, with black shadows checkering their whiteness, and always between them a glimpse of the dancing, gleaming, moonlit sea.

To Farnor there was in this walk the suggestion of a triumphal procession, but he was prevented from enjoying it to its fullest extent by the unapproachable attitude of the girl beside him, whose light steps led her at an even swinging pace over sandy road, trodden bypath, and short-cropped turf alike. Despite the keen weapon he carried, and that she as yet knew nothing of, he could not feel secure of her; there was a firm line in the shutting of the mouth, a haughty turn in the way she held her head, that forbade security.

After they had left the village behind them, their way lay along the edge of the bluff, which here rose steeper, while the sea washed its base. Now and then sand and pebbles, loosened by their footsteps, rolled down the steep slope into the foam. Here and there it was dangerous walking, so close ran a straggling fence to the edge of the bluff, leaving outside it a narrow foothold, in its nature precarious, as it jutted out over the crumbling earth, ready, apparently, to break off under a light footfall. Farnor held out his arm to steady her, as she slipped, with catlike agility, around a not too steady post; but she pushed it aside with a scornful indifference that made it difficult to proffer such assistance a second time.

"There's no call to dub a Seacove girl going round here," she said. "You'd better look out for yourself."

Indeed, he found it necessary; and it was not until they gained the open ground beyond, where the straggling fence, having imprudently left the guiding neighborhood of the bluff, lost itself in the thick low growth of grape and huckleberry, that he found conversation practicable. Here they stood together, for Fayal turned and faced him, her slight figure standing dark against the uniformity of low moor and level sea, until in the distance rose the shaft of the lighthouse, with its revolving light throwing broken rays upon the expanse of waters.

"Well, what did you ask me to come out for, Dan Farnor?"

Farnor hesitated; there was a certain pleasure in holding back a moment.

"Is n't it worth while to come out just to see such a sight as this?" he answered, waving his hand towards the sea.

Fayal glanced around her, shrugging her shoulders. She knew every inch of that view, and loved it better than he could; and the assumption that he had come out to show it to her was irritating, but she did not put the feeling into words.

"And, besides, I never see you in Seacove," went on Farnor. "But I suppose you don't think that's much of a reason, do you?"

"When you get through taking soundings, and know where you are," said Fayal deliberately, "you sing out, and I'll listen to you," and she walked on a few steps.

"Well, listen, then." Farnor spoke with more decision. "I brought you out here" —

"You did n't bring me; I came," interrupted Fayal contemptuously. "It'll take a bigger craft than you are to tow me."

Her dread of what he might be going to say impelled her to reckless mockery. She would say what she could to exasperate him now; she might be silenced later.

"To tell you again that I love you ; to tell you that this time you shall not escape me ; to tell you that you are helpless against disgrace without me ; to get you to make me a promise."

"Reminds me of Father Abbey's will," said Fayal, with desperate nonchalance, although her lips were white, and that dreadful word "disgrace" had tightened her heartstrings and made it hard to breathe. "There are so many important things."

"I have come," broke in Farnor brutally, provoked beyond self-control, "to get you to buy your brother Rod out of state's prison by promising to be my wife !"

The blow did its work. Fayal staggered a little, but recovered herself before he could touch her. She knew the worst now, and the worst was bad beyond her half-formed anticipations.

"What do you mean?" she gasped. The moonlit sea had come up to her feet and receded, and the lighthouse had toppled over and righted itself again, before she spoke.

"I mean this," said Farnor doggedly : "that your brother Rod, having gambled away more than all his money to me, has forged your grandfather's name to a check, and that I have it here," and he drew out his pocket-book, and took from it a folded paper. He was half ashamed of his brutality ; it was not in just such ways that he usually recommended himself to women, but now that he had begun her eyes commanded him to finish. "Give me the promise I want, and you can have it, — tear it up, give it back to Rod, anything you like ; you will never hear of it again from me."

Farnor really thought himself generous in making this statement.

"Let me see it," said Fayal huskily.

He handed her the bit of paper, and she gazed at it blankly, but seeing every word. It might not have been a wise or a safe thing for a man in Farnor's position to do, to place such a perishable bit

of evidence in the hands of a desperate woman ; but not for a moment did even he misjudge Fayal. There were the unmistakable words, — a promise to pay one hundred and fifty dollars to Daniel S. Farnor or bearer, signed "Amos Wheelock" in a pretty fair imitation of the old captain's cramped hand. One hundred and fifty dollars ! Fayal had never seen so much money in her life. Had Rod lost his senses, that he dared to palter with such vast sums ?

As the girl stood there with the bit of paper fluttering in her hand, instead of the dark water, and the silver radiance, and the level stretch of gloomy moor, she saw the scene in the cottage as it might be, as it would be ! — the scene that, she realized with a thrill of suffering sympathy, must have been before Rod's eyes every hour since he traced those ineffaceable words. "Amos Wheelock," — she looked at the crooked characters again. No wonder the letters were somewhat cramped and wavering. The signature from which they were copied was that of a hand sturdy and weather-beaten, used to hard work, and hard blows if need be, and hard service in icy seas, but which would have shrunk from a touch of dishonesty as quickly as the delicate fingers of a scrupulous woman. What would it be to Captain Wheelock when he knew that his grandson, his daughter's child, had not hesitated at a crime from which unprincipled sinners sometimes shrink ? She was too ignorant of business to know that the fraud was too unskillful to be sure of success, or of anything like it. If she had, it would have made little difference ; her grandfather's heart would go as near to being broken in one case as in the other. Then her grandmother ! She had to the full the placid calm that the sea seems to teach the women who live by it ; but Seacove placidity was not proof against an attack of this kind ; this was a sort of trouble Seacove women never "shipped for." And Rod ! poor

Rod, poor boy! What would life be worth to him if this were known? He would have to go away, of course; and to Fayal going away from her own little corner of the world meant expatriation as much as if it had been a larger one. But where could he go? As for herself, — why, she should die without him! The uncertainty, the anxiety, of these last weeks was killing her, she felt sure. It was too hard, it was too dreadful! Her heart cried out against the truth of it. Her glance fell again upon the bit of paper, and she held it out to Farnor, while her eyes traveled over the silver path beyond the dark waters, and with incongruous recollection she fancied herself the funny, sad little mermaid over Captain Small's door, who longed with all her red, white, and blue soul to be on the sea again. Perhaps somewhere away from here, somewhere, there was a place —

"Well, what do you think about it?" said Farnor's voice, half mocking, half pitying, at her side.

She came back to realities with a throb. "I think you are a coward!" she answered suddenly. So intense was her tone that the words rang through the air as if a bullet had whizzed by his ear.

"You've said as much before," he replied. "I want to know what you are going to do."

"You mean that if I don't make you the promise you want, you will show that piece of paper — you will" —

"Will take it over to the mainland to the bank; or else, to smooth matters over, I'll take it direct to Captain Wheelock himself."

Fayal shuddered, as if she had been struck.

"But if we pay you back," she began eagerly, "Rod and I? We can; only give us time."

Farnor made a gesture of impatience. "It isn't the money I want," he said. "I want your promise; and," he added,

with a muttered word or two she did not hear, "have it I will, or else that brother of yours will make up to me for it."

The struggle was three parts over. Fayal thought there was but one thing she could not bear.

"Do you want a wife that will hate you every hour of her life?" she demanded, — "that will curse the hour she first saw you?"

"I want you."

"One that will despise you, and will never look at yours when there is another face she can turn to?"

Farnor winced a little. The girl was cruel in her way, too. But he answered again, "I want you, Fayal, whatever you do."

"Do you want a wife that would throw you overboard, and never give you a rope to cling to, for the sake of lightening the ship for Rod Grant?" she went on relentlessly.

"We'll see about that later," said Farnor sullenly, who could not let pass altogether unnoticed so keen an affront to his vanity. "I want your promise, and I want you."

"So that's the kind of wives your sort of men want?" said Fayal, with swift scorn. "You want a wife that cares more for her brother's little finger than for your whole body and soul!" she added, as if it were an unimportant afterthought.

Probably Fayal could never know how much Farnor had to bear that night. For a man of sensitive vanity, such unmitigated contempt from the woman he loved could not be easy to undergo, even though he held the winning cards in his hand. But he answered persistently, "You know what I've said, Fayal, and I stand to it."

The moon was declining towards the west. They had been out a long time. The whole world grew dimmer, for the clouds were coming up from the south, and now and then fluttered across the

face of the moon. The tide was at the full, and broke more noisily below them.

"Then," said Fayal suddenly, her face white, but her eyes ablaze, "I will be your wife! I give you my promise, and I throw it to you as I would a bone to a dog!"

There was a moment's pause. In spite of himself, Farnor was startled by the victory he had gained. It was difficult to feel that there were laurels on his brow, and yet it was a triumph. She had made him the promise, and the fact that she would rather have died did not detract from its value. It was Fayal who broke the silence. She sank down in a little heap on the ground, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Rod!" she cried. "Rod, Rod, I love you so!"

It would have angered her to give way before this man, if she had thought of him. But for the moment even her misery was forgotten, and she remembered only the boy who, she felt, now that she had saved him, might come back to her.

Her tears changed Farnor's mood, as women's tears will change a man's mood one way or the other.

"Oh, Fayal," he said, sinking down beside her, "do not be so hard on me. You have always been so hard! Try and feel how I love you! It will not be anything dreadful to let me love you. I will make you happy, dear. I will indeed. I have done it all for love of you, because you would not let me come near you any other way!"

He would have taken her into his arms, but she seemed more unapproachable than ever, now that she had yielded, and something held him away. She did not heed him, and finally he stopped making incoherent protestations. His knowledge of women, though not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, was still enough to teach him that whatever mitigating influences her spirit

might become subject to must be exerted later.

It was not long before she too grew quiet. She raised her head, and, looking into his eyes with an utter absence of consciousness, said wearily, "Well, I guess you have what you wanted. Give me the paper, now."

Had what he wanted! The unconscious mockery of the words fell upon the stormy current of passion, pity, and remorseful triumph that swept through the man's soul. Would he ever have what he wanted? Could this girl ever conceive what the love was that he wanted, for which he had given so much? In the moment of discouragement his vanity came to his aid. Oh, yes, she would learn; he had nothing to do now but to teach her!

"Here it is," he said, holding it out to her for the second time. "It is yours, to do what you like with. Tear it up."

"No," she answered, rising, "I shall keep it, and you shall be paid" —

"I am paid!" he interrupted. "Oh, Fayal, will you not see that it is nothing to me now?"

"But," she went on immovably, "it shall not do the harm you meant it to. Good-by."

"Good-by!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by saying good-by now? I'm going back with you."

"No!" she cried, turning towards him, in a burst of fierce impatience. "No, you shall not, — not to-night! I will not bear it! I want to go alone! I want to take soundings," she said, with that seafaring turn of speech never long absent from the lips of Seacove inhabitants, "and I can't do it with you alongside."

Her manner was so vehement that Farnor paused, in spite of himself. The usual plea that she could not be allowed to go so far alone so late at night would be laughed to scorn.

"But suppose anything should happen" — he began.

"What should happen?" she demanded superbly.

Truly, what should happen? He knew enough of Seacove fashions to recognize the fact that Seacove women of all ages went from one end to the other of the primitive little village at all hours, with not so much as a thought of any attendant unpleasantness. Nevertheless, he began another protest. She interrupted him:—

"If you stir from here, Dan Farnor, or try to hail me, till I've had time to get down past John Small's, you can have your prize money back again, and I'll have my promise back again, and Rod and I'll pull through somehow, though the wind is dead ahead!"

It was the old Fayal who flung him this defiance. She threw her head back; her eyes sparkled, and her sweet, strong young voice thrilled with the stress of her anger. She had borne all she could, and the thought of longer companionship with this man whom she hated, and yet whom she had promised to endure, brought a shock of reaction. It warned Farnor not to let victory slip from him at the moment of attainment, and he stepped back in sign of sullen acquiescence.

She turned and walked swiftly homeward, the bit of paper grasped tightly in her hand. She would show it to Rod, tell him that everything was safe, and they would have some happy days together again before they need think of anything else,—anything that shut off into desolate obscurity the after-years of her life. She would not think of that; she would only think that Rod was saved. One such lesson was enough, she was sure; he would never do a second time anything that would bring into his face that terrified, despairing look she had seen there that morning. She had perfect faith that Rod was saved. But as she walked on, in the light of the setting moon, with the surge of the high tide beneath her and the moors stretching

away into "undistinguishable gray" at her side, and instead of the friendly rays of the lighthouse only here and there, in the village before her, the faint glimmer of a belated candle, the heavy consciousness of what she had done settled down upon her. Yet she hardly knew what it was. Only she felt dimly that upon the freedom of her life had been placed fetters; that she, to whom affection for others had been as natural as air, had met with something called love, which was a burden and a nightmare; that the man against whose presence her soul revolted had acquired some power over her, which, deepest humiliation of all, she had consented to. She left the broad path along the moor, and followed wearily the narrow little foot-path between the fence and the treacherous edge of the bluff. Her eyes were blurred by bitter tears, as, at a place where the path was narrowed to two or three inches, the sandy earth crumbled rapidly away under her feet. She caught at the fence which leaned over the descent, but her hand slipped or she lacked the usual strength, and she did not save herself. Even as she fell she was not much frightened; it did not occur to her to scream; it was a question only of rolling a few feet down the sandy bluff, and she was too tired and confused to make any desperate struggle. But the slope was steeper here than at any other point, and with the smooth round pebbles which rolled noiselessly down, in the sudden collapse of a large mass of the overhanging edge, were some sharp, jagged bits of stone, which had not yet yielded to the friction of the waves; and as Fayal, the force with which she fell increased by her effort to seize the support of the fence, struck heavily almost at the bottom of the bluff, her temple came sharply in contact with such a flint-like edge, and with a little moan of pain she closed her eyes, and, for the first time in her healthy life, sank into utter unconsciousness.

VIII.

There they found her early the next morning.

It was Rod who gave the alarm. He had watched and waited for her to come home, as she so often had done for him ; and then had fallen asleep, in the tall, stiff chair, to awake, dazed and frightened, at daylight, to realize that Fayal was not there. His first step had been to find Farnor, who, white as death, shook him roughly by the shoulder and bade him "wake up," when he cried out to him for news of his sister. The man could tell him nothing except that she left him safe and well the night before. Farnor had taken the same way home, but one place was so like another that he had not noticed that at one spot the earth had freshly caved in, and, if he had, would not have dreamed of danger to the swift-footed girl who had so scornfully rejected his offer of help a short time before.

They did not think of looking for her near the path for some time. Farnor and Rod were devoured by a mutual fear that she had run away from what might be disgrace, and was sure to be suffering. It was Captain Wheelock who first saw her red cap, as it lay beside her at the foot of the bluff. He stood a moment looking down, his weather-beaten face drawn and white ; then, his voice, which had rung out sturdily in so many fierce blasts and conflicts, feebly hailed Captain Small.

"Come here, mate," the old man called. "Here 's my little girl, — here 's Fayal."

They did not think at first she could be dead, the wound on her temple was apparently so slight and her face so fair and still ; but in a few moments they saw what had happened. The sea that Fayal had loved since her birth, the sea of which she had never known fear, had crept up over her head, as she lay

there unresisting, and, gently rippling over the beautiful features, had brought her through the gates of unconsciousness into the inner place of death. Then, receding as it had come, it had left her there above the level of the low tide, but, with the capricious friendliness of absolute power, had withdrawn from her grasp the secret she would have hidden, to keep it for her forever.

The bit of paper, the evidence of Rod's guilt and Farnor's intrigue, had been washed from the loosened fingers, and borne away beyond the grasp of human hands, powerless for good or evil ; but its purpose was accomplished, — Fayal had rescued Rod. The all-wise power which had decreed that her self-sacrifice should not be in vain touched, through her death, with no uncertain hand the impulses for good which had been temporarily suspended, together with the adoring love which Rod had always felt for Fayal.

Rod and Farnor did not exchange many words before the latter left finally for the mainland. The boy did not know just what had happened that night between the man and his sister, and would never, perhaps, realize how thoroughly Farnor had been his enemy ; but some instinct told him that he had nothing further to fear.

"Dan," said he, as he waited with him on the dock for the incoming boat, "I 'll pay you every cent of that money, if I live."

Farnor had been very quiet for the last three or four days, but it was with a burst of savage impatience that he turned upon him.

"Curse you !" he said. "Do you suppose I ever cared for the money or for you, you young scoundrel ? What I did I did for the sake of one a hair of whose head was worth more than your whole body ; and your miserable life is left you, and hers," — the man's voice broke in spite of himself, — "hers was dragged from her by our accursed self-

ishness, yours and mine! Keep still about the money, can't you?"

Rod stared at him in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. He had believed this man to be his friend, and the truth added another pang to what he was undergoing. He was not wise enough to know that all Farnor's disappointed passion, furious regret, and stinging remorse spoke in that final outburst.

IX.

A week later, at the Club, Captain Sash expressed the general sentiment when he said, —

"She set great store by Rod. I think she rated him 'most too high."

"Women do," said Captain Small, with melancholy intuition. "They never know what sort of vessel carries the best kind of ballast."

"But, after all," objected Captain Trent, "he ain't sailing as close to the wind as he was. It's done him a pile of good. Fayal" — and Captain Trent, who was a soft-hearted fellow, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand — "would have liked to see it."

"I wish," said Captain Small solemnly, "that she had been married."

There was a pause. Farnor's figure

came before the eyes of each one of the group, and they could not coincide with the judgment that would have given their favorite to Farnor.

"Yes," concluded Captain Small, "I wish she could have been married — to a husband."

"Yes," assented one after the other, "that would have been better."

This form of statement removed their objections. Farnor was not the Seacove conception of a husband. He might have been the man Fayal Grant married, but that was all.

Then a stillness fell upon the little group, and the smoke grew denser in the low-ceiled room, and no one broke the silence.

Each one of those weather-beaten old men, hardened to danger and death, trained in rough schools, looking upon vicissitude as the breath of daily life, was longing for the sight of a young figure, which should stand on the threshold, the door swinging open before her with a breath of keen salt air, and, superb in youthful health, radiant in youthful beauty, laugh in upon their deliberations.

Fayal Grant had been their tropics and their Italy, and now that she came no more their faithful hearts found the old seafaring world a shade the grayer.

Annie Eliot.

CART HORSES.

EVERYBODY who cares for the beautiful or the picturesque, whether or not he be touched by the true hippic passion, must take an interest in cart horses. They are attractive and pleasant to look upon merely as animals, quite apart from the fact that you can put bits in their mouths, and cause them to expend their strength at the will and in the service of man. The generic difference in this

respect between cart horses and racers is well indicated by Mr. Hamerton.

"The race horse," he says, "has the charms of a tail coat, of a trained pear-tree, of all such superfine results of human ingenuity, but he has lost the glory of nature. Look at his straight neck, at the way he holds his head, at his eager, anxious eye, often irritable and vicious! Breeders for the turf have succeeded in

substituting the straight line for the curve, as the dominant, expressional line, a sure and scientific manner of eradicating the elements of beauty. No real artist would ever paint race horses from choice. Good artists have occasionally painted them for money. The meagre limbs, straight lines, and shiny coat have slight charm for an artist, who generally chooses either what is beautiful or what is picturesque, and the race horse is neither picturesque nor beautiful."

Certainly there is some exaggeration here: Many thoroughbred horses are good-tempered and affectionate, and not unduly nervous. In the recent *Badminton* volume on Driving, there is an account of a young thoroughbred mare, that, having never been in harness before, was attached one day to a dog-cart, and driven many miles up and down hill, without showing the least fear or resistance. A thoroughbred of this character commonly has large, luminous eyes, more beautiful than those possessed by any other dumb animal. The delicately cut ear, the round, thin, quivering nostril, and even the smooth and shining coat, — these, again, are surely forms of the beautiful, though not of the picturesque. It must be remembered, too, that among thoroughbred horses there is a great variety of structure and disposition. Many of them are comparatively short in leg, with round body and curved neck. Such was the old type of thoroughbred when the Arab blood from which the present race has chiefly been derived was "closer up," as horsemen say.

In the main, however, Mr. Hamerton's remarks on this point are just, and the typical thoroughbred, especially the typical English thoroughbred, is the nervous, irritable, inartistic animal that he describes.

The cart horse, on the other hand, is a common and appropriate figure in painting.

Among the minor pictures by Turner

that are hung in the National Gallery at London, not the least interesting is one which represents a stout gray farm or cart horse, taking his ease in the stable, and eating hay from a well-filled rack above his head. He stands in a wide stall, heaped up with yellow straw and flooded with sunshine, so that the scene is one of equine pleasure and repose, delightful to the human eye on that account, as well as for its harmonious and beautiful coloring.

There is another homespun incident which English artists are never tired of representing. It is that of a string of farm horses, their day's work done and night approaching, that, with the harness still upon their backs, have been ridden or led to drink at a cool, elm-shaded stream, where they stand, fetlock-deep, some slowly and luxuriously slaking their thirst, while others gaze idly about, their heads half raised above the surface of the water. This is one of those familiar though foreign sights, as to which an agreeable confusion is apt to arise in the mind of an American; for he does not always clearly remember whether he has seen them in reality or in a picture, or read about them in a novel, the truth often being that his knowledge has been derived in each of these ways. Of all equine pictures, none, I suppose, is better known than Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*. Her noble *Percherons*, drawn with fond fidelity, are perhaps the most ideal representations of cart horses in the world, and yet no exaggeration of the reality.

Almost all the accessories of the cart horse, his trappings, the uses to which he is put, the place in which he is kept, the loads that he pulls, are picturesque. Most often one thinks of him as an agricultural character, a true son of the soil, encountered drawing slowly home a huge pile of hay, or found at the plough turning up long, glistening lines of rich earth. There is nothing spick and span about his stable, but, on the contrary, it

is marked by picturesque disorder, — plenty of straw about, the stalls, mangers, and roof tinted a rich brown by the long lapse of time, cobwebs hanging luxuriantly overhead, deep mows of hay, and capacious grain-chests within easy reach to hold his provender.

Nor does the cart horse fail to harmonize with his surroundings in the city, where he receives more grain and more grooming than are obtainable on the farm. His shape, though still round, is here more elegant, his neck takes a prouder curve, and his coat becomes smooth and glossy: fit servant of commerce; solid and substantial as the Bank of England; conscious of his strength, like a merchant of indisputable credit; able to transport the wealth of the Indies from wharves to warehouses, or to draw towering piles of wool from the railroad to the factory. Smaller animals may clatter over the massive pavements of the city, but the cart horse, with his slow, sure, majestic step and proudly bent head, is its proper denizen of the equine race.

Long-established and wealthy firms do not hesitate to borrow splendor from the excellence of their cart horses. Those of the London brewers especially — the twelve Beer Kings, as they used to be called — have a world-wide reputation. Formerly, each brewer had an equine color of his own; and they were "as particular," says a recent writer, "about the colors and matchings of their dray horses as of their own four-in-hands, or the court chariot pairs of their titled wives. One was celebrated for a black, the original dray-horse color; another, for a brown, a roan, a gray, or chestnut team. But at present, such is the demand for horses of this class that they are compelled to be content with any color, and to moderate the old standard of height." The brewers' horses, it may be remarked parenthetically, are fond of beer, but they are allowed to have it only when recovering from ill-

ness; at such times it is of service as a tonic. Horses generally take naturally to intoxicating liquors; beer, spirits, and more frequently wine are often administered to trotters in a long-drawn contest, and with excellent results. Champagne and soda-water is the pleasant draught which one famous driver employs on these occasions.

The "city horses" of Boston, used to carry off ashes and garbage, have long enjoyed a high reputation for strength and beauty, and the excellent condition which they almost invariably show testifies to the horsemanship of the official, whoever he may be, having them in charge. There are also, in every city, many particular firms honorably distinguished by their excellent cart horses; such, for example, as a noted patent-medicine house, whose stalwart four-in-hands may be supposed to symbolize the strength of their drugs. Twenty years ago there was a cigar and candy peddler traversing the mountainous region in the northwestern part of Massachusetts, who had a large, gayly painted wagon, drawn by four stout, handsome gray horses, in which he took a proper pride; but one night the whole establishment perished in the flames, the stable where the peddler put up having taken fire, and the team was never replaced.

There is an affinity between the lighter kinds of cart horse, many of whom, such as the Percheron, are very active, and the war horse. The famous Justin Morgan, of whom I have spoken in a former article, founder of the great road-horse family, was not only the best weight-puller of his time, besides being a fast runner, but, though a small animal, was also much in request at musters and other military occasions, on account of his superb carriage and commanding appearance. A horse of this kind, but weighing two or three hundred pounds more, would have made an ideal charger for a knight of the Middle Ages. The knight himself, his armor, and the ar-

mor worn by the horse were estimated at nearly or quite four hundred pounds. In fact, so heavy and cumbersome were the horseman's accoutrements that two squires were often needed to exalt him to the saddle, and, once overthrown, it was difficult for him to rise without assistance. The suffocation of some hapless contestant who had the ill luck to fall upon his stomach was a not uncommon incident of a passage at arms. To carry a knight in full armor required a beast of great size and strength, and doubtless, like the modern fire-engine horse, he was most usefully employed at one of two gaits, a walk or a hand-gallop. The knight did not ride him, as a rule, except when some martial business was on hand. At other times, his squire bestrode the war horse, the knight himself traveling more quickly and comfortably upon his jennet.

By most of the authorities the "great horse," or war horse, of the Middle Ages is identified with the old black cart horse, or shire horse, of England. A recent work by Mr. Walter Gilbey is entitled *The Old English War Horse or Shire Horse*, thus assuming that they were one and the same; and the late Mr. Walsh was also of this opinion, for he wrote as follows: "From time immemorial this country has possessed a heavy and comparatively misshapen animal, the more active of which [sic] were formerly used as chargers or pack-horses, while the others were devoted to the plough;" and he gives the following unflattering account of him: "In color almost invariably black, with a great fiddle-case in place of a head, and feet concealed in long masses of hair depending from misshapen legs, he united flat sides, upright shoulders, mean and narrow hips, and very drooping quarters." Such was the shire horse, — so called because he was raised almost exclusively in the shires or midland counties. Shire horses are still bred, but they have been improved by crossing with Flemish stallions. The

London dray horses are mainly shire horses, and since the shire horse is the only purely English cart horse, — that is, the only one of English origin and raised on English soil, — it is fashionable in England to speak of "shire horses," and never of "cart horses." Nevertheless, when a society was formed in that country, some years ago, to improve the breed of agricultural horses "not being Clydesdales or Suffolks," the name "English Cart Horse Society" was taken. The fact is that hunters, coachers, and race horses are now raised more numerous than cart horses in the shires, and hence the term "shire horse" is inaccurate as well as somewhat vague. The old black cart horse, or shire horse, is now most nearly represented by the black horse of Lincolnshire.

One hesitates to conclude that the beautiful, high-mettled charger of the Middle Ages, as he has been described by poets and romancers, was really a dull, ugly beast, with "misshapen legs," and having "a great fiddle-case in place of a head." Was it such a steed that carried the Disinherited Knight in his encounter with Brian de Bois Guilbert? Sir Walter Scott relates that "the trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts *with the speed of lightning*, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt;" and the charger of the Disinherited Knight is described as "wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing." It is possible that the English shire horse, or war horse, was improved by crosses of Arab blood, for Arab horses might have been brought into England at the time of the Crusades. Isaac of York, it will be remembered, supplied *Ivanhoe* with the horse and armor which he used when he overthrew Brian de Bois Guilbert, and awarded the crown of beauty to Rowena; and the thrifty Jew exclaimed to Rebecca, as they gazed upon the conflict, "Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long

way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt!"

In this, however, Isaac of York must have been misreported by Sir Walter. No Barbary horse or Eastern horse of any description was ever big or strong enough to carry a knight in armor, although, as I have suggested, it is possible that the native horse of England obtained some beauty, grace, and agility by an infusion of Eastern blood.

Mr. Gilbey, so far as I know, is the only writer who has endeavored to prove, though others have asserted, the identity of the war horse of the Middle Ages with the old black cart horse of England, and he relies almost entirely upon the evidence of coins and other graven representations. But in such figures much must be allowed for the taste or caprice of the artist, and I suspect that Mr. Gilbey's series of coins might be impugned by others. For the period beginning about A. D. 1500 he shows the famous white horse of Albert Dürer, that has indeed the characteristics of a cart horse. But in the College of Arms there is preserved an illustrated roll, known as Tournament Roll, commemorating a grand tournament which took place at Westminster, February 12, A. D. 1510, in honor of Queen Katharine; and the war horse represented by this roll is a much finer beast than Albert Dürer's. He has a beautifully curved neck, a small, well-shaped head, and no long hairs at the fetlock joints. This picture may of course be idealized, but it is as good historical evidence as the coins produced by Mr. Gilbey. The whole matter is one of not very profitable conjecture, but it is worth remembering that the Middle Ages, during which the "great horse" was in daily use, constituted a long period, and it is hardly credible that in this time a true war horse should not have been developed, more active, spirited, and beautiful than the shire horse. One writer, indeed, of

a date as early as the sixteenth century, speaks of his high action, — which would be natural in such an animal as I have imagined, but which was never seen in the shire horses.

But, however this may be, the shire horse is a beast of great antiquity, though much improved during the past two centuries. In fact, there are some living members of the breed whose pedigrees can be traced back for at least one hundred and fifty years, and this is more than can be said of any other existing cart-horse family. One reason for the improvement is a mechanical discovery as to the muscular action of the cart horse. It used to be thought that he did his work by perpetually tumbling against his collar, as it were, thus bringing his weight to bear, and consequently that his fore quarters ought to be as heavy as possible; it was no harm if his shoulder bone were straight, and as for his hind quarters, it did not matter much what they were. But this notion has been exploded, and it is now perceived that a cart horse pulls by muscle rather than by weight, and more by the muscles of his hind quarters and legs than by those of his fore quarters. The structure of a cart horse should therefore bear a general resemblance to that of a racer or trotter, except that his legs should be shorter, his shoulder a little less oblique, and his rump not higher than the withers. The Saturday Review once made some excellent observations on this subject, as follows: "There are many points, indeed, which good horses of nearly all breeds share in common. For instance, the following descriptions, taken at random from different newspapers: he is 'thick, level, and strong;' he 'stands on short, well-formed limbs, and, like several good horses, he sports curls of hair on his fetlocks;' 'he is of good substance, deep-bodied, and set off by those powerful yet sloping shoulders,' etc.; 'he has also a deep body, with great muscular devel-

opment in his rump, quarters, thighs, and gaskins,' — although they might equally apply to certain cart horses, were one and all written of race horses. . . . An excellent judge, again, once wrote that horses 'with strong backs and loins, wide hips, and great muscular quarters, with sound and well-shaped hocks, generally win,' — not prizes at agricultural shows, as cart stallions, but races at Ascot."

Another English breed of cart horses, or, in this case, more properly farm horses, was the Suffolk Punch, which once became almost extinct, but has lately been revived in a somewhat different form. These were sorrel horses, smaller and more active than the shire horse, and noted for their docility. They stood low in front, and were disfigured by very upright shoulders; but they were round and stout, and had good heads. Readers of Sandford and Merton will recall the delight of Harry when his father, Farmer Sandford, received the present of a span of Suffolk Punches from Mr. Merton, progenitor of the wicked but repentant Tommy. Harry rushes into the house to announce the arrival of two strange and beautiful horses, whereupon, says the tale, the elder Sandford, who, in all other respects, is represented as a sedate and even phlegmatic person, "started up, overset the liquor and the table, and, making a hasty apology to Mr. Merton, ran out to see these wonderful animals. Presently he returned in equal admiration with his son. 'Master Merton,' said he, 'I did not think you had been so good a judge of a horse. I suppose they are a new purchase which you want to have my opinion upon, and I can assure you they are the true Suffolk sorrels, the first breed of working horses in the kingdom; and these are some of the best of their kind.'" Being undeceived, he at first refused the gift, but was finally persuaded to accept it, to the great content of both Harry and Tommy.

The stanchness of the Suffolk Punches was proverbial, and they would have been called in the language of the modern sale stable "dead-down, true pullers." This quality was often displayed at pulling matches, where the competing teams would fall upon their knees at a given signal (the ground being strewed with straw or sand), and in that position move a great weight. The only account I have ever seen of the origin of this breed states that it was formed by crossing Norman stallions with the Suffolk cart mare.

Perhaps the most popular breed of cart horses now used in England is the Clydesdale. This, as the name implies, is a Scotch family, but its origin is obscure, though tradition ascribes it to a cross made by an unascertained Duke of Hamilton between the draught mares of the country and some Dutch stallions. Clydesdales, with the exception of the Percherons, have more "quality" — that is, finer characteristics and a better bred appearance — than any other cart horses. Their coat is more silky, their ears are smaller, their heads and necks more beautiful, and the whole body is more finely turned. Their faults are a tendency to be too long in the leg, somewhat light-waisted, and, occasionally, a little hot in temper. Their color is bay, brown, or black. Some of these horses are very beautiful, and very large also. In Cassell's Book of the Horse, there is an excellent colored illustration of Prince Albert, a magnificent Clydesdale stallion, standing seventeen hands high.

The only peer of the Clydesdale is the Percheron. This horse, as everybody knows, is usually gray in color, though sometimes black, and, but less frequently, chestnut or bay. The Percheron stands on somewhat shorter legs than the Clydesdale, and is more compactly built, his head and ears being as fine as, and commonly even smaller than, those of his rival. He carries a long, thick

mane, but wears less hair than the latter on his fetlock joints. In England hairy fetlocks are considered a mark of beauty; but they retain both dirt and moisture, and consequently, unless carefully cleaned, produce "scratches."

Nothing is certainly known as to the origin of the Percheron, though some writers assert that he is descended in part, at least, from Arab stock. There is no positive proof of this, and the assumption rests chiefly upon an undoubted resemblance between the Arab and the Percheron, notwithstanding the great difference between them in size and weight. The Percheron has the same intelligent and gentle disposition as the Arab, and, like him, a compact body, an arched neck, large eyes, and a tail well set on. There seems also to be a tendency in the breed to revert to a smaller type; some very fine Percheron stallions stand no more than 15 hands high, and the best of them rarely exceed $16\frac{1}{2}$, or at the most $16\frac{3}{4}$. This tendency would indicate a derivation from smaller ancestors; and it makes the Percheron a better cross than the Clydesdale, when the object is to obtain a road horse or a light cart horse. The Percheron's trot also is faster than that of the Clydesdale, which constitutes another reason for his superiority in this direction. The Clydesdale, on the other hand, being a more rapid walker than the Percheron, and being unlikely to breed smaller animals than himself, makes the better cross when the object is to produce a heavy cart horse.

Many stories are told of feats performed by Percherons. A pair of them, it is said, once took an omnibus around a mile-track in four minutes.

M. du Hays, equerry to Napoleon III., relates some astonishing performances in France by Percherons, of which the following is the most remarkable: "In 1845, a gray mare accomplished this match: harnessed to a traveling-tilbury, she started from Bernay at the same time as the mail-carrier from Rouen to

Bordeaux, and arrived before it at Alençon; having made fifty-five and three fifths miles, over a hilly and difficult road, in four hours and twenty-four minutes."

Another case vouched for by M. du Hays is thus reported: "A gray mare, seven years old, in 1864, harnessed to a tilbury, traveled fifty-eight miles and back on two consecutive days, going at a trot and without being touched by the whip. The following time was made: the first day, the distance was trotted in four hours, one minute, and thirty-five seconds; the second day, in four hours, one minute, and thirty seconds. The last thirteen and three quarters miles were made in one hour, although at about the forty-first mile the mare was obliged to pass her stable to finish the distance."

The finest Percheron that I ever saw was a coal-black stallion, not of great size, high-headed, compactly built, with flowing mane and tail. This fellow had short, quick, smooth action, exactly like that of the Morgan roadster family, and he was said — doubtless truly — to be capable of trotting ten miles an hour with ease. The resemblance between the Morgan and the Arabian horse has often been remarked upon, and it was honestly come by, for the English thoroughbred horse that sired the original Justin Morgan was of Arab descent. In shape, also, as well as in action, there is again a resemblance between the Morgans and the Percherons; and so, on the whole, it seems not unreasonable to infer that the New England roadster and the French cart horse have a common origin, both being descended, not wholly, but largely, from the "primitive horse," as the Arab is sometimes called.

No other breed, except possibly English half-bred animals, equals the Percheron in ability to draw a considerable burden at a fast pace. The post and diligence horses formerly used in France were Percherons. From Boulogne to

Paris the pace was ten miles an hour, although the road was paved all the way. The harness and reins were of rope, and the hostlers in charge of the big gray horses that did the work were women. These animals, before being put to, or after they had been taken out, would often engage in a fight in the inn-yard, biting and kicking each other viciously; and on these occasions the woman-hostler, who was quite equal to the emergency, would quickly appear upon the scene, and, with a few well-directed kicks from her wooden sabots, put an end to the combat. The gray stallions that have for many years drawn the omnibuses of Paris were always of Percheron, or of the kindred Norman stock.

It has frequently occurred to me that a family of superior road, and perhaps coach, horses might be developed by crossing the Percheron with the original Arab breed. Horses thus bred could not fail to be sound, tough, gentle, and, I should think, handsome. Certainly, if the Percheron is really derived from the Arab, such a cross would give size to the latter without introducing any element so foreign as to result in a hybrid, heterogeneous sort of animal. The cross between the thoroughbred and the cart horse does not usually turn out well; occasionally, to be sure, the produce preserves the strength and size of one family with the action and courage of the other, some noted hunters having been bred in this way. More often, however, the half-bred horse of this description is a slab-sided, nerveless beast, of little good for any purpose. But between the Percheron and the Arab there is an affinity sufficient to prevent such a result from their union. In one instance, at least, this has been tried, Mr. Parker, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, having bred a colt by the Jennifer Arabian, out of Rosa Bonheur, an imported Percheron mare. The horse thus bred is described as "a

wiry, handsome colt, who was sold to go to Oregon, where he proved a valuable sire."

Large numbers of Clydesdales, and Percherons in still greater abundance, have been imported to this country, but, unfortunately, the demand, especially at the West, has been for very big horses. The consequence is that the Percheron family has been corrupted on its native soil, Flemish and other inferior blood being introduced, in order to get the immense size which was wanted for the foreign, and particularly for the American market. Many of the Percherons exhibited and winning prizes at our horse shows are of this type,—huge, overgrown, lethargic creatures, ungainly, slow, and wanting in endurance. The smaller horses of both the Clydesdale and Percheron breeds, the latter especially, are almost invariably the better. M. du Hays gives the height of the true Percheron stallion as ranging from 14¾ to 16 hands, but the height of Percheron and so-called Percheron stallions imported to this country varies from 15½ to 17 hands. In weight they vary from 1400 to 2200 pounds; the average being about 1700. The mares average about 1550 pounds in weight, and range from 15 to 16¾ hands in height.¹ The size and weight of the Clydesdale importations are about the same, whereas, if the best and purest of both breeds were imported, the Percherons would be the smaller. Fashion and caprice, instead of knowledge and judgment, are apt to determine the characteristics even of a cart horse. In the West, as I have indicated, elephantine animals are preferred; and in New York the favorite type of cart horse is a big, rangy, high-standing beast. In Boston, on the other hand, shorter-legged, broad-chested, round-bodied, short-backed, quick-moving horses are sought for; and this type is undoubtedly more efficient and more economical than the large importers and breeders of Percherons and Clydesdales.

¹ I am indebted for these figures to Messrs. Smith, Powells, and Lamb, of Syracuse, N. Y.,

cient and lasting, besides being, as I think, a great deal more picturesque.

Most of the cart horses used in this country are raised at the West, though many also come from Pennsylvania. It is doubtful if they could be bred with profit in New England, but perhaps it would be profitable for farmers at the East to buy Percheron, or half-bred Percheron, or Clydesdale colts at the age of two or three, work them moderately, and sell them again at the age of five or six. Under this system, the horses would come to the market in much harder, better condition than the corn-fed animals of the West, and consequently would bring a better price. Upon the farm, the colt would be able to perform enough labor to pay his way; and the difference between his value at three and his value at six years of age would be clear profit. It is in this manner that Percherons are brought up; the farmers who buy them from the breeders, farmers also, working them moderately until they are of an age to be sold. The enormous shire horses, that are used in London as dray horses, receive their education in the same way. "The traveler," says an English writer, "has probably wondered to see four of these enormous animals in a line before a plough, on no very heavy soil, and where two lighter horses would have been quite sufficient. The farmer is training them for their future destiny; and he does right in not requiring the exertion of all their strength, for their bones are not yet perfectly formed nor their joints knit, and were he to urge them too severely he would probably injure and deform them. By the gentle and constant exercise of the plough he is preparing them for that *continued and equable* pull at the collar which is afterwards so necessary."

In England it is customary to use heavy shire horses on the farm, and they are of an almost incredible slowness; so slow are they, in fact, that

William Day¹ seems almost to be justified in his assertion that agriculture in England might be revolutionized simply by increasing the efficiency of the farm horse. In that country, a team of horses and a man are considered to have done a fair day's work if they have ploughed three quarters of an acre, and more than this is seldom, if ever, accomplished. In the United States, on the other hand, the ordinary stint is about an acre and a half: just double what it is in England. Day estimates that in drawing a load of a ton the English farm horse walks at the rate of one mile and a half an hour, whereas a coach horse, in a fast coach, drawing exactly the same weight (but not covering more than nine miles in a day), travels at the rate of eleven miles an hour. A more exact comparison can be made with van or furniture-wagon horses. Four of these will travel twenty-three miles in a day, hauling six tons, at the rate of three miles per hour: just double the speed of the farm horse, that draws one ton instead of a ton and a half, which would be the share of a van horse in a team, and goes fourteen miles instead of twenty-three. In ploughing, the cart or shire horse walks even slower, doing but one and one fourth miles in the hour, and this although the draught is estimated at only three and three fourths hundredweight. "Is it any wonder, then," exclaims the writer whom I have just mentioned, "that we should so often see the poor creatures with staring coats and shivering with cold when dawdling along against this weighty draught, or that the ploughman, wrapped up in a top-coat that might resist the rigors of a Siberian winter, creeps after them, as frigid and benumbed an object as the animals themselves!" He also tells the following incident, vouching for its truth:

"A farmer who lived at Longstock, near Stockbridge, many years ago, was

¹ The Horse: How to Breed and Rear Him. R. Bentley & Son.

one day walking about his farm with a facetious friend. They noticed a plough, with horses and man, in the middle of a field, and the friend suggested that it was standing still. The farmer declared it was moving, and a dispute arose and ran high between them as to which was the case. To settle the question, they hit upon the expedient of getting a fold-shore, and set it up in a line with the horses' heads and some conspicuous object beyond. But the ploughman now observed them, and, suspecting what they were about, became troubled in conscience, and whipped up his horses, which then quickened their pace, so that the fact that they were really moving became obvious; and," says the writer, "we may see examples of the same sluggishness every day of our lives."

In the United States, in the eastern part at least, the farm horse can hardly be called a cart horse, for he is comparatively light in build. It is in the city that we find the cart horse in his noblest

form and highest condition, and there he will doubtless continue, until the warehouses crumble to dust and grass grows in the highway. The car horse is fast disappearing; and every lover of dumb animals will rejoice that this is so, for the electric current that invisibly and noiselessly takes his place has no capacity for suffering. The heaving flanks, the tortured mouth, the nervous eye, of the car horse; the excruciating sound of his iron-shod hoofs slipping and clashing over the pavement in a vain attempt to start a heavy load, — these will soon be things of the past; and the animal that was but one of a thousand, that never received a kind word or a caress, that sweated and strained and wore himself out in the service of a heartless and impersonal master, will have been released by Science. He will soon become but a memory in those very streets where the cart horse, more fortunate and more lovable animal, seems destined to walk for centuries yet in proud security.

H. C. Merwin.

ANTINOÛS.

STAR AND FLOWER.

CONSUMMATE flower of perfect human grace,
Thou too must close thy starry eyes in night!
But, lo, sublimed to azure deeps of space,
Thy beauty burns, a deathless star of light!

Forever drooped thy beauty's flower-like head,
As some white lotus bends beneath its gloom;
But, lo, thy life-blood dyes the dusky veil,
Still throbs thy heart in its impassioned gloom!

No lovely thing of earth is more divine,
It leaps to other spheres of life and power.
Beauty turns not to nothingness, but flies
To more ethereal homes in star or flower!

Mary C. Gates.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE little home in the wood was well hidden. About its door were no signs of life, no chips from its building, no birds lingering near, no external indication whatever. In silence the tenants came and went; neither calls, songs, nor indiscreet tapping gave hint of the presence of woodpeckers in the neighborhood, and food was sought out of sight and hearing of the carefully secluded spot. No one would have suspected what treasures were concealed within the rough trunk of that old oak but for an accident.

Madam herself was the culprit. In carrying out an eggshell, broken at one end and of no further use, she dropped it near the foot of the tree. To her this was doubtless a disaster, but to me it was a treasure-trove, for it told her well-kept secret. The hint was taken, the home soon found in the heart of an oak, with entrance twenty feet from the ground, and close watching from a distance revealed the owner, a golden-winged woodpecker.

The tree selected by the shy young pair for their nursery stood in a pleasant bit of woods, left wild, on the shore of the Great South Bay, "where precious qualities of silence haunt," and the delicious breath of the sea mingled with the fragrance of pines. One must be an enthusiast to spy out the secrets of a bird's life, and this pair of golden-wings made more than common demand on the patience of the student, so silent, so wary, so wisely chosen, their sanctum. Before the door hung a friendly oak branch, heavy with leaves, that swayed and swung with every breeze. Now it hid the entrance from the east, now from the west, and with every change of the vagrant wind the observer must choose a new point of view.

Then the birds! Was ever a pair so

quiet? Without a sound they came, on level path, to the nest, dropped softly to the trunk, slipped quickly in, and, after staying about one minute inside, departed as noiselessly as they came. Their color, too! One would think a bird of that size, of golden-brown mottled with black, with yellow feather-shafts and a brilliant scarlet head-band, must be conspicuous. But so perfectly did the soft colors harmonize with the rough, sun-touched bark, so misleading were the shadows of the leaves moving in the breeze, and so motionless was the bird flattened against the trunk, that one might look directly at it and not see it.

For a few days the woodpeckers were so timid that I was unable to secure a good look at them. The marked difference of manner, however, convinced me that both parents were engaged in attending upon the young family; and as they grew less vigilant and I learned to distinguish them, I discovered that it was so. The only dissimilarity in dress between the lord and lady of the golden-wing family is a small black patch descending from the beak of the male, answering very well to the mustache of bigger "lords of creation." In coming to the nest, one of the pair flew swiftly, just touched for an instant the threshold, and disappeared within; this I found to be the head of the household. The other, the mother, as it proved, being more cautious, alighted at the door, paused, thrust her head in, withdrew it, as if undecided whether to venture in the presence of a stranger, and, after two or three such movements, darted in. Always in one minute the bird reappeared, flew at once out of the wood, at about the height of the nest, and did not come down till it reached, on one side, an old garden run to waste, or, on the other, far over the water, a cul-

tivated field. At that tender age, the young flickers received their rations about twice in an hour.

Although the golden-wings were silent, the wood around them was lively from morning till night. Blackbirds and cuckoos flew over; orioles, both orchard and Baltimore, sang and foraged among the trees; song-sparrows and chippies trilled from the fence at one side; bluebird and thrasher searched the ground, and paid in music for the privilege; pewees and kingbirds made war upon insects; and from afar came the notes of redwing and meadow-lark. Others there were, casual visitors, and of course it did not escape the squawks and squabbles of the English sparrow,

“Irritant, iterant, maddening bird.”

The robins, who one sometimes wishes, with Lanier’s owl, “had more to think and less to say,” were not so self-assertive as they usually are; in fact, they were quite subdued. They came and went freely, but they never questioned my actions, as they are sure to do where they lead society. Now and then one perched on the fence and regarded me, with flick of wing and tail that meant a good deal, but he expressed no opinion. With kingbirds on one side, pewees on the other, and the great crested fly-catcher a daily caller, this was eminently a fly-catcher grove, and the robin plainly felt that he was not responsible for its good order. Indeed, after fly-catcher households were set up, he had his hands full to maintain his right to be there at all.

Whatever went on, the woodpeckers took no part in it. Back and forth they passed, almost stealthily, caring not who ruled the grove so that their precious secret was not discovered. Neither of them stayed to watch the nest, nor did they come and go together. The birds in the neighborhood might be inquisitive,—there was no one to resent it; blackbirds scrambled over the oak, rob-

ins perched on the screening branch, and no one about the silent entrance disputed their right.

In the first flush of dismay at finding themselves watched, the golden-wings, as I said, redoubled their cautiousness. They tried to keep the position of the nest secret by coming from the back, gliding around on the trunk, and stealing in at the door, or by alighting quietly high up in the body of the tree, and coming down backward,—that is, tail first. But by remaining absolutely without motion or sound while they were present, I gradually won their toleration, and had my reward. The birds ceased to regard me as an enemy, and, though they always looked at me, no longer tried to keep out of sight, or to hide the object of their visits. During the first day of watching I had the good fortune to see a second empty shell brought out of the nest, and dropped a little farther off than the first had been; and I feel safe in assuming that these two were the birthdays of the babes in the wood.

Thirteen days were devoted to the study of the manners and customs of the parents before the hidden subjects of their solicitude gave any signs of life visible from below. Though visits were about half an hour apart, and flicker babies have very good appetites, they did not go hungry, for on every occasion they had a hearty meal instead of the single mouthful that many young birds receive. This fact was guessed at on the thirteenth day, when the concealed little ones came out of the darkness up to the door, and the parents’ movements in feeding could be seen; but the whole curious process was plain two days later, when a young golden-wing appeared at the opening and met his supplies half-way. The food-bearer clung to the bark beside the entrance, leaned over, turned his head on one side, and thrust his beak within the slightly opened beak of his offspring.

In this position he gave eight or ten quick little jerks of his head, which doubtless represented so many mouthfuls; then, drawing back his head, he made a motion of the throat, as though swallowing, which was, presumably, raising instead, for he leaned over again and repeated the operation in the waiting mouth. This performance was gone through with as many as three or four times in succession before one flicker baby was satisfied. After the nestlings came up to the door the parents went no more inside, as a rule, and house-keeping took care of itself.

On the fifteenth day of his life, as said above, the eldest scion of the golden-wing family made his appearance at the portal of his home. The sight and the sound of him came together, for he burst out at once with a cry. It was not very loud, but it meant something, and the practice of a day or two gave it all the strength that was desirable. In fact, it became clamorous to a degree that made further attempts at concealment useless, and no one was quicker to recognize it than the parents. The baby cry was the utterance familiar from the grown-up birds as "wick-a! wick-a! wick-a!" From this day, when one of the elders drew near the tree, it was met at the opening by an eager little face and a begging call; but it was several days before the recluse showed interest in anything except the food supply. Meals were now nearly an hour apart, and the moment one was over the well-fed youngster in the tree fell back out of sight, probably to sleep, after the fashion of babies the world over. But all this soon came to an end. The young flicker began to linger a few minutes after he had been fed, and to thrust his beak out in a tentative way, as if wondering what the big out-of-doors was like, any way.

Matters were going on thus prosperously, when a party of English sparrows, newly fledged, came to haunt the wood

in a small flock of eighteen or twenty; to meddle, in sparrow style, with everybody's business; and to profane the sweet stillness of the place with harsh squawks. The mistress of the little home in the oak, who had conducted her domestic affairs so discreetly, one day found herself the centre of a mob; for these birds early learn the power of combination. She came to her nest followed by the impertinent sparrows, who flew as close as possible, none of them more than a foot from her. They alighted as near as they could find perches, crowded nearer, stretched up, flew over, and tried in every way, with an air of the deepest interest, to see what she *could* be doing in that hole. When she left, — which she did soon, for she was annoyed, — the crowd did not go with her; they were bound to explore the mystery of that opening. They flew past it; they hovered before it; they craned their necks to peer in; they perched on a bare twig that grew over it, as many as could get footing, and leaned far over to see within. The young flicker retired before his inquisitive visitors, and was seen no more till the mother came again; and then she had to go in out of sight to find him.

As the days went on, the babe in the wood became more used to the sunlight and the bird-sounds about him. Evidently he was of a meditative turn, for he did not scramble out, and rudely rush upon his fate; he deliberated; he studied, with the air of a philosopher; he weighed the attractions of a cool and breezy world against the comforts and delightful obscurity of home. Perhaps, also, there entered into his calculations the annoyance of a reporter meeting him on the threshold of life, tearing the veil away from his private affairs. What would one give to know the thoughts in that little brown head, on its first look at life! Whatever the reason, he plainly concluded not to take the risk that day, for he disappeared again behind a door that

no reporter, however glib or plausible, could pass. Sometimes he vanished with a suddenness that was not natural. Did his heart fail him, or, perchance, his footing give way? For whether he clung to the walls, or made stepping-stones of his brothers and sisters (as do many of his betters, or at least his biggers), who can tell? Often beside this eldest-born, after the first day, appeared a second little head, spying eagerly, if a little less bravely, on the world, and as days passed he frequently contested the position of vantage with his brother, but he was always second.

Mother Nature is kind to woodpeckers. She fits them out for life before they leave the seclusion of the nursery. There is no callow, immature period in the face of the world, no "green" age for the gibes or superior airs of elders. A woodpecker out of the nest is a woodpecker in the dress and with the bearing of his fathers, — dignified, serene, and grown up.

As the sweet June days advanced, the young bird in the oak-tree grew bolder. He no longer darted in when a saucy sparrow came near, and when the parent arrived with food the cries became so loud that all the world could know that here were young woodpeckers at dinner. Now, too, he began to spend much time in dressing his plumage, in preparation for the grand *début*. Usually, when a young bird begins to dally with the temptation to fly, so rapid is growth among birds, he may be expected out in a few hours. In this deliberate family it is different; indeed, taking flight must be a greater step for a woodpecker than for a bird from an open nest.

Three days the youngster had been debating whether it were "to be or not to be," and more and more he lingered in the doorway, sitting far enough out to show his black necklace. His was no longer the wondering gaze of infancy, to which all things are equally strange; it was a discriminating look, — the head

turned quickly, and passing objects drew his attention. On the third day, too, he uttered his first genuine woodpecker cry of "pe-auk!" He had not the least embarrassment before me. I think he regarded me as a part of the landscape, — the eccentric development of a tree trunk, perhaps; for while he never looked at me nor put the smallest restraint upon his infant passions, let another person come into the wood, and he was at once silent and on his guard. All this time he had become more and more fascinated with the view without his door; one could fairly see the love of the world grow upon him. He picked at the bark about him; he began to get ideas about ants, and ran out a long tongue and helped himself to many a tidbit.

When the young golden-wing had passed four days in this manner, he grew impatient. The hour-long intervals between meals were not to his mind, and he began to express himself fluently. He leaned far out, and delivered the adult cry with great vigor and new pathos; he then bowed violently many times, moved his mouth as if eating, and struggled farther and still farther out, until it seemed that he could not keep within another minute. When one of the parents came he forgot his grown-up manner, and returned to the baby cry, loud and urgent, as if he were starved.

He was fed, and again left; and now he scrambled up with his feet on the edge. He was silent; he was considering an important move, a plunge into the world. He wanted to come, — he longed to fly. Outside were sunshine, sweet air, trees, food, — inside only darkness. The smallest coaxing would bring him out; but coaxing he was not to have. He must decide for himself; the impulse must be from within.

The next morning opened with a severe northeast gale.

"It rained, and the wind was never weary."

The birds felt the depressing influence

of the day. The robins perched on the fence, wings hanging, each feather like a bare stick, and not a sound escaping the throat; and when robins are discouraged, it is dismal weather indeed. The bluebirds came about, draggled almost beyond recognition. Even the swallows sailed over silently, their merry chatter hushed.

But life must go on, whatever the weather; and fearing the young woodpecker might select this day to make his entry into the big world, his faithful watcher donned rainy-day costume, and went out to assist in the operation. The storm did not beat upon his side of the tree, and the youngster still hung out of his hole in the trunk, calling and crying, apparently without the least intention of exposing his brand-new feathers to the rain.

Very early the following morning, before the human world was astir, loud golden-wing cries, and calls, and "laughs" were heard about the wood. This abandonment of restraint proclaimed that something had happened; and so, indeed, I discovered, for in hastening to my post I found an ominous silence about the oak-tree. The young wise-head, whose struggles and temptations I had watched so closely, had chosen to go in the magical morning hours, when the world belongs entirely

to birds and beasts. The home in the wood looked deserted.

I sat down in silence and waited, for I knew the young flicker could not long be still. Sure enough, I soon heard his cry, but how far off! I followed it to an oak-tree on the farther edge of the grove. I searched the tree, and there I saw him, quiet now as I approached, and plainly full of joy in his freedom and his wings.

I returned to my place, hoping that all had not gone. There must be more than two, though only two had been up to the door, I was sure. I waited. Some hours later, the parents came to their home in the wood, one after the other. Each one alighted beside the door, glanced in, in a casual way, but did not put the head in, and then flew to a neighboring tree, uttering what sounded marvelously like a chuckling laugh, and in a moment left the grove. Did, then, the daughters of the house meekly fly, without preliminary study of the world from the door? Were there, perchance, no daughters? Indeed, had more than one infant reached maturity? All these questions I asked myself, but not one shall I ever be able to answer.

I waited several hours. Many birds sang and called among the trees, but no sound came from the oak-tree household, and to me the wood was deserted.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW AGITATION.

THE agitation of the question of the hours of labor, which has long been going on, and has of late become very active, now seems to be fast proceeding to a crisis. Apparently, a severe struggle is upon us for the establishment of a rule limiting labor to eight hours a day. This result is to be sought either through the agency of law or by means of or-

ganized and widespread strikes. Formal notice has been served upon the industrial world that the contest in the United States is to be opened this year, to be continued unceasingly thereafter, not to close until the full "demands of labor" shall have been conceded, east and west, north and south, in the Old World as in the New.

Of course those who are directing this movement would much prefer to bring about their end by law rather than through strikes, not only because the former means of accomplishing their object would be less costly than a hand-to-hand struggle with a powerful and resolute master class, but also because it would be more effectual and conclusive, more comprehensive and permanent. Laws may, indeed, be repealed after they have been enacted; or they may remain upon the statute-book, uncanceled but inoperative. Of this, however, the labor champions are willing to take their chance, having confidence in their ability to prevent the repeal of such a law, should it once be enacted, and to secure at least a tolerable degree of efficiency in its execution through their own political influence. But they fully appreciate that whatever is gained by a strike may at any moment be lost by a lockout, whenever, in the changes of the market, the balance inclines to the side of the employing class; and they will not be satisfied until they see their demands incorporated in the law of the land.

The strikes which, unless all signs fail, will soon be precipitated upon this community are to differ from the strikes of the past largely in this: that they will result from quarrels "picked" for the purpose with reference to a general effect; and will be carried on with not the less but the greater zeal because those who order the men out care little for the object immediately contested, except either to win a victory which shall help the cause elsewhere, or, if a defeat be inevitable, to arouse a deeper and wider feeling throughout the laboring population. For the purposes of the American Federation of Labor, a strike which shall fail in its direct object, but shall leave throughout the members of a trade a more resolute purpose to demand and to obtain a law general to all trades, will be better than

would be a strike which, effecting its immediate purpose, should leave those who had taken part in it satisfied with the result in their own case, and indifferent to the further progress of the cause. The industrial contests of the coming season are to be, unlike most of those recorded in industrial history, directed straight upon the end of securing legislation. Freed from the pretentious and cumbrous organization of the Knights of Labor, the men who now deem themselves charged with promoting the interests of the working classes will wield powers greater than the Knights ever possessed, to initiate and conduct a series of strikes which shall essentially be nothing but a mighty agitation of the question of eight-hour legislation. It is, therefore, not of the strikes themselves, but of the proposed legislation, that I shall speak.

And, in the first place, let it be said that there is no fatal objection to the intervention of the state in the contract for labor. The traditional position of the economists in antagonism to such legislation, upon principle, is one which ought never to have been taken, and which cannot be maintained. The factory acts of England, which have become a model to the world, are in themselves a monument of prudent, far-seeing, truly wise statesmanship, which employs the powers of the state to defend its citizenship against deep and irreparable injuries, and truly helps the people to help themselves. Beginning at a time when the condition of the masses was wretched and deplorable beyond the power of language to describe, the factory legislation of England, judiciously combined with laws directed towards fostering the instincts of frugality, towards promoting the spread of intelligence, towards adjusting the burden of taxation to the strength and the weakness of the public body, has done a marvelous work in elevating the masses of the kingdom.

The objection of the economists to

factory legislation was, I have said, not well taken. That objection was based on the theory that whatever interferes in any way with the freedom of contract and of action must, in the end and in the long run, injure the working classes. But what is freedom, so far as practical men are concerned with it? Is it an empty right to do something which you cannot possibly do? Or is it a real power to do that one, out of many things, which you shall choose? If one course gives a man a legal right to do anything, but results in his being so helpless and brings him into such miserable straits that he can, in fact, do but one thing, and that a thing which is most distressing; while another course, although it may keep a man somewhat within bounds, actually conducts him to a position where he has a real choice among many and good things, which course affords the larger liberty?

In the case of a poor, ignorant, and debased population, the absence of factory acts, while it nominally leaves the operative free to go anywhere and do whatever he likes, really results in his staying hopelessly where he finds himself, and doing that which he particularly dislikes. He becomes the slave of the mill, bound fast to the great wheel which turns and turns below. Theoretically, he will not work in any factory where he is not well treated, where the sanitary arrangements are not at least tolerable, where machinery is not fenced to prevent death and mutilation, and where the hours of labor are not kept within the limits of health and strength. Certainly he will not do this if he be really free. Practically, however, in the absence of factory legislation, the operative will have no choice but to work as long as the great wheel turns, be that ten hours, as so generally now, or twelve, or fourteen, or sixteen, as in the days before the factory laws; he will see his companions bruised and mangled by unguarded machinery; he will all the time

breathe air deeply laden with poisonous particles or deadly gases. Theoretically, the operative will, under unregulated freedom of movement and of contract, place himself with reference to the comfort of his family and the education of his children for a career happier than his own. Practically, he will, under the pressure of dire necessity, put his children into the mill as soon as he can get them there, even if it be, as in the old hideous days, at ten, at seven, or at five years of age; and in the mill they will stay until they die. This is what will come to most laboring populations in the absence of factory laws. Are such populations really freer than those which are protected by law against gross abuse?

The error of the English economists lay in not seeing that freedom of movement, freedom of action, freedom of contract, are practical matters; and that industrial, like political, systems should be adapted to the needs and wants, the infirmities and evil liabilities, of the populations they are to serve. A crutch acts only by restraint, and to a sound man would be a hindrance and a burden. But is a cripple without a crutch a freer man than a cripple with a crutch? In the case of the latter, does not the instrument correspond to an existing infirmity in such a way that he has a much greater liberty and power of choice and of movement through its help?

But while, thus, the principle of factory legislation is fully vindicated, it does not follow that any law which it may please a given number of persons to demand, or a legislature under popular impulse to enact, will be found beneficial. Restraint can at the best prevent waste. It cannot create force. The fact that a certain degree of interference with the contract for labor has done good, and only good, does not even raise a presumption that further interference will do any good at all. The result may be found altogether the other way.

The presumption is always against the intervention of the law in private actions; and that presumption can only be overcome, in any given case, by strong and direct evidence that it is needed to prevent some deep and irreparable injury.

What are the arguments in favor of a general eight-hour law?¹

A familiar plea for this measure is that a larger amount of leisure time is the laborer's rightful share in the great increase of productive power derived from the introduction of steam, the invention of machinery, and the discovery of a thousand useful arts and processes. These things have vastly enhanced, and are still every year enhancing, the productive capability of the community, enabling it to produce more in the same time, or as much in a shorter time. Let, then, the working class take out at least a part of the increased dividend which should come to them from this general gain in the form of a greater amount of leisure, a shorter day of labor. Even if this means that they are to forego some part of the enhanced wages which they might expect to realize from working for the old number of hours, with the more powerful auxiliaries and the better tools supplied by science and invention, it is still the right of the working classes to take their benefit in this form, if they elect. If additional time for social enjoyment, for amusement and recreation, for reading and study, for public duties, for politics, if you please, is worth more to them than an additional dividend of food and clothing, they should have it.

¹ I shall refer to the arguments more frequently urged in the United States, in support of the demand for the immediate adoption of a general eight-hour law. In England, those who advocate a reduction of the hours of labor are much more conservative and reasonable than with us. Mr. Sidney Webb, one of the best and strongest of the English socialists, in his very able article on *The Limitation of the Hours of Labor*, in the *Contemporary Review* for December, 1889, says, "It is not, of course, suggested that a universal and compulsory re-

What may be said in answer to this demand?

In the first place, let me say that I have small sympathy with the views so frequently, and it seems to me brutally, expressed, that the working classes have no need for leisure, beyond the bare necessities of physical rest and repose, to get ready for the morrow's work; that they do not know what to do with vacant hours; and that a shortening of the term of labor would simply mean idleness at the best, and would, in the great majority of cases, lead to an increase of dissipation and drunkenness. Is it our fellow-beings, our own countrymen, of whom we are speaking? It seems to me that this talk about the inability of the working classes to make a good use of leisure, as a reason for not letting them have any; about the hours that might be gained from toil being surely spent in dissipation and riot; about keeping the laborer at work all day in order to keep him out of mischief, is the poorest sort of pessimistic nonsense. It is closely akin to what we used to hear about slavery being a humane and beneficent institution, of a highly educational character. It is akin to the reason given by despots to-day for not enlarging the liberties of the subject.

Work, hard work, and a great deal of it, is good for men. We are made for earnest, strenuous, sustained endeavor; and industry has its rewards, sanitary and moral as well as economic. The state of general repletion amid abundant leisure which Mr. Bellamy has depicted in his *Looking Backward* would be restriction of the hours of labor to eight per day could possibly be brought about by any one act of Parliament, or even merely by force of law at all. . . . It may be admitted that the hours of labor in any particular industry can only be adjusted by the negotiations of those concerned in that industry, and that any uniform law is impossible." Mr. George Gunton, more than any one else, seems to be put forward by the American eight-hour agitators as their champion.

dious to the last degree; and Dr. Holmes has well said that, in such a state, "intoxication and suicide" would take on the character of popular amusements. But we have no occasion to fear that anywhere, save only in the pages of a novel, shall we find the men of our race excused from any part of the labor that is for their good. The stern severity of nature within our zone, and the general hardness of the human lot, are not likely to be soon relaxed to any dangerous extent, through all the inventions and discoveries of which the human mind is capable.

But while we thus recognize hard work as the general lot of mankind, and rejoice in it, we may well desire that somewhat more, and much more, of leisure and of recreation should mingle with the daily life of our fellows than is now known to most of them. It is a pity, it is a great pity, that workingmen should not see more of their families by daylight; should not have more time for friendly converse or for distinct amusements; should not have larger opportunities for social and public affairs. Doubtless many would always, and still more would at first, put the newly acquired leisure to uses that were lower than the best; were perhaps far from edifying; were even, in instances, mischievous and injurious. But the larger part of this would be due to the fact, not that the time now granted was too great, but that the time previously granted had been too small. Experience of the bitter and the sweet, in this as in most human affairs, would eventually cure the greater part of the evil. Doubtless there would still remain many who, from vitiated tastes or tainted blood, would continue to put their enlarged freedom to a bad use. But such men, who might, it is conceded, become even worse men with more leisure, are not to furnish the rule for the great majority, who are decent, sober, and careful, fearing God and loving their families. And

for such, I say, more of time released from the grasp of physical necessities is a thing to be desired.

If, at present, this boon cannot be obtained, let us charge it to the general hardness of the human lot, to the severity with which nature presses all the time upon men; but let us not, to keep the working classes quiet, pretend to believe that the object itself is not desirable. For one, I should be very sorry to think that the time would not come when eight hours would be held to constitute a fair day's work in most trades and professions. Within the past forty years there has been a great reduction in the hours of labor throughout the most progressive nations, and the effect thus far has been plainly and largely for good. This might be carried much further, with results ever more and more beneficial. Even without force of law or serious contests with employers, this is likely to go forward of itself, more or less rapidly; changing the hours here from eleven to ten, and there from ten to nine, or possibly from nine to eight, the trades taken for the earliest reductions being precisely those within which, from the character of their membership, the added leisure will be most judiciously, soberly, and temperately enjoyed.

I have said that much has already been gained by the working classes, in this matter of the length of the working-day. There is an unfortunate tendency, on the part of those who especially affect to advocate the interests of the laborers, to misrepresent the facts of the case. They ask, Why, since the productive power of the community has increased so largely, has the laborer derived no benefit therefrom? Let any one read the description which Mr. Hyndman, a socialist, gives of the state of English labor so late as 1842, in his work the *Historical Basis of English Socialism*, and he cannot fail to be impressed with the reduction which has taken place in the hours of labor since that time. Moreover, the

workman has at least in all the trades covered by the factory and workshop acts, had the advantage of a vast improvement in the conditions under which his labor is performed, as to comfort, decency, health, and physical safety: which, by the way, constitute about the most expensive luxuries known to modern life.¹ Still again, the workman has largely gained in actual money wages. So that, when it is asked why the workman has had no share in the great gain of productive power occurring within the half century, we answer, simply, that he has had a share in it, and no inconsiderable share. He works through fewer hours, in cleaner, safer, healthier factories, for higher wages.

This is not to say that more is not to come. The working classes could have had more already, under the conditions existing, had they understood their interests better, and followed them up more closely and actively.² There is no reason to suppose that the possibilities of gain in this direction have been exhausted. As compared with any industrial state that ever has been known, the laborer of to-day has it in his power to do still better for himself, by greater care and pains, higher intelligence, stricter temperance. It is not unlikely, it is indeed most probable, that a part of the gain of the future will take the form of a further reduction of the hours of labor, in many, perhaps most, possibly all, trades and professions.

The second plea which is made for a universal eight-hour law drops the idea that the laborer is to accept a reduction in the length of the workingday as a part of his wages, — the idea that the leisure thus obtained is to be, as it were,

one form of his consumption of wealth; he taking this instead of more food, or more clothing, or better shelter, or what not. I say, the new plea for the eight-hour law drops the first notion, and bases itself upon the theory that, on the whole and in the long run, labor continued through only eight hours will yield as great a product, to be divided among the several classes of the community, as labor continued through the present somewhat varying term, from ten hours, say, to eleven or twelve.

Now, this claim is not, on its face, absurd. The rule of three cannot be applied to human labor without respect to conditions and circumstances innumerable. There is little doubt that all the successive reductions in the workingday which have thus far taken place among certain laboring populations have resulted in an immediate gain to production, while they have led to a still further increase of productive power in the generation following. It has probably never occurred that a reduction of working time has been all loss, since a somewhat increased activity, a somewhat enhanced energy, has characterized each part of the time remaining.

Let us take successive cases. Let it first be supposed that a community exists under the sway of a greedy, remorseless tyrant, who compels all the able-bodied members of the community to labor in his fields or shops twenty hours a day, leaving but four hours for sleep, rest, and domestic duties or enjoyments. Now let it be supposed that this ruler is succeeded by a son, to the full as selfish as himself, but more intelligent. Doubtless it would not be long before the new-comer discovered that it was for

¹ The cost of building and maintaining factories in accordance with the demands of modern public sentiment, and even with the requirements of law, including more room to each operative, fire escapes, artificial ventilation, the guarding of machinery, etc., is very great. For most of these things, in private houses, men have to pay a heavy price.

² The present writer has for many years maintained the thesis that it is not only for the welfare of the community, but even for the advantage of the employing class themselves, that laborers should actively and urgently assert their own interests in the distribution of the product of industry.

his own interest to reduce the hours of labor to eighteen; and it would require no protracted experience of the new system to demonstrate that more wealth was actually produced in eighteen than had been in twenty hours. We may next suppose that, years later, the grandson of the first ruler is brought, by petition or by threatened rebellion, to consider the question whether he should reduce the number of hours from eighteen to fifteen. He would, at the outset, take this as a proposition to surrender one sixth of his product for the pleasure and comfort of his workingmen,—a proposition to which he would not graciously incline. But if he were as much wiser than his father as his father was wiser than the grandfather, he would soon come to see that this would not be so; that, at the worst, something less than a one-sixth loss would be involved in the change, since, for the fifteen hours remaining, the laborers both could and doubtless would work with somewhat more, perhaps much more, spirit than they could possibly do when worn out in body and mind by the longer day of labor. Should this more enlightened ruler call to his counsels the best physiologists and physicians, his most sagacious ministers, superintendents, and foremen, he would without much difficulty be brought to believe that the proposed reduction of time would involve no loss whatever to production; and trial would soon demonstrate to him and to the most skeptical of his advisers that protracting the hours of labor beyond the capabilities of the human frame had not been a source of gain, but of waste,—hideous, appalling waste.

Now, fifteen hours not unfairly represent the average day of work in European factories and workshops, at the time when the attention of legislators first began to be directed towards the condition of the less fortunate classes, and when those classes began first to stir in their own behalf. It is the gen-

eral belief of intelligent and disinterested men that every successive reduction in the hours of labor, from that point until the limit of, say, eleven hours a day, in ordinary mechanical pursuits, was reached, effected, not a proportional loss of product, not a loss at all, but a positive gain, especially if not only the present productive power of the body of laborers is considered, but also the keeping up of the supply of labor in full numbers and in unimpaired strength, from generation to generation.

Personally, I should not hesitate to express the opinion that the further reduction from eleven hours to ten had been accomplished in some communities, like Massachusetts, without any appreciable loss to production, and with a clear social and physiological advantage to the community; but here we enter upon disputed ground. In our own highly prosperous country, with a body of laborers generally intelligent and always active in maintaining their interests, armed, moreover, with the ballot, that interval between ten and eleven hours still remains debatable ground. In some States, eleven hours a day is the upward limit of factory labor; in others, lying side by side with these, the limit is ten hours. Both sides of the question as to the effect upon production of a ten-hour restriction are held by intelligent men. There is, however, enough of evidence in favor of the generally beneficial result to make it safe to say that, whenever the great body of laborers in any State now allowing eleven hours of factory labor are fully satisfied that the reduction to ten hours will, on the whole and in the long run, be for their own good, the step will probably be taken, with but little opposition or delay. The fact that there has not been in these States any great, sustained, resolute effort to secure a reduction of the hours of labor from eleven to ten shows clearly enough that the laborers themselves are not yet fully convinced that a reduc-

tion of the daily term of work would be for their own interests.

But the labor champions are not content to win this single step, all within the grounds of a reasonable difference of opinion. Without waiting at this point to secure a general concurrence in a ten-hour limit, and thereupon to collect evidence of the favorable result of such action, they now boldly propose to compel the industries of the country to take all at once the tremendous plunge to eight hours. And this change they propose to effect, so far as political agitation coupled with a series of well-advised and resolute strikes will enable them to do it, in application, not alone to the industries whose products, like those of the building trades generally, are only in a low degree, if at all, subject to competition with the corresponding products of other communities, but in application as well to industries whose products are in the highest degree subject both to interstate and to international competition; in application not more to the industries where hand-tools are used, and where the personal energy and enthusiasm of the individual artisan determine his rate of movement, than to industries where machinery is extensively employed, and where the rate of the operative's movement is determined wholly by the movement of such machinery; in application not to mechanical labor only, but to all labor, if I rightly understand the programme, whether employed in manufactures, in commerce, in transportation, in agriculture, or in personal services.

It is not improbable that there are some trades, especially the hand-tool trades, where the work is naturally severe, and in which the personal energy and enthusiasm of the individual laborer largely determine the rate of his movement, in respect to which the contention that a body of laborers could in the long run do as much in eight hours as in ten might be borne out by trial. Many disinterested and intelligent persons believe

that, within these trades, a day of nine hours would be quite sufficient for the most effective labor; and in some cities that rule has already been established, either by mutual consent of masters and men, or as the result of severe and protracted contests. But that an eight-hour day, or even a nine-hour day, could be legally enforced within all occupations alike, or even only within the manufacturing and mechanical industries, without a loss, a considerable loss, to production, is not borne out by any facts that are known or by any reasons which have been advanced. The proposition as yet remains a mere assertion.

We now reach the third plea for a general eight-hour law, namely, that the effect would be to furnish employment to those who, under the existing system, cannot find a chance to work. This is, at present, the most popular and taking argument adduced in behalf of this measure. In order to give the argument greater effect, gross exaggeration is resorted to in stating the number habitually unemployed, which is sometimes placed as high as one fifth or one quarter of the laboring population. One writer speaks of the unemployed as "the reserve army of industry."

The fallacy of this argument lies in its assumption that the reason why a certain portion of the population cannot get work is because those who are employed work as long as they do, say ten hours a day. But what are these persons doing during the ninth and the tenth hour? Each of them is producing goods which are to become a part of the means of paying other laborers for their ninth and tenth hours of work. To prevent any man from working up to the limits of his strength is not to increase, but to diminish, the amount which is available for keeping others at work.

Of course, if, by this plea for a general eight-hour law, it is merely intended to divide up a given amount of employment and a given sum of wages among

a larger number of laborers, there is nothing to be said about it, except that it is a very good-natured proposal, and that its acceptance would indicate an unexpectedly large amount of benevolence on the part of the more fortunate members of the working class. But it is no such self-sacrificing measure which the labor champions propose to their followers. They mean to be understood as promising that the whole body shall be employed at undiminished wages.¹ Now, such an expectation would be utterly irrational, except upon the assumption that laborers are to produce as much in eight hours as formerly in ten. But if they are to produce as much in eight hours as formerly in ten, then the old number of workers will in eight hours produce all the goods for which, according to the economic philosophy of their leaders and teachers, there is a demand.² Why, then, should the employers take on any additional laborers? If, on the other hand, less is to be produced in eight hours than in ten, then the additional laborers cannot be taken on to piece out the day's work without a general lowering of wages. When a manufacturer employs a hundred men ten hours a day, it is because he wants *a thousand hours of work*, with which to produce a certain quantity of goods of a certain kind and quality, out of the sale of which he expects to make himself good for wages and materials, for the use of machinery and plant, with at least some small profit for himself. If he is to employ a hundred and twenty-five men for eight hours only, he still gets but a thousand hours of work, for which he can only pay the wages of a thousand hours.

How wide open is the pit into which those who urge this plea for an eight-hour law have stumbled may be seen

in the following extract from Mr. Gunton's argument, seriously put forward by the American Federation of Labor as a campaign document. The italics are mine. "The immediate effect of the adoption of an eight-hour workday would be to reduce the working time of over eight million adult laborers about two hours a day. This would withdraw about sixteen million *hours' labor* a day from the market without discharging a single laborer. The industrial vacuum thus created would be equal to increasing the present *demand for labor* nearly twenty per cent." Ought it to surprise us that, after such a demonstration, Mr. Gunton should easily make it out that the proposed measure would actually increase the wages of all laborers? But why Mr. Gunton should be content with increasing the demand for labor by a paltry twenty per cent., when, by allowing laborers to work only one hour a day, he could increase "the demand for labor" nine hundred per cent., it is hard to understand.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, although Mr. Gunton regards the substitution of ten million laborers working eight hours a day for eight million laborers working ten hours a day as increasing the demand for labor by twenty per cent., there is, in fact, no increase whatever in the demand for labor. In either of Mr. Gunton's two cases the demand is for eighty million hours' labor a day; no more, no less.

Whatever may be said for an eight-hour day of labor (and I have conceded that not a little may be urged in favor of a reduction of the workingday in many trades, at least), the plea derived from its imagined effect in setting the unemployed at work is utterly fallacious. The failure of employment for a certain portion of the population is not found at

¹ Mr. Gunton even promises increased wages.

² Mr. Gunton speaks repeatedly of "the present normal consumption," as if there were any reason why consumption is as large as it is,

outside of the fact that production is as large as it is; as if consumption would not rapidly increase with increasing production, or contract with diminishing production.

all in the fact that those who are employed work as long as they do. *The longer and the harder a man works, within the limits of his strength, the more work he makes for others*; since with every stroke he is producing that which is to become a part of the means of employing other labor. The reason why, in ordinary seasons, there are any persons unemployed is found partly in the immobility of the laboring population, in the want of general and technical education, in vicious and improvident habits, or in the accidents of life and the general hardship of the human lot. In even greater part, the reason is found in the fluctuations of production and trade, due to the world-wide extension of the division of labor, and the consequent extreme localization and intensification of industry. This is the price which mankind have to pay for the enormous advantages of the extension of the principle of the division of labor.

The evil is not to be cured, in whole or in part, by an eight-hour law. If it were true that only four fifths of the population are employed at ten hours, and if, by an eight-hour law, the other fifth were, as proposed, brought into the factories and workshops, every cause which now operates to produce fluctuations in industry and trade would continue with undiminished vigor; production would still gather itself into great waves, periods of highly excited activity being followed by intervals of deep depression; markets would still at times be glutted, and factories would have to be closed to allow the surplus stock to be cleared off. The spread of intelligence, the general and technical education of the people, the promotion of habits of frugality and temperance, and not eight-hour laws, are the proper means for removing the painful congestions of labor, and for reducing to a minimum the evils of that spasmodic and intermittent production of wealth

which characterizes the industrial and commercial world of to-day, and which must continue to characterize the industrial and commercial world until mankind get ready to go back to hand-tools and to the petty neighborhood production of a former age.

I have spoken, I trust not unfairly, of the arguments urged for an eight-hour law applicable to all industries. Let me now offer a few objections which present themselves to my mind.

In the first place, it is a matter of very grave question whether the reduction of the hours of labor, say from ten to eight, even if admitted to be highly desirable, constitutes one of those cases which justify interference by the state; whether, on the other hand, it is not a matter which should be left to debate and decision between employers and laborers: the former retaining their right to grant or refuse the demand; the latter exercising their unquestioned right to refuse, individually or collectively, to work except upon terms agreeable to themselves.

I have expressed no grudging approval of the intervention of the state in bringing down the hours of labor from fifteen or thirteen to eleven or ten. The term of daily work which prevailed at the time when the greed of masters was utterly unrestrained by law meant the degradation and demoralization of the working classes, and produced a hideous mass of disease, vice, and crime, tending always to become congenital. Out of such a slough it is the right and duty of any government to raise its people, by main force, through the strong arm of the law. But when laboring populations have once been placed upon ground firm enough for them to gain a fair foothold and to get a leverage for their own exertions, it is, according to my political philosophy, much better that they should thereafter be left to make progress to successively higher planes through their own strength, skill, and

courage. The state, clearly, should protect its citizens against deep and irremediable injury from forces which they may be powerless to resist; but such social and intellectual advantages as might accrue from a further reduction of the hours of labor will be most fully enjoyed and will be best improved when they shall have been won by the fortitude, patience, and persistent application of the laborers themselves.

Second. In addition to the foregoing, we are bound to take consideration of the rights of the minority in such a matter. If six hundred workingmen are willing and desirous to secure greater leisure at the sacrifice of some part of their wages, have they the moral right, by a mere majority of votes, to refuse to four hundred of their fellows the privilege of earning all the wages they can in a longer day of work, always within the limits of health?

Third. Conceding for the moment the desirableness of a further reduction in the hours of labor, it seems to me a very grave mistake to undertake so long a step at once as that which is proposed, from ten hours, or more, to eight. If the final result is altogether desirable and is to come, it would be far better that it should be undertaken gradually: first, because there would thus be produced less disturbance to industry and trade; next, because the more moderate enterprise would have a better chance; and, again, because, in case of ultimate success, the working classes would, by that time and through those means, have become more fully educated to use the privilege of increasing leisure without abusing it.

Fourth. But would a uniform eight-hour law, applicable to all trades and avocations, be a measure of ordinary justice as between workman and work-

man? Conceding a considerable reduction in the hours of labor, can one rule ever be applied to all branches of industry? Do not the several trades and avocations differ so widely among themselves, in the conditions under which they may be pursued, as to make any single rule the height of injustice? The term of work — that is, the number of hours a day — is but one of several factors which make up the sum that represents the muscular and nervous exhaustion involved in the pursuit of any avocation. Another factor is the intensity of exertion, which varies and must vary within very wide limits, according to the nature of the industry concerned. Again, the physiological conditions under which labor is conducted are of importance in determining the degree of nervous exhaustion. One industry must of necessity subject its operatives to intense heat or to intense cold. Still others are pursued in an almost stifling atmosphere. Others allow the access of dangerous particles or poisonous gases. On the other hand, there are industries pursued by hundreds of millions of our kind which furnish the most benignant influences, or at least require their laborers to submit to no conditions injurious to life or health.

Still again, the length of the working year varies greatly with different avocations. Some may be pursued steadily for twelve months, alike through summer and winter, seedtime and harvest; others have a working year of but eight or fewer months. Is it then possible, will it ever be possible, so to control the conditions under which labor is conducted as to make it compatible with political justice, or even with ordinary honesty as between man and man, to prescribe the same number of hours per day for all?

Francis A. Walker.

AN ARTHURIAN JOURNEY.

"It is apparent in all histories," says the preface to one of the many editions of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, "that there were nine most famous and renowned kings and princes, who, for their noble acts and worthy achievements, are stiled the nine worthies, and it is most execrable infidelity to doubt that there was a Joshua, it is wicked Atheism to make a question if there were a David, it is hatefull to be difficult of a sometime Judas Macchabæus; besides there are none of any capacitie but doe believe there was an Alexander. The world is possest with the acknowledgement of the life and death of Julius Cæsar, and the never dying fame of the illustrious Trojan Hector is perspicuous. . . . The magnanimous prince Godfrey duke of Bulloigne . . . and the famous emperor Charlemagne no christian will deny." "And," he proceeds, "shall the Jewes and the Heathen be honoured in the memory and magnificent prowess of their worthies? Shall the French and German nations glorify their triumphs with their Godfrey and Charles, and shall we of this island be so possest with incredulitie, diffidence, stupiditie and ingratitude to deny, make doubt, or expresse in speech and history the immortal name and fame of our victorious Arthur? . . . As (by the favour of Heaven) this kingdom of Britain was graced with one worthy, let us with thankfulness acknowledge him."

Years before I met with this energetic plea, the doubts and arguments which had arisen in my own mind against the existence of Arthur had given place to a belief that no such figure ever looms up in the traditions of a country, printing his foot on its rocks, setting his name

on its landmarks, weaving his deeds into its primitive, unwritten story to become the woof of its earliest tales and poetry, unless it be the transfiguration of a real hero. The time of Arthur is no mythic epoch; the Roman Emperors who fought his forerunners, the saints who preached in the British Isles before his birth, are as well known as the Hanoverian kings or the Protestant Archbishops of Canterbury. The only proof lacking of his having lived is contemporaneous record, — an objection which would overthrow some of the most solidly seated effigies of history. The name of Arthur is familiar to the first murmurs of British song, and to those of the kindred Britanny which have passed into the keeping of letters.

The editor of Sir Thomas Malory, while commending his author's "painful industry" in translating and compiling the Arthurian legends from French and Italian sources, admits that "fables and fictions" have been inserted which may be a blemish to the truth of the history, but that "superficial flaws" should not shake our faith in its substantial authenticity. Neither he nor Sir Thomas could foresee the confirmation his narrative would gain, after four hundred years, from the discovery and publication of Welsh, Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and early English manuscripts to which he had not access, — echoes of Breton rhyme and legend; for Brittany is the birthplace of the Arthurian epic. These are the earliest forms in which the oral traditions and ballads about men and deeds, then not many ages removed, have come down to our day. Some slight study of these authorities,¹ which are now within everybody's reach, brought

¹ The publications of the Early English Text Society and of similar associations, Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, M. de Villemarqué's

Chants de Bretagne, the modernized versions of mediæval French and German prose and metrical romances.

me back to Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* for the best summary of the old tales, and to Lord Tennyson as the inspired exponent of them, as they have been handed on through generations and centuries, undergoing the pressure of every period, until they represent, not the modern man, but the modern ideal. It was, therefore, with the *Idylls of the King* as a guide that I traced the course of Arthur from his mysterious coming to his mysterious passing away.

There is probably not a shire in England and Wales which does not boast of connection with the Flower of Kings; to follow the tangled and doubtful clues to all these localities would be a fool's errand, and the poetry and interest of the subject would be lost in the search. The track is distinct and fairly continuous only in the south marches, where the beginnings of the legend swarm about the soil like bees coming out of the ground. Cornwall, stretching its peninsula far out into the western sea, is invested with an isolation and remoteness befitting the unpenetrated secret of Arthur's origin. It is a region of steep, bare, hog-backed hills, elongating themselves in monotonous succession from coast to coast, divided by deep, narrow vales almost smothered in luxuriant vegetation. There is the extreme of contrast between the close-shorn and never-ending ridges, on which not a bush stands knee-high against the salt winds, with sparse and meagre trees on the lower slopes, and the hothouse wealth of shrubbery and flowers at their feet. The downs have a bloom of their own cowering among the short grass, daisies, buttercups, and a pale little pink flower growing profusely even in the crevices of the rocks, and here and there they are burnished by a touch of gorse; but even under the smile of June the landscape turns to desolation towards the cliffs. The villages and hamlets scattered along the hilly roads have a quaint and quiet charm. The houses, whether one or two

storied, are true cottages, and are of brown or gray stone, with slate roofs. They stand in pretty gardens tacked to paddocks and orchard bits. The stables and granges have a solid, half-fortified look, as if built to resist attack. Every such huddle of houses, flowers, and verdure has its inn, temperance or "licensed to sell;" its smithy, the horse waiting at the door, patiently, with his head down, and one or two gossips around the glowing forge. In many of them clacks a mill, with a big, water-greened wheel turning under the slap of a hurried brook. They have a grave, old-time presence, cheerful enough, especially when animated by the rosy cheeks of the hale workingmen, the handsome women, the chubby children, five out of six showing the type of a race in their long dark eyes, rich coloring, and downward curving features. The abode of melancholy is the church, a low, severe structure, with a square Norman tower and some interior pillar or arch of Saxon times. A stone cross generally stands sentinel before the graveyard, worn from its outline by a thousand years of weather, marking the spot as consecrated by an earlier Christianity than that of the building. The group keeps aloof from the village, in sight of the awful sea, as if doing perpetual penance for the sins of forgotten generations. Between the villages the steep roads are shut in by walls of slate covered with turf, and overgrown at midsummer with ivy, ferns, and dark blue wild hyacinths; forming a foundation for the hawthorn hedges, white with fresh-scented blossoms, and for ramparts of golden furze. But these beautiful barriers shut out every view except the distant stretching spines of the naked hills, and the traveler cannot forget that only the flowers and sunshine save the prospect from dreariness.

It is by a repetition of these serious scenes that the steep road reaches the windy village of Tintagel, whence a

still steeper track leads afoot down a stony glen, shut in between rock walls, through which a bright brook hastens with many skips and jumps. At a turn in the path the sea comes into sight between huge crag-jambes, and to the left a mountainous, cloven headland, girt about the shoulders with the ruins of twin castles. A few yards further, the path branches, on one hand to a quarry, which is no flaw in the grandeur; on the other to the lower ledges of "the island," as the outer half of Tintagel promontory is called in the neighborhood. The path scales the side of the tremendous chasm, into which the sea breaks frantic, and rushes out as if in terror; up and up, by stony scrambles and sharp turns, here and there guarded by a hand-rail, but more fit for a goat than for man, and not wide enough for two goats to pass; up and up, the height more giddy, the dreadful depth, with the waters rushing in and out, deeper and deeper. At length a wooden door in the ruined outworks of the castle is reached, opening on the narrow ledge above the sheer cliff; within are grassy courts, broken battlements, ivied parapets, and a sense of safety. Here is a breathing-place, to sit on the fallen masonry and look about for the footprints of legend. No scene could have been chosen more suited to the prologue of an ancient drama. Here, in the hold of Gorlois, his fallen foe, died Uther Pendragon. Here the wonderful child Merlin first prophesied; and as his prophecies were soon fulfilled, he rose to the sublime importance and influence which he kept until old age. This seaward castle, on the outer side of the headland, was the stronghold of Ygerne, Arthur's mother, in which she was besieged and taken by Uther, who had slain her husband for love of her. The bold span which joined it to the landward castle, above the roaring cleft, is gone, but its piers remain imbedded in the rock. An arched gateway stands firm, framing a different pic-

ture from each side; and as castles, like churches and forests, have a tendency to arise on the vestiges of older ones, it may have been the postern by which, according to ancient hearsay, Merlin gave the new-born Arthur into the care of the faithful Antor. At the base of the castle crag is a little sandy cove, where the brook, having reached the foot of the glen, slips off into the sea, — a slim cascade of fifty feet, perhaps, but from the terrible perch over against it looking like a child's slide. This was the beach where, by another version, one stormy night, the waves washed the babe to Merlin's feet, while Uther Pendragon lay dying high overhead in the keep.

But the clearest images which linger in Tintagel are Tristan and Yseult. Her name clings to the shores of her native Ireland in Capelizod (Isolde's or Yseult's chapel), but her memory warms these rocks and ruins like the golden lichen on their dark surface. On her track I took a stiff clamber to the breezy topmost turf, spreading evenly for acres like a tilting-ground, edged by flat rocks which jut over the abyss. The coast, far as the eye can reach, is curved and scalloped into bays, and broken into huge natural piers and moles. The face of the precipice, beetling hundreds of feet above the waves, is sombre; in places there is a warmth as from a more genial under-color; nevertheless, the gloom would be appalling but for the glint of the lichen showing everywhere like half-worn gilding. Green slopes of grass belt the cliff at intervals, smooth as the glacis of a fort; and the look of the slippery sward, to which no living hand or foot could cling, is more cruel than the splintered rock above and below. The lowest stories are worn into caverns and vaulted passages, into which the sea plunges with the sound of muffled thunder, bursting out again, after a short silence, with an explosion like a mine; and the foam gushes up, climbing to the knees of the crags, and the wind blows the flakes

about their ears. At the foot of every headland are flying buttresses, blunt cones, or shapeless masses, which would be called huge on many rock-bound coasts, but which here look like fungi.

In truth it is tremendous scenery, with a formidable, threatening aspect, calling to mind earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, and the force which abides in nature to overwhelm and destroy. Its beauty and harmony, as I saw it, came from the open sea, which was of a bright, tender blue, with a long, smooth swell, on which the wind left soft white paths, and the shadows of the clouds made wandering violet islets. The distant capes and points were dim and dream-like in the summer haze, as if Yseult's reveries brooded over them still. These are the waves that severed her from her green Ireland and from the wild coast of Brittany, where Tristan found his young bride. These are the waves she crossed when the message came that he was dying, and heart-burning, jealousy, wrath, and mutual wrong were merged in lifelong passion, drawing her once more to his side by the chain which had held her since the morning of their days, when the philtre welded it in their veins. Her last voyage, with its tragic ending, is a finer and more fitting close to the story than the surprise and murder of Tristan at Tintagel by her husband, King Mark, "as he sat harping before la belle Isoude." Lord Tennyson could hardly help taking the latter conclusion, as Matthew Arnold had been beforehand with him in choosing the former. It is in every way a pity, for it was not in Mr. Arnold's key; though there are beautiful lines and passages of deep pathos in his *Tristram and Iseult*, it has not the march, ring, and antique fatality of the old romances, which Tennyson has caught with surpassing power and charm.

The story of these predestined lovers is pathetic and dramatic from first to last, the most imaginative and complete

of the Arthurian cycle. It has a singular likeness to the true stories of the troubadours of Provence, with their royal lady-loves, their unhappy, unhallowed passion, their crusading and monastic penances, their distant and often violent deaths. The figure of Tristan, the child of sorrow, is more distinctly drawn, if less imposing, than Arthur or Lancelot. The last has passed through so many hands that the die has lost its sharpness, and has been softened to the pattern of a Bayard or a Raleigh, while the "light and nimble" Tristan, with his harp and hunting-horn, keeps his untempered originality. He was nephew of King Mark of Cornwall; his mother was Elizabeth, "both good and fair," who died in giving him birth, and bestowed on him his sorrowful name. He became the object of a stepmother's hatred, and the first act recorded of him is that he sued for her pardon when she had been detected in an attempt to poison him. He was then sent to France to finish his education, where he acquired many arts and graces, but did not lose the roving, forest-tendency of his temperament. There is the same difference between Guinivere and Yseult, who, though a king's daughter and a king's wife, is less a queen than a willful woman. She is but half civilized; the untamed Irish blood heats her cheeks to the end. In the innocent, light-hearted prank which brought doom upon them; in after-years of guilt, of voluntary separation, of effort to forget; in their flight and joyous life together; in their vain repentance; in his self-exile, his lapses into madness; in the perpetual victory of a love which was fate; in their partings; in their death-bed reunion, — these passionate phantoms haunt the ruins and cliffs of Tintagel, and challenge human sympathy by the human nature in their failings.

There are few other sites in Cornwall where the theatre and actors of its primitive tragedy are so vividly described. "The duchy," as its inhabitants are still

proud to call it, is a chosen field for traditions, but they are so old that their tangible proofs are worn out. It is more empty than any part of Great Britain where I have been of monuments or the fragments of monuments which please or interest the eye. There is not a castle or church which is worth turning aside to see, except for the sake of its name and associations. Along the infrequent lines of travel there are disfiguring industries, — mines, quarries, china-clay works, tin stream-washing; and although some of these are ancient in origin, they are worked by the most modern processes. Away from the great highways the country has a desolation quite its own, wholly unlike the undiscovered aspect of much American scenery, — the desolation of a region long forsaken and forgotten. For the anti-quarian it is full of bournes, Druidical remains, miraculous crosses, holy wells, one-story chapels half buried in sand, where Galahad and Launcelot may have stopped to pray. The general configuration is straitened and narrow, as if the never-ending hills were the gaunt vertebræ of an interminable backbone. The loveliness of the valleys in their midsummer bloom and vegetation is a charming relief from the naked hills and the sea-bitten foliage cowering under their lee; but if one could picture the land in its pristine bareness, when those cherished plantations did not fill the interstices, or if all that twelve hundred years of gradual cultivation have done to modify the landscape were brushed off, it would be harsh and crude from the ridges to the coast, rent with fissures by which the salt waves break in to embitter the brooks, and drive them back toward their hilly homes. Even yet it makes a fine frame for solitary heroic figures, for deadly encounters in single combat, for battle-pieces of antique simplicity, for rites of lonely devoutness, for magic barges vanishing into the unknown.

But the glory of Arthur belongs to all England, and the whole southwest coast is especially dedicated to his memory, South Wales and Somersetshire above the rest. Caerleon, on the Usk, was his seat before his supremacy was fully established, and one at which he continued to hold court at stated seasons. Arthur was chosen to the pendragonship by acclamation of a faction of the barons and knights under the influence of Merlin and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who consecrated him at Caerleon at Whitsuntide, where he received seven tributary kings in the following August. There was still so much turbulence and discontent among them, and a whisper of treason, that Arthur escaped from a window in his tower to a safer hold. At this crisis Merlin arrived again in his mysterious pre-eminence, before which all bowed, and the barons went to welcome him, and “led him into a palace upon the river without the town, in a faire meadow, and brought him up to a window aloft, where they might see fair water and great, that goed about the walls of Karlion.” They there made their complaints against Arthur, whom they called bastard and usurper. Merlin convened a general assembly, held in state, in presence of the archbishop, at which he promised to satisfy them of Arthur’s claims to be their lord paramount. The archbishop opened the ceremonies with a solemn exhortation, but the barons interrupted him: “‘Sir, abide awhile untill we have heard Merlin speak, for hereafter ye may us preach at leisure.’” Then Merlin brought forward Antor and Uther Pendragon’s letters and seal, and revealed Arthur’s royal origin. The princes, still dissatisfied, dispersed, to break out in rebellion. Arthur, by Merlin’s advice, collected the survivors of his father’s Round Table, and founded his own; formed alliances, among others with King Leodogran, father of Guinivere, whom he married later; put down

the malecontents, after much hard fighting; and thus was confirmed and acknowledged monarch of the realm, and crowned, as one annalist relates, at Stonehenge.

The morning sunshine of a September day was turning the turbid waters of the Severn to gold, as I crossed them from the Somerset shore to South Wales, and it was still bright and early when I reached the town of Newport, with its three strong towers. There the Usk falls into the Severn, scuffling with the tidal flow. Following the former inland through the quiet fields for three miles, it brought me to Caerleon, a little town which stopped growing a great while ago. A circular green mound, a few acres across, deeply hollowed in the middle, is all that remains of Arthur's palace, where the door was kept by that erratic porter who went upon his head to save his feet. The centre of the circuit is so much lower than the sides that they shut out all view except of the sky; it is only near the top that even the church tower on a neighboring hill comes into sight. From the rim the outlook is of no great extent, over a green valley, through which the Usk winds and bends, a muddy stream, sunk between clay banks. The nearer hills are low, the further ones higher and bolder, but no other town, village, country-seat, or even church is to be seen. From the tower of Arthur's palace only,

"Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,

And white sails flying on the yellow sea."

The land is scantily wooded, chiefly pasture; in a new country it would be a blank landscape, but here it has an Old World character, rural and placid, tamed to man's use, long though little inhabited, with nothing to hinder the range of memory and fancy. As it looks now, turning the back on the little town, it may have looked when Arthur's knights went to hunt the white hart in the forest of Dean. That lay, some say, between the Usk and Wye;

some, southward, between Caerleon and Cardiff, which are fourteen miles apart. The hills to the south are bolder, and the woodland sweeps over many of them in an unbroken wave. On nearing Cardiff a change comes over the scenery, and the river Taff runs through it, swift and clear, to the sea. There are fine remains of the castle, with its great octagonal keep, in which Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, spent twenty-six years in captivity and blindness. The modern additions are castellated, but extraordinarily incongruous and out of keeping with the character of the original pile. But castle, cathedral, and all that is oldest in the place had Norman builders. The home of Enid and the hold of the Knight of the Sparrowhawk, the port where Arthur embarked on his foreign expeditions, where the broken-hearted Launcelot set sail for his own country, are buried under the ruins of a later antiquity.

Wales, like every part of Great Britain, lays claim to the sites of Arthur's court and many of his battlefields; but Arthur's courts, camps, beds, stairs, stools, and graves are thickly strewn from the English Channel to the Firth of Forth. Carlisle is almost the only northerly place of ascertained identity to which tradition assigns events of importance in the annals of his reign; but some versions do not allude to them, while others place them at Cardoel, or Cardoile, in Wales, which has withdrawn from the scope of latitude and longitude. In some romances, an encounter between Launcelot and Sir Mador de la Porte, of which more hereafter, is related to have taken place at Carlisle.

Arthur held his court at Westminster from time to time, and this explains the geography which finds Shalott at Guildford, in Surrey. To try and fix all the Arthurian localities would be waste of time, and, far worse, loss of illusion. London in its age and vastness has some

of the eternal dignity of Rome; strata on strata of conquest and civilization hide older layers from the eye, but not from the mind. Westminster will always be venerable and historic far beyond the memories of its present bridge and abbey; the sense of beginnings, of mythical preludes to recorded event, is lost only in wonder at the results. But it is very different where new-born industry or vulgarity has trampled the grave of romance out of shape and sight, so let those beware who would look too close.

Winchester is another seat of ancient beauty and dignity which lays claim to having been one of Arthur's abodes and the headquarters of the Round Table, and some of the old romances confound it with Camelot. Wherever he held his court the Round Table must have been set for the time, and all authorities agree in making Camelot his favorite place of sojourn, the starting and rallying point of the guests; and the most learned in our times identify it with the hill fort at South Cadbury, in Somersetshire, sometimes called Queen's Camel.

The nearest railway station to Cadbury is Templecombe, a pretty old village, off the track of travel; but few trains stop there daily, and as the whistle dies away the place loses recollection of them. Here once stood a consistory of the Knights Templars. Some fragments of the refectory are built into a cottage, and the chapel wall, with its fine Gothic window, partly incloses the pigsty. It is seven or eight miles from Templecombe to South Cadbury, by the quietest, greenest lanes, between banks of fern and bluebell crested with hedges hung full of scarlet berries, and past the prettiest hamlets, — four or five thatched, embowered cottages, with rustic porch and garden, planted irregularly about a low gray church with an ivied tower. Trees border the road, and above their tops are seen on all sides hills rolled in foliage. At length, one higher than the rest comes into sight, with straight, clean-

cut lines of grassy summit, and this is the old British camp, Cadbury Castle, or "the hill fort." There was a steep, stony lane, up which I had to trudge for about a quarter of a mile, the first stage of the ascent; then came a belt of trees on the edge of a trench; then a wilderness of thistles, briars, nettles, and scrub growth, — a parable of the difficulties one gets into among the confusion and contradiction of the old romances through which lies the way to historic likelihood. The hillsides grew steeper at every step, hardly to be climbed except on all fours; another bank and trench, then a smooth green slope, almost perpendicular, and a final ridge, raised slightly round a circular plateau, — about twenty acres of springy turf, without tree or shrub. Here was the place to sit and pant, and rest the shaking legs, under a blue sky; to listen to the fresh breeze rustling in the trees below, and gaze over the fertile countryside. An undulating succession of hill and dale flowed softly into each other, feathered and fringed with waving woods. Beyond the mounting, billowy uplands, several sharp, isolated peaks cut the clear air; of these, the tallest rose darkly, like a mysterious warning, and it was Glastonbury Tor.

This, then, was Camelot. Within the grassy circle stood Arthur's chief palace, the headquarters of the Round Table. Here he sat in his hall strewn with fresh rushes, and leaned his elbow on a flame-colored cushion, while no porter kept the hospitable doors. Here it was that Guinivere shone supreme among her ladies; here that Sir Bors, Sir Kay, Tor, Gawaine, Balin le Savage, the prudent Dinadan, Lancelot du Lac, paid them worship in the lists and the bower, or went forth on quests and adventures, or followed the king to battle at Badon and Ashdown, or joined with Galahad and Percivale in their sacred search. This is the centre of that enchanted realm in which still are hidden the magic spring, the lake, the isle, the pavilion of plea-

sure, the castle, the mystic chapel, the lawless forest, the hermit's cell. Hither came Tristan of Lyonesse to vindicate the honor of Cornish knights, who were held to be cowards by the Round Table, perhaps in contempt of their king, Mark. He was introduced by Launcelot, his brother in arms; and on his arrival "came Queen Guinivere and many ladies with her, and all these ladies said with one voice: 'Welcome Sir Tristan;' 'welcome' said the damosels; 'welcome' said the knights; 'welcome' said king Arthur, 'for one of the best knights and gentlest in the world.'"

As the loves of Tristan and Yseult belong especially to Tintagel, so do those of Launcelot and Guinivere to Camelot. Although the latter's personality is not so trenchant as Yseult's, it is finely and consistently indicated by the old romances, and Tennyson has perfected the picture by observing the outline. There is always something large and lofty about her even in her whims and humors; she is royal. She bears a bad character in Wales to this day, where, I am told, Ganor, short for Gwenhwyvar, is an ill name for a woman, as Florinda was in Spain after the fall of King Roderick. There is an old Welsh rhyme about Guinivere which means "bad when little, worse when great." But her name is not so eschewed in Cornwall, where it is said to survive in the patronymic of Jennifer; and the prejudice, wherever it exists, rests on the end, not on the beginning, of her story. In Sir Thomas Malory she treads grandly through her ordeals, though the ground was as hot ploughshares under her feet. The bluff Sir Bors, no courtier, though he was of Launcelot's family, declared that "always she hath been large and free of her goods to all good knights, and the most bounteous lady of her gifts and good graces that ever I saw or heard speak of." The ten knights wearing the white armor of her bodyguard, who were wounded in her behalf, had cause

to remember her good graces; for she had them laid in a chamber adjoining hers, and tended them with her own hands, day and night, until they were healed. When five kings made war on Arthur and he took the field, he asked the queen to go with him, that her presence might embolden him; and she replied, "'Sir, I am at your command and shall be ready what time soever ye be ready.'" When they were forced across Humber, the river being dangerous, Arthur bade her choose between capture and the risk of drowning, and she answered that she would rather die in the water than fall into the enemy's hands. Her thanks to Sir Kay for his bravery in this strait, and her promise "to bear his noble fame among ladies," are spoken with the same queenly spirit and freedom. Her affection and veneration for the king were strong at first, perhaps to the last; on his departure against the Romans, Guinivere was overcome by grief, and was carried fainting to her chamber by her ladies.

This is the epoch of Launcelot's first appearance at court, so far as the devious chronology can be followed; and if there was already some unavowed love between them, they were so far above even self-suspicion that Launcelot openly professed his admiration for the queen and chose her as his lady, and she accepted him as her knight elect. As their lives go on and their chivalrous relations change, her emotions become more violent; her anger, grief, and jealousy get the upper hand too often, until she turns into something of a termagant. There is a humorous touch of nature in the incidents of her absence, through illness, from a brilliant tournament on Humber, near Launcelot's castle of Joyeuse Garde. It was when Tristan and Yseult had fled together from Cornwall, during an uprising of the people against King Mark, and they were Launcelot's guests. As Guinivere could not preside, Yseult was made queen of the tourney,

though because of her forfeit honor her pavilion was apart from the other ladies'. It was the crowning moment for her and her minstrel knight, and in an outburst of triumphant happiness he sent greeting to Guinivere "that in all the land there were but four lovers, — Queen Guinivere and Sir Launcelot du Lac, Sir Tristram of Lyonesse and Queen Isoud." The queen had much curiosity about these doings, the report of which reached her at a seaside castle where she was getting well, with great praise of Yseult "for her beautie, bountie and mirth," and she broke out with the petulance of convalescence: "'O mercy Jesu! so saith all the people that hath seen her and spoken with her. . . . It misfortuned me of my sickness while that tournament endured, and I suppose I shall never see in all my life such an assembly of knights and ladies as ye had there.'"

Humor is not lacking in many of the Arthurian adventures, and Dinadan, the modern man, is something of a wag; but there is little place for it in the fatal love-tale about which the epic revolves. In the course of years Guinivere's passion for Launcelot outruns caution and disguise, under the trials to which her self-control is exposed by his dangers, absences, captivities, and allurements by other women. Little by little everybody is in the secret except Arthur; and though his mistrust is sometimes stirred, he puts it aside with grand magnanimity. These passages are gathered and summed up by the master hand in Launcelot and Elaine. That touching vision came among the rest, during the long afternoon while I lingered on the hill fort, and I looked far and wide for the river down which her barge floated, and into which the jealous queen flung the diamonds. At last I caught a gleam of water, and made out a little stream — the Camel, no doubt — twisting among the meadows at the base of the hill. Too much has to be allowed for shallowing

and shrinking even in over a thousand years for imagination to see the boat and boatman, and the fair corpse, borne down that rivulet. With great unwillingness to shift the scene of so exquisite an episode, I had to fall back on Sir Thomas Malory's assertion that Astolat, or Shalott, was Guildford, in Surrey, and that the Thames carried the lady to London, while Arthur was sojourning at Westminster. The original of Elaine in the old metrical *Morte Arthur* is a more spoiled and self-willed maiden than the lily maid of Astolat. The ancient poem says her cheek

"was rede as blossom on brere,"

and the likeness of a wild rose is more in keeping with her untrained bloom and forlorn end. But Tennyson generously gave us the pure and pensive image which could not be spared from her place in the *Idylls of the King*.

The earlier portion of the *Arthuriad*, after the preliminary incidents are disposed of and the leading personages have been introduced, is pervaded by a bright freshness as of the breeze and sunshine of morning. The knights and ladies are young; the swords are unworn though not unproved, the shields untarnished; love, faith, hope, ambition, and belief in life are warming the veins and lifting the hearts. There are bursts of joy and recklessness, born of animal spirits and the exuberance of youth. There are springs of tenderness in these dauntless souls, not yet dried by the length and drought of the day. Even King Mark, the meanest and most abject of the throng, finding the bodies of an Irish knight, killed in combat by Balin, and of his lady-love, who stabbed herself on seeing him fall, lays them together in a rich tomb within a beautiful church. The friendship of the brute creation and its part in the life of man give rise to many touching incidents. The most important of them is the adventure of the lady of the white hart and

her knight, who kills Gawaine's hounds to avenge the pet creature's death. "Why have ye slain my hounds?" said Sir Gawaine. "They did but after their kind, and lever had I ye had wroken your anger upon me than upon a dumb beast." The death of the hart and hounds brought about the death of the knight and lady, for which Gawaine was tried by Guinivere's court of ladies, and rebuked by his younger brother and squire: "'Ye should give mercy to them that ask mercy, for a knight without mercy is without worship.'" Percivale, on a lone mountain-side, beset with foes and danger, rescues a lion's whelp from a serpent; the lion kills the snake, carries the whelp to a safe place, and comes back to fawn on Percivale like a spaniel. The knight, in the loneliness of his peril, stroked him "on the neck and on the shoulders and gave thanks to God for the fellowship of the beast." The little hound given by Tristan to Yseult plays his humble part in their drama, he alone recognizing his lord through the rags and strangeness of a lately past insanity. Horses and their faithful service are not forgotten. When Launcelot nearly lost his life in an ambush, and his horse was shot under him, the devoted creature followed his master, with forty arrows in his flanks and his entrails dragging, until he fell dead. Even birds have their place in this largely drawn plan of an ideal world. Launcelot got into one of his worst scrapes by climbing a tree to release a falcon entangled in her jesses. "When she would have taken flight she hung by the legs fast, and Sir Launcelot saw how she hung and beheld the fair perigot and was sorry for her." Arthur has the largest share of this compassion, the high-minded, great-hearted king, who was subject to a sacred rage in the fray, was pitiful and courteous to any woman, child, serf, or beast that cried for help.

Woods and flowery fields were favorite resorts of the brotherhood, in the

prime of their errantry; they were addicted to sitting by forest wells and springs, a practice so well known of them that a heart-whole fellow, passing where a knight lay watching the bubbles in a fountain, taxed him at once with being of the court and with his lovelorn state. Launcelot's grief after a night of bitter repentance is assuaged by hearing the birds sing at dawn. Feeling for nature, so vehemently claimed as a development of modern sensibility, belongs not only to Sir Thomas Malory, but to the old romances, which abound even more than he does in picturesque details and descriptions. They are sprinkled with little poems in prose on springtime and summer. "The spring returns, the trees are in their bloom, the forest in its beauty, the birds chaunt, the sea is smooth, the gently rising tide sounds hollow, the wind is still. The best armour against misfortune is prayer."¹ Malory has a lovely interlude on May, wherein "true love is likened to summer," as introduction to How Queen Guinevere rode on Maying. These softer strains run through the gladsome measures of hunting, tilting, and going to battle. Only the predictions of Merlin rise from time to time, like the chill breath on a cloudless day foretelling a change of weather. Gradually the morning music dies away, and exultation gives place to murmurs, wrangling, recrimination, care, and remorse. Under the changefulness of fortune and the fickle heart of man, the bonds of loyalty slacken, those of love and friendship chafe, the lustre of the Round Table grows dull. In this transition Malory shows his knowledge of life and human nature, as well as his genius; no modern analyst has a finer touch for the intricacies of the heart. Even the nameless bards and romance-writers of the dark ages knew the difference between a light love and a master passion. He and his forerunners

¹ Rev. Evan Evans's *Specimens of Ancient Welsh Poetry*, 1764.

perfectly understood how to class those temporary bonds which are twisted and loosened by vanity or vexation, and the mortal hold of a love like Launcelot and Guinivere's, Tristan and Yseult's, and that of Yseult's unhappy paynim adorer, Sir Palomides, or the undying wifely devotion of Elizabeth of Lyonesse and the fair Ynid. The proceedings of the lovers and their views of love remind one that there is no new thing under the sun. "‘Madam,’ said Sir Launcelot” (when the queen hypocritically reproached him with hardness of heart to Elaine), "‘I love not to be constrained in love, for love must arise of the heart and not by no constraint.’ ‘That is truth,’ said the king and many knights : ‘love is free in himself and never will be bounden ; for where he is bounden he loseth himself.’” They wrote to each other, in spite of prudence, and the letters were intercepted, as in later days. Merlin, the sage, after leading his long life with credit and dignity, when he was an old man “fell on a dotage” of the youthful Vivien, with what disastrous result is known. He remains the type and warning of amorous graybeards. When three knights, Marhaus, Gawaine, and Uwayne, or Evan, met three damsels, and agreed to spend a year in their company, seeking adventures, the eldest knight chose the youngest maid ; the young squire, who had not won his spurs, took the elderly damsel, who discreetly guided him to renown. The modification of temperament and character by time and circumstance is indicated with consummate skill, yet with absolute simplicity of method.

The art of bookmaking was not understood in those days, however. The prose *Morte d'Arthur* is a patchy bit of work ; the edges of the scraps seldom meet exactly. It is easy to recognize different versions of one story in several adventures which are narrated as happening at distinct times and places. Even by its own system of chronology

and geography there are discrepancies and contradictions ; it is full of clumsy translation, while the bloodthirstiness of some episodes and the tender chivalry and piety of others show that the original documents must have been of widely different dates. But the same spirit animates the whole book, and that was infused by Sir Thomas Malory.

As natural vicissitude was bringing the court and fellowship to a turning-point, the St. Grail appeared. This had been foretold long before by Merlin, and it came to pass when the youth Galahad saw the vision of the sacred chalice in hall and vowed to follow the summons. The other knights saw it at the same time in different manifestations, and all swore to follow ; the gay Gawaine, who was the first to swear, was the first to weary of the search. From this climax there is a change of tone in Malory's recital, which can be explained only by supposing a different and deeper meaning in the old romance whence he took the quest of the Sangreal from those which furnished him with the histories of Merlin and Arthur, and the previous adventures of various knights. It has a strange solemnizing effect on the rest of the story. In the choosing of Arthur as king, in spite of his doubtful birth and humble rearing, and the setting him over the heads of petty kings and powerful chieftains, there is a Scriptural significance, which reappears faintly from time to time during the epic. This, however, may be merely the glimpsing up of eternal moral truths underlying the course of events in history and human life, of which romance and fiction are but rearrangements. But after the quest of the St. Grail is proclaimed, the fabulous color of the adventures gives place to an allegorical one. There is a mystic elevation, a religious fervor, in the moods of the knights and in their pursuits ; they vow themselves to the service of Christ instead of to their lady's ; their sins find them out and bring them to repentance.

A gentler code prevails in their encounters; they are content to prove their prowess by overthrowing an adversary without slaying him. Hermits and holy women begin to play important parts; white birds and beasts and flowers and white-robed visitants haunt the visions of the knights; the personages themselves become conscious that they are carrying out an allegory, as when the anchorite expounds to Gawaine that the captives in the Castle of Maidens typify "the good soules that were in prison afore the incarnation of Christ." Sir Bors sees a pelican feed its starving young and die, and recognizes it as a symbol. The marvelous is transmuted into the miraculous. Dreams have a spiritual interpretation, temptations are of the same character, and a foreshadowing of the end falls across the minds of the brotherhood. Arthur, more than the rest, is burdened by the presentiment, and it weighs heavily on the queen, who tries to stir up the king to forbid the knights to follow the St. Grail, as they had taken their oath when he was not in hall. He will not interfere, and they set out on the morrow, after hearing mass in the minster with the king and queen, a sad and solemn farewell rite. The knights then armed and rode away, commending themselves to the queen, with a clash, tramp, and sound of departure that reverberates through the blood as one reads. This is one of the very few passages in which Tennyson has enfeebled the old narrative, instead of enriching it and making it more beautiful. His picture of Guinivere riding by Launcelot, weeping and wailing before all the people who had come out, sorrowing, to see the fellowship go forth, lacks the dignity and poignancy of the other version. She was mastered by her emotion, and withdrew to her chamber. Launcelot missed and followed her. "Ah, madam! I pray you be not displeased, for I shall come again as soon as I may with my worship."

'Alas!' said she, 'that ever I saw you! but Hee that suffered death upon the crosse for all mankind bee to you good conduct and safetie, and to all the whole fellowship.'

Day was waning when my retrospect brought this procession before me, and I followed down the steep descent; the echoes of their receding footsteps mingling with the faint, distant voice of labor calling to its children that the hours of work were over and the time for rest had come.

Objects of great antiquity are to be found within the circumference of the hill fort and its eight concentric walls and ditches, for the green mounds cover stone foundations, which, with the natural escarpment, must have made it almost impregnable to early weapons and modes of warfare; but not a vestige of them meets the eye, and the fabled Camelot gains everything by being left without one stone upon another to hinder the dreamer's rebuilding.

The search for the St. Grail altogether exceeds the bounds of terrestrial geography. The greater number of those who undertook it never came back; among these were the pearls of the order, Galahad and Percivale. Sir Bors was the last to return to court, bringing their farewell greetings. Galahad's parting message was, "Salute Sir Launcelot, my father, and bid him remember this unstable world;" and thenceforward Launcelot had a deeper tenderness for his brave kinsman, as the last earthly link with his son; for Galahad was the child of an early adventure, into which Launcelot had been entrapped by an ambitious prince and his daughter. Launcelot, to whom a terrible warning vision of the Grail had been vouchsafed, had spent part of his absence in penitence with hermits. His superiority to his mates was so striking that even the anchorites, in rebuking him, said, as if despite themselves, "For an earthly sinner thou hast no peer in knighthood."

nor never shall be, but little thank hast thou given unto God for all the great virtues that God hath lent thee." Notwithstanding these admonitions, and his deep and earnest aspirations, and the fading out of the spirit of delight, which is profoundly felt as the end of the epic approaches, he and the queen were drawn together again, neither of them being of the metal to withstand temptation when exposed to it directly. They strove and struggled, and Guinivere, moved by prudence or compunction, forbade Launcelot the court with some high words, and he left it in wrath. To hide her heaviness of heart, the queen gave a banquet for twenty-four knights, among whom was the volatile Gawaine. A secret foe of his contrived that a dish of poisoned apples should be placed on table, within Gawaine's reach, but it was Sir Patrise who eat and fell dead. On this the knights left the table, in fear that there was a plot to poison them all, in revenge for their gossip about the queen, and Mador de la Porte took up the cause, as next of kin to Sir Patrise. She was accused to Arthur, who, though persuaded of her innocence, could not break the code and appear as his wife's champion, and told her to send for Launcelot or another defender. The queen believed that Launcelot had left the country, and knew not where to turn, as the guests at her feast included the knights of greatest prowess of the fellowship. If not vindicated she would be burnt alive, and in her despair she appealed to the blunt and honest Bors, Launcelot's next of kin, and devoted to him with a doglike fidelity, who promised to take up her battle if no better man should offer. Authorities differ as to whether the lists were marked out and the stake and fagots set up at the forgotten Cardoile in Wales, or at merry Carlisle in the breezy north marches, or, as Malory says, at Westminster. Mador was overthrown in single combat by an unknown knight who rode up at the last moment, and was none other than Laun-

celot in disguise. He was wounded in the encounter, and when he came to receive the thanks of the king and queen, and put off his helmet, "she wept so tenderly that she sank almost to the ground that he had done to her so great goodness where she showed him great unkindness." But this misadventure was not of a sort to put a stop to gossip. Her anxiety increased; she sent him from court again, and this time chance led him to Astolat.

The flitting of Elaine across the disorder of the court, the surmises to which her sad tale gave rise, by strange and adverse chance brought about the catastrophe for Launcelot and the queen. They had enemies, among whom was the king's nephew, Mordred, bent on usurping the throne, and sowing dissension and dishonor through the court and realm as means to his end. Through him discovery and disgrace overtook them.

The conclusion is prolonged by Sir Thomas Malory with a diversity of magnanimous and affecting incidents, in which the nobility of the chief actors comes to light in a final glow. Launcelot and the queen escape to his castle on Humber; his kinsfolk rally to him; Arthur lays siege to the fortress, and passages of perfect chivalry take place between the mortally aggrieved king and his once best friend and knight. Many of the brilliant order lose their lives; the kingdom is wasted by the strife, and the Pope intervenes, commanding Arthur to make peace under pain of interdict, and to pardon Guinivere and her lover. The king, for the sake of religion and for the good of his realm, yields, and the three meet, in presence of the court and the armies, at Carlisle, where Launcelot had rescued her from peril of death.

They assembled in the green lap of the unbounded Cumberland landscape, — a bold, open country, where the fells sweep skyward with a fine breadth, freshened by strong breezes; clouds and sunshine, ragged rainstorms, thunder and

lightning, chase across them forever; there is no chance for settled weather. In summer the woods are dark and dense; the grassy fields are dotted with haymakers or with grazing sheep; flashing brooks race and brawl round shady bluffs; the banks are truly pied with clover, buttercups, daisies, forget-me-nots, and bluebells, over which glare scarlet poppies, and the tall foxglove — fairy finger by a prettier name — waves its purple flowers. There is a sense of freedom in Cumberland seldom felt in English scenery; there seems to be no bottom land or low ground, and no middle distance; everywhere you stand high, and the eye at once climbs the steep, widespreading fell. The singularity of the landscape is that you are always looking up at it. Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and the jagged peaks and bulks of lesser mountains encircle the view, but do not shut it in; the glance travels to the horizon.

Hither came the queen and Launcelot, "in white samite with silver shredde, ivory saddle and white steed," says the ancient metrical *Morte Arthur*, accompanied by a hundred knights in green velvet, in which their horses too were trapped to the heels; and every knight wore a green wreath and held a branch of olive in his hand, tokening peace. "And behold and wist you," Sir Thomas Malory relates, "there was many a weeping eye. And then Sir Launcelot alight . . . and took the queen and so led her to where King Arthur was in his seat . . . and then he kneeled down and the queen both. . . . The king sat still and said no word." Launcelot, as in honor bound, maintained Guinivere's innocence, offering to fight any knight alive in defense of her good name. Gawaine, Arthur's nephew, would have taken up the challenge on his uncle's behalf, but it was ruled that even single combat on this score would infringe the Pope's decree.

With this splendid scene the curtain

falls on the glory of the Round Table. The queen withdrew to a convent; Launcelot, with his whole family and following, to his own country of France. His sorrow on leaving the land of his adoption, "'most noble Christian realm, whom I have loved above all other realms,'" is deeply moving. To France Arthur and the knights who remained of his broken court and order, Gawaine among them, pursued Launcelot, and besieged him at his castle in Brittany, with a liberal interpretation of the Pope's prohibition, leaving Mordred regent. One of the finest touches of the conclusion is the relentless purpose of Gawaine, once the lightest trifter of the court, yet a true knight and prince, under the tragic stress of the exigency and his vindictive grief for his brothers. He fights and is wounded by Launcelot, and defies him to another meeting as soon as he shall be healed. Meanwhile, however, the news comes of treason, rebellion, and invasion at home, and Arthur and his host are called back to Britain, where Gawaine dies, and Arthur declares that "now all earthly joy is gone from him." All this and much that follows is eminently pathetic, and in place in a romance; but Lord Tenyson's abridgment is at once more poetical and more dramatic. Both he and Sir Thomas Malory lead the way to Salisbury.

Salisbury Plain is endowed with the inalienable grandeur of the Roman Campagna or the Libyan desert. There is nothing else so striking, nothing so strange, in all England. Groups of trees, patches of cultivation, scattered farm buildings, encroach here and there on its wide solitude, but they take nothing from the effect of boundless openness and unrecorded antiquity. As the eye ranges over it, certain details are noted: grassy burrows, the burying-places of prehistoric times, the bright green rings which show where fairies have danced overnight, the outlines of more than one British camp, and the shafts

and trioliths of Stonehenge standing up against the sky. These break the surface slightly, but are lost in the general view of the dull-colored sweep, rising and falling in long, calm swells. In my memory the sky is always lowering, and the sun sends broad beams of dim light through rifts in the clouds. It is a scene of loneliness and desolation not to be surpassed, which seems to belong wholly to times gone by beyond recollection, yet which, even in those furthest bygone times, must have looked the same as now. The Arthurian account of Stonehenge is that Merlin had the huge stones brought by magic, and set up in commemoration of Arthur's triumph; and this is the only adequate explanation which has been given of the way in which they came there.

Where the reiterated rise and fall of the plain breaks into irregularities towards the northeast there is a dell, closed in by two hills and hidden by beautiful trees, through which the small, clear stream of the upper Avon speeds along. Centuries before the monk Austin came from Rome to evangelize England, some of the first saints who brought Christianity to Britain, building churches and religious houses which were to serve as the foundations, spiritual and material, of later and more famous ones, made this peaceful nook a sacred retreat, and called it Ambrosebury. They built some sort of shelter for their meditations and ministrations.

"A tower by weste
Was byggyd by a burney's flode,"

the metrical romance says, and in after-times two successive Saxon nunneries and a Norman one were erected on the spot; the old name being corrupted first into Almesbury, then Amesbury, which it keeps to this day. Here Guinivere took refuge after the discovery of her guilt, and here came Launcelot, after Arthur's overthrow, to carry her off to his castle in Brittany, and defend her against the whole world.

But repentance had entered into her soul, with an awakening to the magnitude of her sin and the calamities which it had brought upon the realm. She called the ladies and gentlewomen of the convent together, and confessed before them all: "'Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought. . . . Through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed.'" She declared her purpose of devoting the rest of her days to expiation. "'And I trust, through God's grace, that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ. . . . Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that was ever betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee, on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company.'" She further bade him go to his own country, marry, be happy, and pray for her that she might "amend her mis-living." "'Now, sweet madam,' said Sir Launcelot, 'would ye that I should return again unto my own country, there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that shall I never do.'" Life was ended for him as for her, and, gained by her contrition and exhortations, Launcelot vowed to give up the world and devote himself to prayer. Thus they parted forever, without the last kiss, which he besought in vain, but with such unutterable love and woe that the nuns wept for the anguish of their farewell; "and there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made." There is no more tragical or majestic queen in fiction than Guinivere as she appears at the last; there is no page in literature more palpitating with high-wrought passion than Sir Thomas Malory's recital of the parting and death of Launcelot and his royal lady.

Every trace of the convent is gone. A modern mansion keeps the name of Amesbury Abbey, and its walls hold the former stones, — the stones against which

Guinivere laid her golden head, under her husband's sublime rebuke and pardon, and on which she knelt daily for three years of penitence, until she died. Through the weird, lonely tract from which they were gathered to build the first religious house, Arthur traversed the place once made joyous by his coronation, on his mission of farewell and forgiveness. He must so have come and gone, for it is crossed by a Roman road and an old British trackway, by one of which he must have taken his way to Amesbury, and thence to join his army for the final battle on the Cornish coast.

It might be thought that if tradition could keep its hold on one site more than any other of Arthurian story, it would be upon that of the disastrous defeat which alone, of the entire cycle, belongs to the catalogue of historic facts, when the great leader of the native tribes fell before the alliance of domestic treachery with the swarms of invasion, and left Britain without a head, to be overrun by Danes, Saxons, and Normans, until her nationality and even her name were ground off the face of the land. It was assuredly one of the decisive battles of the world, yet the field is as uncertain as any of the Arthurian localities. Cornwall claims it, and places it near Camelford, not far from Tintagel, where there is a second little river Camel, which Drayton says goes hither and thither at random:—

“Frantic ever since her British Arthur's blood
By Mordred's murderous hand was mingled
with her flood.”

The name of Slaughter Bridge commemorates the catastrophe, as well as a great battle in Saxon times, three centuries afterwards. One tradition says, further, that on that bridge Arthur met his traitor nephew Mordred during the fight, and slew him before getting his own death-wound. The spot is picturesque, and not wanting in romantic suggestion. The long, sharp-backed hills stretch out in bleak uniformity, seamed at irreg-

ular angles by the hedge-walls; above them rise two mounts, square-topped, but broken in outline, with a sinister, ominous bearing, like the high places of human sacrifice. They are called Roughtor and Brown Willy, a corruption of Bron Wella, or Beacon-Breast, in Cornish, and are the highest points in Cornwall. Overlooked by these, at the head of the narrow, twisting vale in which Camelford lies, is a low, one-arched stone bridge, spanning a brook half strangled in rushes; a little way off, on one hand, stands a gray mill with a mossy water-wheel; on the other, an old gateway, leading I know not whither, with two tall, rude stone gateposts surmounted by rough stone balls which might have been shot from a catapult. It is a good site for a duel or any other deadly encounter in past times, but not for a battle; and I left it altogether converted to the theory, adopted by Tennyson, that the battle took place on some more open space in the lost region of Lyonesse.

Lyonesse was the westernmost part of Cornwall, when the peninsula reached thirty miles beyond Land's End, and broke off, not in that unimpressive cliff, a low jetty compared to Tintagel and

“The thundering shores of Bos and Bude,”

but in the terrible outposts of the Scilly Isles. It must have been a soft summerland, like the whole south coast; the high ridges having run themselves out into mere craggy partitions between the dells and combes, heavily wooded, as the submerged forest off Mount's Bay still testifies. The low-lying, open country must have been golden with buttercups in the meadows, gorse blazing like bonfires on the banks, with yellow flag-flowers waving in the marshes, and laburnums shaking their golden tresses to the wind under the lee of every gentle slope. A hundred and forty Christian churches are said to have been founded in that blessed region, and no doubt the

missionaries, who were from more civilized countries, taught their converts some of the simple arts of peace, and sheep grazed, orchards bloomed, and wheat ripened in the warm folds of the landscape. It was from this pleasant land that Tristram came, with his harp and the lays and ways of minstrels from across the narrow seas. It was here, most likely, that Percivale and others of the Round Table found the hermitages and monasteries to which they resorted for seasons of prayer and penance, or to close their warlike days in religious meditation. Here, and not in the clefts of Roughtor and Bron Wella, Arthur and the remnant of his knights met Mordred and his heathen allies, and the sound of battle rolled above the rolling of the surf on either coast. During the silent period of English history Lyonesse was engulfed by the sea, either by a tremendous physical convulsion, such as formed the Zuyder Zee, or by gradual inroads, like those which have got possession of the neighboring coast of Wales. The flowery domain, with its churches and castles, its humbler homes and the bleaching bones of the great battlefield, lies fathoms below the waves that roll their long, undulating swell in and out of the caverns at Land's End, and dash in a fury of foam against the fangs of the Scilly Isles, standing up like a shark's teeth, edgewise, against the Atlantic sky-line.

The last station of my pilgrimage was the abbey of Glastonbury, famed centuries before Arthur because of its sacred origin and its miraculous privileges. The way lies through the lovely vale of Cheddar, with the British Channel on one hand, and on the other the Mendip Hills, a high range softly overlaid by turf and trees, breaking off abruptly here and there into steep crags; below the surface there are caves hung with fantastic stalactites, in which have been found human skeletons and weapons. Turning east from the valley,

the road crosses a flat stretch, from which is seen a very high hill standing up alone, wooded half-way to the top, and crowned by a ruined tower. This is Glastonbury Tor, with the ruined chapel of St. Michael mounting guard over a quiet little Old World town, which bears the stamp of devoutness on its cruciform ground-plan, with a market cross at the intersection of four compact streets. It meekly wears the ornament of two beautiful old churches, St. John's and St. Benedict's, and owns, without boast, two curious, picturesque inns of remote date: one is the George, the pilgrims' hostelry of former times; the other, the Red Lion, was the gatehouse of the abbey, and keeps the Gothic entrance, and some beautiful fretwork and mullions in certain small chambers where guests may refresh themselves and rest. Many house-fronts in the town are built with fragments of the abbey, but the small place is so sweet and sedate that there seems to be no desecration in putting these sacred stones to domestic use. Glastonbury is a country town in the truest sense. Its streets, paved with cobble-stones and without sidewalks, emerge directly upon open fields. On one hand is the Tor; on the other, a grassy steep named Wearyall Hill, where the legend begins which has hallowed the spot from the lucent time before the dark ages to this day.

"Sothely Glastonbury is the holiest erth in England,"

says the ancient romance of Joseph of Arimathea, and goes on to relate how our Saviour's latest friend, after roaming about the world, waiting for the voice of the Spirit to bid him stop, heard the intimation as he came down this hillside, and saw the island valley of Avalon at his feet. He paused, and planted his staff, of which he had no further need. Forthwith it took root, and in due time, being a thorn, but of no native species, put out leaves and flowers, and grew into a thick tree,

which blossomed at Christmas, when every English thorn stands black and bare. This prodigy, repeated yearly, had made the tree an object of veneration centuries before the life of Joseph of Arimathea was compiled, which was between A. D. 1300 and 1400, according to Skeat, the authority on early English metrical romances. And an older poem on the same subject refers to a still more ancient chronicle:—

“Then hyther into Brytayne Ioseph dyd come,
 . . . as the old boke says.”

The pious practice of taking slips and cuttings from the holy thorn, as it was called, has given us living witnesses of its power, though the Puritans rooted out the parent stock as an object of idolatrous worship. They were planted in various parts of England and France, and several remain. One thrives in the episcopal garden at Wells, another within the precinct of Glastonbury Abbey. As all the shoots possess the same privilege, they may still be seen at Christmas in leaf and flower, a yearly prodigy, and a testimony to the marvel of a millennium and a half ago, to put it at the latest. The legend runs that Joseph built a cell and chapel in the heart of the isle of Avalon, said to be the first place of Christian worship in Britain, and preached Christ to the Britons, who heard him gladly, founded a religious house, and there ended peaceful days, and was buried. The chapel of wood or wattles, “wreathed twigs,” says Dugdale, in the *Monasticum Anglicanum*, was preserved as a relic (like the cell of St. Francis Assisi) in the churches which rose, one after another, on the consecrated spot; it went to pieces in the course of a thousand years, and is represented by the lady chapel of the latest edifice, better known as the Chapel of St. Joseph. St. Patrick and St. Benedict were among the early abbots, and the fiery Dunstan, who is credited with building the first stone church there. It was sacred ground to Briton, Roman,

Saxon, Dane, and Norman, and the burial-place of several of the West Saxon kings. As Mr. Freeman wrote in his *Origin of the English Nation*, “It stands alone among English minsters as the one link which does really bind us to the ancient church of the Briton and the Roman.” It grew in fame and beauty, and spread its dependencies over the neighboring fields, where the abbot’s kitchen and barn stand firm, fine specimens of what may be called domestic ecclesiastical building. On the south slope of Wearyall Hill, which keeps the name of the Vineyards, the monks planted grapes to make their own wine.

It is sad to think that the abbey, in its full beauty of holiness, might still give shelter to worship within its thrice-hallowed inclosure, but it is a ruin. The last abbot stood up manfully against the robberies of Henry VIII., and was dragged on a hurdle from his monastery to the top of the Tor, where, before St. Michael’s tower, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered. The treasures and revenues of the abbey were taken by the Crown, the fraternity was dispersed, and the exquisite church fell into decay.

The remains are unspeakably beautiful now, in the midst of a grassy, shady space, surrounded by gardens shut in by walls wreathed in ivy and clematis. I was there in one of the few cloudless hours I have known in England. The afternoon was hot and bright; the trees threw cool shadows over the smooth green; the sunshine streamed across the Gothic windows of St. Joseph’s Chapel, and through its broken, grass-grown pavement into the very arches of the crypt, which is filled up with shrubs and bushes and graceful creepers. Sad, sad for religion, but better thus for the musing of romance. Under the stones of this crypt, transferred from an older tomb, was found, in Henry II.’s historic reign, a great coffin, encasing the mighty bones of a king and the smaller ones of a woman, whose golden hair had

not yet fallen into dust. It was inscribed, "Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arthurus in insula Avalonia." This happened at the time of founding the exquisite lady chapel, of which the ruins now represent the abbey.

I turned away, possessed by conviction, to climb the steep Tor for my last look at the land of Arthur, — "that man of men," as Drayton calls him. It stands up like a watch-tower above the island of Avalon, which is embowered in trees just about Glastonbury, but spreads out into flat marsh land, covered for miles with stacks and mows of peat cut for use. The Britons called it Glassy Island, from the clearness of its encircling streams, and Avallon from the Welsh *afallwyn*, an orchard, as it once abounded in apple-trees. They have gone, and so have the glassy streams, gradually sucked up by the bog; but within a hundred years of the dissolution of the abbey there were waterways to the sea, by which the abbots went and came

in boats. Beyond the flats hills rise, range after range, to the bright line of the Bristol Channel. The abbots of the fifteenth century followed the same course by which the mysterious barge brought the dying Arthur. Was not the myth his undying seclusion, the truth his secret burial in the holy earth of Glastonbury? As I thought this theory out to my own satisfaction, the clouds, which had taken a half-holiday, returned to gather thickly overhead, leaving only a broad band of clear sky above the water; the round red sun was slipping into the waves, and a ship passed slowly before the disk, every spar black and sharp against the parting ruddiness.

And so, with a retrospective portent, the journey ended. It was made between midsummer and Michaelmas, for the Arthurian cycle knows no winter. It belongs to youth and mellow manhood; at the first touch of age the brotherhood fades from sight.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

VII.

THERE is no use in burdening my table with those letters of inquiry as to where our meetings are held, and what are the names of the persons designated by numbers, or spoken of under the titles of the Professor, the Tutor, and so forth. It is enough that you are aware who I am, and that I am known at the tea-table as The Dictator. Theatrical "asides" are apt to be whispered in a pretty loud voice, and the persons who ought not to have any idea of what is said are expected to be reasonably hard of hearing. If I named all The Teacups, some of them might be offended. If any of my readers happen to be able

to identify any one Teacup by some accidental circumstance, — say, for instance, Number Five, by the incident of her burning the diamond, — I hope they will keep quiet about it. Number Five does n't want to be pointed out in the street as the extravagant person who makes use of such expensive fuel, for the story would soon grow to a statement that she always uses diamonds, instead of cheaper forms of carbon, to heat her coffee with. So with other members of the circle. The "cracked Teacup," Number Seven, would not, perhaps, be pleased to recognize himself under that title. I repeat it, therefore, *Do not try to identify the individual Teacups.* You will not get

them right; or, if you do, you may too probably make trouble. How is it possible that I can keep up my freedom of intercourse with you all if you insist on bellowing my "asides" through a speaking-trumpet? Besides, you cannot have failed to see that there are strong symptoms of the springing up of delicate relations between some of our number. I told you how it would be. It did not require a prophet to foresee that the saucy intruder who, as Mr. Willis wrote, and the dear dead girls used to sing, in our young days,

"Taketh every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth,"

would pop his little curly head up between one or more pairs of Teacups. If you will stop these questions, then, I will go on with my reports of what was said and done at our meetings over the teacups.

Of all things beautiful in this fair world, there is nothing so enchanting to look upon, to dream about, as the first opening of the flower of young love. How closely the calyx has hidden the glowing leaves in its quiet green mantle! Side by side, two buds have been tossing jauntily in the breeze, often brought very near to each other, sometimes touching for a moment, with a secret thrill in their close-folded heart-leaves, it may be, but still the cool green sepals shutting tight over the burning secret within. All at once a morning ray touches one of the two buds, and the point of a blushing petal betrays the imprisoned and swelling blossom.

— Oh, no, I did not promise a love-story. There may be a little sentiment now and then, but these papers are devoted chiefly to the opinions, prejudices, fancies, whims, of myself, The Dictator, and others of The Teacups who have talked or written for the general benefit of the company.

Here are some of the remarks I made the other evening on the subject of *Intellectual Over-Feeding* and its consequence, *Mental Dyspepsia*.

There is something positively appalling in the amount of printed matter yearly, monthly, weekly, daily, secreted by that great gland of the civilized organism, the press. I need not dilate upon this point, for it is brought home to every one of you who ever looks into a bookstore or a public library. So large is the variety of literary products continually coming forward, forced upon the attention of the reader by stimulating and suggestive titles, commended to his notice by famous names, recasting old subjects and developing and illustrating new ones, that the mind is liable to be urged into a kind of unnatural hunger, leading to a repletion which is often followed by disgust and disturbed nervous conditions as its natural consequence.

It has long been a favorite rule with me, a rule which I have never lost sight of, however imperfectly I have carried it out: Try to know enough of a wide range of subjects to profit by the conversation of intelligent persons of different callings and various intellectual gifts and acquisitions. The cynic will paraphrase this into a shorter formula: Get a smattering in every sort of knowledge. I must therefore add a second piece of advice: Learn to hold as of small account the comments of the cynic. He is often amusing, sometimes really witty, occasionally, without meaning it, instructive; but his talk is to profitable conversation what the stone is to the pulp of the peach, what the cob is to the kernels on an ear of Indian corn. Once more, do not be bullied out of your common sense by the specialist; two to one, he is a pedant, with all his knowledge and valuable qualities, and will "cavil on the ninth part of a hair," if it will give him a chance to show off his idle erudition.

I saw attributed to me, the other day, the saying, "Know something about everything, and everything about something." I am afraid it does not belong to me, but I will treat it as I used to treat a stray boat which came through my meadow, floating down the Housatonic, — get hold of it and draw it ashore, and hold on to it until the owner turns up. If this precept is used discreetly, it is very serviceable; but it is as well to recognize the fact that you cannot know something about everything in days like these of intellectual activity, of literary and scientific production. We all feel this. It makes us nervous to see the shelves of new books, many of which we feel as if we ought to read, and some among them to study. We must adopt some principle of selection among the books outside of any particular branch which we may have selected for study. I have often been asked what books I would recommend for a course of reading. I have always answered that I had a great deal rather take advice than give it. Fortunately, a number of scholars have furnished lists of books to which the inquirer may be directed. But the worst of it is that each student is in need of a little library specially adapted to his wants. Here is a young man writing to me from a Western college, and wants me to send him a list of the books which I think would be most useful to him. He does not send me his intellectual measurements; and he might as well have sent to a Boston tailor for a coat, without any hint of his dimensions in length, breadth, and thickness.

But instead of laying down rules for reading, and furnishing lists of the books which should be read in order, I will undertake the much humbler task of giving a little *quasi*-medical advice to persons, young or old, suffering from book-hunger, book-surfeit, book-nervousness, book-indigestion, book-nausea, and all other maladies which, directly or in-

directly, may be traced to books, and to which I could give Greek or Latin names if I thought it worth while.

I have a picture hanging in my library, a lithograph, of which many of my readers may have seen copies. It represents a gray-haired old book-lover at the top of a long flight of steps. He finds himself in clover, so to speak, among rare old editions, books he has longed to look upon and never seen before, rarities, precious old volumes, *incunabula*, cradle-books, printed while the art was in its infancy, — its glorious infancy, for it was born a giant. The old bookworm is so intoxicated with the sight and handling of the priceless treasures that he cannot bear to put one of the volumes back after he has taken it from the shelf. So there he stands, — one book open in his hands, a volume under each arm, and one or more between his legs, — loaded with as many as he can possibly hold at the same time.

Now, that is just the way in which the extreme form of book-hunger shows itself in the reader whose appetite has become over-developed. He wants to read so many books that he over-cramps himself with the crude materials of knowledge, which become knowledge only when the mental digestion has time to assimilate them. I never can go into that famous "Corner Bookstore" and look over the new books in the row before me, as I enter the door, without seeing half a dozen which I want to read, or at least to know something about. I cannot empty my purse of its contents, and crowd my bookshelves with all those volumes. The titles of many of them interest me. I look into one or two, perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a line or a sentence, in these momentary glances between the uncut leaves of a new book, which I have never forgotten. As a trivial but *bona fide* example, one day I opened a book on duelling. I remember only these words: "*Conservons-la, cette noble*

institution." I had never before seen duelling called a noble institution, and I wish I had taken the name of the book. *Book-tasting* is not necessarily profitless, but it is very stimulating, and makes one hungry for more than he needs for the nourishment of his thinking-marrow. To feed this insatiable hunger, the abstracts, the reviews, do their best. But these, again, have grown so numerous and so crowded with matter that it is hard to find time to master their contents. We are accustomed, therefore, to look for analyses of these periodicals, and at last we have placed before us a formidable-looking monthly, "The Review of Reviews." After the analyses comes the newspaper notice; and there is still room for the epigram, which sometimes makes short work with all that has gone before on the same subject.

It is just as well to recognize the fact that if one should read day and night, confining himself to his own language, he could not pretend to keep up with the press. He might as well try to race with a locomotive. The first discipline, therefore, is that of despair. If you could stick to your reading day and night for fifty years, what a learned idiot you would become long before the half-century was over! Well, then, there is no use in gorging one's self with knowledge, and no need of self-reproach because one is content to remain more or less ignorant of many things which interest his fellow-creatures. We get a good deal of knowledge through the atmosphere; we learn a great deal by accidental hearsay, provided we have the *mordant* in our own consciousness which makes the wise remark, the significant fact, the instructive incident, take hold upon it. After the stage of despair comes the period of consolation. We soon find that we are not so much worse off than most of our neighbors as we supposed. The fractional value of the wisest shows a small

numerator divided by an infinite denominator of knowledge.

I made some explanations to The Teacups, the other evening, which they received very intelligently and graciously, as I have no doubt the readers of these reports of mine will receive them. In the March number of this magazine, at the end of the fourth number of these papers, were certain lines entitled "*Ca-coethes Scribendi.*" They were said to have been found in the usual receptacle of the verses which are contributed by The Teacups, and, though the fact was not mentioned, were of my own composition. I found them in manuscript in my drawer, and as my subject had naturally suggested the train of thought they carried out into extravagance, I printed them. At the same time they sounded very natural, as we say, and I felt as if I had published them somewhere or other before; but I could find no evidence of it, and so I ventured to have them put in type.

And here I wish to take breath for a short, separate paragraph. I have often felt, after writing a line which pleased me more than common, that it was not new, and perhaps was not my own. I have very rarely, however, found such a coincidence in ideas or expression as would be enough to justify an accusation of unconscious plagiarism,—*conscious* plagiarism is not my particular failing. I therefore say my say, set down my thought, print my line, and do not heed the suspicion that I may not be as original as I supposed, in the passage I have been writing. My experience may be worth something to a modest young writer, and so I have interrupted what I was about to say by intercalating this paragraph.

In this instance my telltale suspicion had not been at fault. I *had* printed those same lines, years ago, in "The Contributors' Club," to which I have rarely sent any of my prose or verse,

Nobody but the editor has noticed the fact, so far as I know. This is consoling, or mortifying, I hardly know which. I suppose one has a right to plagiarize from himself, but he does not want to present his work as fresh from the workshop when it has been long standing in his neighbor's shop-window.

But I have just received a letter from a brother of the late Henry Howard Brownell, the poet of the Bay Fight and the River Fight, in which he quotes a passage from an old book, "A Heroine, Adventures of Cherubina," which might well have suggested my own lines, if I had ever seen it. I have not the slightest recollection of the book or the passage. I think its liveliness and "local color" will make it please the reader, as it pleases me, more than my own more prosaic extravagances: —

"LINES TO A PRETTY LITTLE MAID OF
MAMMA'S.

"If Black Sea, Red Sea, White Sea, ran
One tide of ink to Ispahan,
If all the geese in Lincoln fens
Produced spontaneous well-made pens,
If Holland old and Holland new
One wondrous sheet of paper grew,
And could I sing but half the grace
Of half a freckle in thy face,
Each syllable I wrote would reach
From Inverness to Bognor's beach, —
Each hair-stroke be a river Rhine,
Each verse an equinoctial line!"

"The immediate dismissal of the 'little maid' was the consequence."

I may as well say that our Delilah was not in the room when the last sentence was read.

Readers must be either very good-natured or very careless. I have laid myself open to criticism by more than one piece of negligence, which has been passed over without invidious comment by the readers of my papers. How could I, for instance, talk about the fisherman baiting his hook with a *giant's* tail instead of a dragon's? It is the automatic fellow — Me-Number-

Two of our dual personality — who does these things, who forgets the message Me - Number - One sends down to him from the cerebral convolutions, and substitutes a wrong word for the right one. I suppose Me-Number-Two will "sass back," and swear that "giant's" was the message which came down from headquarters. He is always doing the wrong thing and excusing himself. Who blows out the gas instead of shutting it off? Who puts the key in the desk and fastens it tight with the spring lock? Do you mean to say that the upper Me, the Me of the true thinking-marrow, the convolutions of the brain, does not know better? Of course he does, and Me-Number-Two is a careless servant, who remembers some old direction, and follows that instead of the one just given.

But come, now, why should not a giant have a tail as well as a dragon? Linnaeus admitted the *homo caudatus* into his anthropological catalogue. The human embryo has a very well marked caudal appendage; that is, the vertebral column is prolonged, just as it is in a young quadruped. During the late session of the Medical Congress at Washington, my friend Dr. Priestley, a distinguished London physician, of the highest character and standing, showed me the photograph of a small boy, some three or four years old, who had a very respectable little tail, which would have passed muster on a pig, and would have made a frog or a toad ashamed of himself. I have never heard what became of the little boy, nor have I looked in the books or journals to find out if there are similar cases on record, but I have no doubt that there are others. And if boys may have this additional ornament to their vertebral columns, why not men? And if men, why not giants? So I may not have made a very bad blunder, after all, and my reader has learned something about the *homo caudatus* as spoken of by Lin-

næus, and as shown me in photograph by Dr. Priestley.

In accounting for the blunders, and even gross blunders, which, sooner or later, one who writes much is pretty sure to commit, I must not forget the part played by the blind spot or idiotic area in the brain, which I have already described.

The most knowing persons we meet with are sometimes at fault. *Non omnia possumus omnes* is not a new nor profound axiom, but it is well to remember it as a counterpoise to that other truly American saying of the late Mr. Samuel Patch, "Some things can be done as well as others." Yes, *some* things, but not all things. We all know men and women who hate to admit their ignorance of anything. Like Talkative in "Pilgrim's Progress," they are ready to converse of "things heavenly or things earthly; things moral or things evangelical; things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come; things foreign or things at home; things more essential or things circumstantial."

Talkative is apt to be a shallow fellow, and to say foolish things about matters he only half understands, and yet he has his place in society. The specialists would grow to be intolerable, were they not counterpoised to some degree by the people of general intelligence. The man who knows *too much* about one particular subject is liable to become a terrible social infliction. Some of the worst bores (to use plain language) we ever meet with are recognized as experts of high grade in their respective departments. Beware of making so much as a pinhole in the dam that holds back their knowledge. They ride their hobbies without bit or bridle. A poet on Pegasus, reciting his own verses, is hardly more to be dreaded than a mounted specialist.

One of the best offices which women perform for men is that of tasting books for them. They may or may not be

profound students, — some of them are; but we do not expect to meet women like Mrs. Somerville, or Caroline Herschel, or Maria Mitchell at every dinner-table or afternoon tea. But give your elect lady a pile of books to look over for you, and she will tell you what they have for her and for you in less time than you would have wasted in stupefying yourself over a single volume.

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the condensed and abbreviated form in which knowledge is presented to the general reader. The short biographies of historic personages, of which within the past few years many have been published, have been a great relief to the large class of readers who want to know something, but not too much, about them.

What refuge is there for the victim who is oppressed with the feeling that there are a thousand new books he ought to read, while life is only long enough for him to attempt to read a hundred?

Many readers remember what old Rogers, the poet, said: "When I hear a new book talked about or have it pressed upon me, I read an old one." Happy the man who finds his rest in the pages of some favorite classic! I know no reader more to be envied than that friend of mine who for many years has given his days and nights to the loving study of Horace. After a certain period in life, it is always with an effort that we admit a new author into the inner circle of our intimates. The Parisian omnibuses, as I remember them half a century ago, — they may still keep to the same habit, for aught that I know, — used to put up the sign "*Complet*" as soon as they were full. Our public conveyances are never full until the natural atmospheric pressure of sixteen pounds to the square inch is doubled, in the close packing of the human sardines that fill the all-accommodating vehicles. A new-comer, how-

ever well mannered and well dressed, is not very welcome under these circumstances. In the same way, our tables are full of books half read and books we feel that we must read. And here come in two thick volumes, with uncut leaves, in small type, with many pages, and many lines to a page, — a book that must be read and ought to be read at once. What a relief to hand it over to the lovely keeper of your literary conscience, who will tell you all that you will most care to know about it, and leave you free to plunge into your beloved volume, in which you are ever finding new beauties, and from which you rise refreshed, as if you had just come from the cool waters of Helicon! The stream of modern literature represented by the books and periodicals on the crowded counters is a turbulent and clamorous torrent, dashing along among the rocks of criticism, over the pebbles of the world's daily events; trying to make itself seen and heard over the hoarse cries of the politicians and the rumbling wheels of traffic. The classic is a still lakelet, a mountain tarn, fed by springs that never fail, its surface never ruffled by storms, — always the same, always smiling a welcome to its visitor. Such is Horace to my friend. To his eye "*Lydia, dic per omnes*" is as familiar as "*Pater noster qui es in cœlis*" to that of a pious Catholic. "*Integer vitæ*," which he has put into manly English, his Horace opens to as Watts's hymn-book opens to "From all that dwell below the skies." The more he reads, the more he studies his author, the richer are the treasures he finds. And what Horace is to him, Homer, or Virgil, or Dante is to many a quiet reader, sick to death of the unending train of bookmakers.

I have some curious books in my library, a few of which I should like to say something about to The Teacups, when they have no more immediately pressing subjects before them. A

library of a few thousand volumes ought always to have some books in it which the owner almost never opens, yet with whose backs he is so well acquainted that he feels as if he knew something of their contents. They are like those persons whom we meet in our daily walks, with whose faces and figures, whose summer and winter garments, whose walking-sticks and umbrellas even, we feel acquainted, and yet whose names, whose business, whose residences, we know nothing about. Some of these books are so formidable in their dimensions, so rusty and crabbed in their aspect, that it takes a considerable amount of courage to attack them.

I will ask Delilah to bring down from my library a very thick, stout volume, bound in parchment, and standing on the lower shelf, next the fireplace. The pretty handmaid knows my books almost as if she were my librarian, and I don't doubt she would have found it if I had given only the name on the back.

Delilah returned presently, with the heavy quarto in her arms. It was a pleasing sight, — the old book in the embrace of the fresh young damsel. I felt, on looking at them, as I did when I followed the slip of a girl who conducted us in the Temple, that ancient building in the heart of London. The long-enduring monuments of the dead do so mock the fleeting presence of the living!

Isn't this book enough to scare any of you? I said, as Delilah dumped it down upon the table. The teacups jumped from their saucers as it thumped the board. *Danielis Georgii Morhofii Polyhistor, Literarius, Philosophicus et Poeticus. Lubecæ MDCCXXXIII.* Perhaps I should not have ventured to ask you to look at this old volume, if it had not been for the fact that Dr. Johnson mentions Morhof as the author to whom he was specially indebted, — more, I think, than to any other. It is a grand old encyclo-

pædic summary of all the author knew about pretty nearly everything, full of curious interest, but so strangely mediæval, so utterly antiquated in most departments of knowledge, that it is hard to believe the volume came from the press at a time when persons whom I well remember were living. Is it possible that the books which have been for me what Morhof was for Dr. Johnson can look like that to the student of the year 1990? Morhof was a believer in magic and the transmutation of metals.

There was always something fascinating to me in the old books of alchemy. I have felt that the poetry of science lost its wings when the last powder of projection had been cast into the crucible, and the fire of the last transmutation furnace went out. Perhaps I am wrong in implying that alchemy is an extinct folly. It existed in New England's early days, as we learn from the Winthrop papers, and I see no reason why gold-making should not have its votaries as well as other popular delusions.

Among the essays of Morhof is one on the "Paradoxes of the Senses." That title brought to mind the recollection of another work I have been meaning to say something about, at some time when you were in the listening mood. The book I refer to is "A Budget of Paradoxes," by Augustus De Morgan. De Morgan is well remembered as a very distinguished mathematician, whose works have kept his name in high honor to the present time. The book I am speaking of was published by his widow, and is largely made up of letters received by him and his comments upon them. Few persons ever read it through. Few intelligent readers ever took it up and laid it down without taking a long draught of its singular and interesting contents. The letters are mostly from that class of persons whom we call "cranks," in our familiar language.

At this point Number Seven inter-

rupted me by calling out, "Give us some of those cranks' letters. A crank is a man who does his own thinking. I had a relation who was called a crank. I believe I have been spoken of as one myself. That is what you have to expect if you invent anything that puts an old machine out of fashion, or solve a problem that has puzzled all the world up to your time. There never was a religion founded but its Messiah was called a crank. There never was an idea started that woke up men out of their stupid indifference but its originator was spoken of as a crank. Do you want to know why that name is given to the men who do most for the world's progress? I will tell you. It is because *cranks* make all the wheels in all the machinery of the world go round. What would a steam-engine be without a crank? I suppose the first fool that looked on the first crank that was ever made asked what that crooked, queer-looking thing was good for. When the wheels got moving he found out. Tell us something about that book which has so much to say concerning cranks."

Hereupon I requested Delilah to carry back Morhof, and replace him in the wide gap he had left in the bookshelf. She was then to find and bring down the volume I had been speaking of.

Delilah took the wisdom of the seventeenth century in her arms, and departed on her errand. The book she brought down was given me some years ago by a gentleman who had sagaciously foreseen that it was just one of those works which I might hesitate about buying, but should be well pleased to own. He guessed well; the book has been a great source of instruction and entertainment to me. I wonder that so much time and cost should have been expended upon a work which might have borne a title like the *Encomium Morie* of Erasmus; and yet it is such a wonderful museum of the productions of the squinting brains belonging to the class of persons com-

monly known as cranks that we could hardly spare one of its five hundred octavo pages.

Those of us who are in the habit of receiving letters from all sorts of would-be-literary people — letters of inquiry, many of them with reference to matters we are supposed to understand — can readily see how it was that Mr. De Morgan, never too busy to be good-natured with the people who pestered — or amused — him with their queer fancies, received such a number of letters from persons who thought they had made great discoveries, from those who felt that they and their inventions and contrivances had been overlooked, and who sought in his large charity of disposition and great receptiveness a balm for their wounded feelings and a ray of hope for their darkened prospects.

The book before us is made up from papers published in "*The Athenæum*," with additions by the author. Soon after opening it we come to names with which we are familiar, the first of these, that of Cornelius Agrippa, being connected with the occult and mystic doctrines dealt with by many of De Morgan's correspondents. But the name most likely to arrest us is that of Giordano Bruno, the same philosopher, heretic, and martyr whose statue has recently been erected in Rome, to the great horror of the Pope and his prelates in the Old World and in the New. De Morgan's pithy account of him will interest the company: "Giordano Bruno was all paradox. He was, as has been said, a vorticism before Descartes, an optimist before Leibnitz, a Copernican before Galileo. It would be easy to collect a hundred strange opinions of his. He was born about 1550, and was roasted alive at Rome, February 17, 1600, for the maintenance and defence of the Holy Church, and the rights and liberties of the same."

Number Seven could not contain himself when the reading had reached this

point. He rose from his chair, and tinkled his spoon against the side of his teacup. It may have been a fancy, but I thought it returned a sound which Mr. Richard Briggs would have recognized as implying an organic defect. But Number Seven did not seem to notice it, or, if he did, to mind it.

"Why did n't we all have a chance to help erect that statue?" he cried. "A murdered heretic in the seventeenth century, a hero of knowledge in the nineteenth, — I drink to the memory of the roasted crank, Giordano Bruno!"

Number Seven lifted his teacup to his lips, and most of us followed his example.

After this outburst of emotion and eloquence had subsided, and the teaspoons lay quietly in their saucers, I went on with my extract from the book I had in hand.

I think, I said, that the passage which follows will be new and instructive to most of the company. De Morgan's interpretation of the cabalistic sentence, made up as you will find it, is about as ingenious a piece of fanciful exposition as you will be likely to meet with anywhere in any book, new or old. I am the more willing to mention it as it suggests a puzzle which some of the company may like to work upon. Observe the character and position of the two distinguished philosophers who did not think their time thrown away in laboring at this seemingly puerile task.

"There is a kind of Cabbala Alphabetica which the investigators of the numerals in words would do well to take up; it is the formation of sentences which contain all the letters of the alphabet, and each only once. No one has done it with *v* and *j* treated as consonants; but you and I can do it. Dr. Whewell and I amused ourselves some years ago with attempts. He could not make sense, though he joined words: he gave me Phiz, styx, wrong, buck, flame, quiz.

"I gave him the following, which he agreed was 'admirable sense,' — I certainly think the words would never have come together except in this way: I quartz pyx who fling muck beds. I long thought that no human being could say this under any circumstances. At last I happened to be reading a religious writer, — as he thought himself, — who threw aspersions on his opponents thick and threefold. Heyday! came into my head; this fellow flings muck beds; he must be a quartz pyx. And then I remembered that a pyx is a sacred vessel, and quartz is a hard stone, — as hard as the heart of a religious foe-cursor. So that the line is the motto of the ferocious sectarian who turns his religious vessels into mud-holders, for the benefit of those who will not see what he sees."

There are several other sentences given, in which all the letters (except *v* and *j* as consonants) are employed, of which "the following is the best: Get nymph; quiz sad brow; fix luck, — which in more sober English would be, Marry; be cheerful; watch your business. There is more edification, more religion, in this than in all the 666 interpretations put together."

There is something very pleasant in the thought of these two sages playing at jackstraws with the letters of the alphabet. The task which De Morgan and Dr. Whewell, "the omniscient," set themselves would not be unworthy of our own ingenious scholars, and it might be worth while for some one of our popular periodicals to offer a prize for the best sentence using up the whole alphabet, under the same conditions as those submitted to by our two philosophers.

This whole book of De Morgan's seems to me full of instruction. There is too much of it, no doubt; yet one can put up with the redundancy for the sake of the multiplicity of shades of credulity and self-deception it displays in broad daylight. I suspect many of us are conscious of a second personality in our

complex nature, which has many traits resembling those found in the writers of the letters addressed to Mr. De Morgan.

I have not ventured very often nor very deeply into the field of metaphysics, but if I were disposed to make any claim in that direction, it would be the recognition of the squinting brain, the introduction of the term "cerebricity" corresponding to electricity, the idiotic area in the brain or thinking-marrow, and my studies of the second member in the partnership of I-My-Self & Co. I add the Co. with especial reference to a very interesting article in a late Scribner, by my friend Mr. William James. In this article the reader will find a full exposition of the doctrine of plural personality illustrated by striking cases. I have long ago noticed and referred to the fact of the stratification of the currents of thought in three layers, one over the other. I have recognized that where there are two individuals talking together there are really six personalities engaged in the conversation. But the distinct, separable, independent individualities, taking up conscious life one after the other, are brought out by Mr. James and the authorities to which he refers as I have not elsewhere seen them developed.

Whether we shall ever find the exact position of the idiotic centre or area in the brain (if such a spot exists) is uncertain. We know exactly where the blind spot of the eye is situated, and can demonstrate it anatomically and physiologically. But we have only analogy to lead us to infer the possible or even probable existence of an insensible spot in the thinking-centre. If there is a focal point where consciousness is at its highest development, it would not be strange if near by there should prove to be an anæsthetic district or limited space where no report from the senses was intelligently interpreted. But all this is mere hypothesis.

Notwithstanding the fact that I am nominally the head personage of the circle of Teacups, I do not pretend or wish to deny that we all look to Number Five as our chief adviser in all the literary questions that come before us. She reads more and better than any of us. She is always ready to welcome the first sign of genius, or of talent which approaches genius. She makes short work with all the pretenders whose only excuse for appealing to the public is that they "want to be famous." She is one of the very few persons to whom I am willing to read any one of my own productions while it is yet in manuscript, unpublished. I know she is disposed to make more of it than it deserves; but, on the other hand, there are degrees in her scale of judgment, and I can distinguish very easily what delights her from what pleases only, or is, except for her kindly feeling to the writer, indifferent, or open to severe comment. What is curious is that she seems to have no literary aspirations, no desire to be known as a writer. Yet Number Five has more *esprit*, more sparkle, more sense in her talk, than many a famous authoress from whom we should expect brilliant conversation.

There are mysteries about Number Five. I am not going to describe her personally. Whether she belongs naturally among the bright young people, or in the company of the maturer persons, who have had a good deal of experience of the world, and have reached the wisdom of the riper decades without losing the graces of the earlier ones, it would be hard to say. The men and women, young and old, who throng about her forget their own ages. "There is no such thing as time in her presence," said the Professor, the other day, in speaking of her. Whether the Professor is in love with her or not is more than I can say, but I am sure that he goes to her for literary sympathy and counsel, just as I do. The reader

may remember what Number Five said about the possibility of her getting a sprained ankle, and her asking the young Doctor whether he felt equal to taking charge of her if she did. I would not for the world insinuate that he wishes she would slip and twist her foot a little, — just a little, you know, but so that it would have to be laid on a pillow in a chair, and inspected, and bandaged, and delicately manipulated. There was a banana-skin which she might naturally have trodden on, in her way to the tea-table. Nobody can suppose that it was there except by the most innocent of accidents. There are people who will suspect everybody. The idea of the Doctor's putting that banana-skin there! People love to talk in that silly way about doctors.

Number Five had promised to read us a narrative which she thought would interest some of the company. Who wrote it she did not tell us, but I inferred from various circumstances that she had known the writer. She read the story most effectively in her rich, musical voice. I noticed that when it came to the sounds of the striking clock, the ringing of the notes was so like that which reaches us from some far-off cathedral tower that we wanted to bow our heads, as if we had just heard a summons to the Angelus. This was the short story that Number Five read to The Teacups: —

I have somewhere read this anecdote. Louis the Fourteenth was looking out, one day, from a window of his palace of Saint-Germain. It was a beautiful landscape which spread out before him, and the monarch, exulting in health, strength, and the splendors of his exalted position, felt his bosom swell with emotions of pride and happiness. Presently he noticed the towers of a church in the distance, above the tree-tops. "What building is that?" he asked. "May it please your Majesty,

that is the Church of St. Denis, where your royal ancestors have been buried for many generations." The answer did *not* "please his Royal Majesty." There, then, was the place where he too was to lie and moulder in the dust. He turned, sick at heart, from the window, and was uneasy until he had built him another palace, from which he could never be appalled by that fatal prospect.

Something like the experience of Louis the Fourteenth was that of the owner of

THE TERRIBLE CLOCK.

I give the story as transcribed from the original manuscript:—

The clock was bequeathed to me by an old friend who had recently died. His mind had been a good deal disordered in the later period of his life. This clock, I am told, seemed to have a strange fascination for him. His eyes were fastened on it during the last hours of his life. He died just at midnight. The clock struck twelve, the nurse told me, as he drew his last breath, and then, without any known cause, stopped, with both hands upon the hour.

It is a complex and costly piece of mechanism. The escapement is in front, so that every tooth is seen as it frees itself. It shows the phases of the moon, the month of the year, the day of the month, and the day of the week, as well as the hour and minute of the day.

I had not owned it a week before I began to perceive the same kind of fascination as that which its former owner had experienced. This gradually grew upon me, and presently led to trains of thought which became at first unwelcome, then worrying, and at last unendurable. I began by taking offence at the moon. I did not like to see that "something large and smooth and round," so like the skull which little Peterkin picked up on the field of Blenheim. "How many times," I kept saying to myself, "is that wicked old moon coming up to stare at me?" I could

not stand it. I stopped a part of the machinery, and the moon went into permanent eclipse. By and by the sounds of the infernal machine began to trouble and pursue me. They *talked* to me; more and more their language became that of articulately speaking men. They twitted me with the rapid flight of time. They hurried me, as if I had not a moment to lose. Quick! Quick! Quick! as each tooth released itself from the escapement. And as I looked and listened there could not be any mistake about it. I heard Quick! Quick! Quick! as plainly, at least, as I ever heard a word from the phonograph. I stood watching the dial one day,—it was near one o'clock,—and a strange attraction held me fastened to the spot. Presently something appeared to trip or stumble inside of the infernal mechanism. I waited for the sound I knew was to follow. How nervous I got! It seemed to me that it would never strike. At last the minute-hand reached the highest point of the dial. Then there was a little stir among the works, as there is in a congregation as it rises to receive the benediction. It was no form of blessing which rung out those deep, almost sepulchral tones. But the word they uttered could not be mistaken. I can hear its prolonged, solemn vibrations as if I were standing before the clock at this moment.

Gone! Yes, I said to myself, gone,—its record made up to be opened in eternity.

I stood still, staring vaguely at the dial as in a trance. And as the next hour creeps stealthily up, it starts all at once, and cries aloud, Gone! — Gone! The sun sinks lower, the hour-hand creeps downward with it, until I hear the thrice-repeated monosyllable, Gone! — Gone! — Gone! So on through the darkening hours, until at the dead of night the long roll is called, and with the last Gone! the latest of the long procession that filled the day follows its

ghostly companions into the stillness and darkness of the past.

I silenced the striking part of the works. Still the escapement kept repeating, Quick! Quick! Quick! Still the long minute-hand, like the dart in the grasp of Death, as we see it in Roubillac's monument to Mrs. Nightingale, among the tombs of Westminster Abbey, stretched itself out, ready to transfix each hour as it passed, and make it my last. I sat by the clock to watch the leap from one day of the week to the next. Then would come, in natural order, the long stride from one month to the following one.

I could endure it no longer. "*Take that clock away!*" I said. They took it away. They took me away, too, — they thought I needed country air. The sounds and motions still pursued me in imagination. I was very nervous when I came here. The walks are pleasant, but the walls seem to me unnecessarily

high. The boarders are numerous; a little miscellaneous, I think. But we have the Queen, and the President of the United States, and several other distinguished persons, if we may trust what they tell about themselves.

After we had listened to Number Five's story, I was requested to read a couple of verses written by me when the guest of my friends, whose name is hinted by the title prefixed to my lines.

LA MAISON D'OR.

(BAR HARBOR.)

From this fair home behold on either side
The restful mountains and the restless sea:
So the warm sheltering walls of life divide
Time and its tides from still eternity.

Look on the waves: their stormy voices teach
That not on earth may toil and struggle
cease.

Look on the mountains: better far than speech
Their silent promise of eternal peace.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A SHORT DEFENSE OF VILLAINS.

AMID the universal grayness that has settled mistily down upon English fiction, amid the delicate drab-colored shadings and half-lights which require, we are told, so fine a skill in handling, the old-fashioned reader misses, now and then, the vivid coloring of his youth. He misses the slow unfolding of quite impossible plots, the thrilling incidents that were wont pleasantly to arouse his apprehension, and, most of all, two characters once deemed essential to every novel, — the hero and the villain. The heroine is left us still, and her functions are far more complicated than in the simple days of yore, when little was required of her save to be beautiful as the stars. She faces now the most intricate problems of life; and she faces

them with conscious self-importance, a dismal power of analysis, and a robust candor in discussing their equivocal aspects that would have sent her buried sister blushing to the wall. There was sometimes a lamentable lack of solid virtue in this fair dead sister, a pitiful human weakness that led to her undoing; but she never talked so glibly about sin. As for the hero, he owes his banishment to the riotous manner in which his masters handled him. Bulwer strained our endurance and our credulity to the utmost; Disraeli took a step further, and Lothair, the last of his race, perished amid the cruel laughter of mankind.

But the villain! Remember what we owe to him in the past. Think how

dear he has become to every rightly constituted mind. And now we are told, soberly and coldly, by the thin-blooded novelists of the day, that his absence is one of the crowning triumphs of modern genius, that we have all grown too discriminating to tolerate in fiction a character whom we feel does not exist in life. Man, we are reminded, is complex, subtle, unfathomable, made up of good and evil so dexterously intermingled that no one element predominates coarsely over the rest. He is to be studied warily and with misgivings, not classified with brutal ease into the virtuous and bad. It is useless to explain to these analysts that the pleasure we take in meeting a character in a book does not always depend on our having known him in the family circle, or encountered him in our morning paper; though, judged even by this stringent law, the villain holds his own. Accept Balzac's rule, and exclude from fiction not only all which might not really happen, but all which has not really happened in truth, and we would still have studies enough in total depravity to darken all the novels in Christendom. I have before me now two newspaper cuttings, briefly narrating two recent crimes, which display in one case an ingenuity, and in the other a stolidity, of wickedness quite unparalleled in the regions of romance. The first — which I would like to commend to the consideration of Frances Power Cobbe, who thinks that jealousy is an obsolete vice — is an account of a young Cuban, who revenged himself on a successful rival by mixing the dried virus from a small-pox patient with some tobacco, which he proffered him for cigarettes; the result being the death, not of the victim only, but of his entire household. The other is a history of a poor German farm-hand, who, seeing his mistress attacked by a rabid dog, went bravely to her rescue, and throttled the animal, after having been bitten several times in

the hands. His employer ascertained that the dog was really mad, and that hydrophobia might possibly ensue, and then promptly and coolly turned out-of-doors the man who had saved his wife. Alone, friendless, penniless, unable even to speak a word of English, the young fellow was carried to the almshouse, there to have his wounds dressed and to take his chance of recovery. Now, surely, in these two short records we have the extreme expression of two opposite types of cruelty, — the cruelty of malice and of selfishness. Neither villain would have been tempted to the other's sin. The farmer would probably have recoiled in horror from the Cuban's deviltry; the Cuban would have scorned the farmer's black ingratitude. The men are as sharply contrasted in their wickedness as Glossin and Dirk Hatteraick, whom Sir Walter Scott, with the easy prodigality of genius, has revealed to us, hating and despising one another, in the matchless pages of *Guy Mannering*.

Again, what murder of romance was ever so wanton, so tragic, and so sombre as that which gave to the Edinburgh highway the name of Gabriel's Road? There, in the sweet summer afternoon, fresh with the breath of primroses and cowslips, the young tutor cut the throats of his two little pupils, in a mad, inexplicable revenge for their childish tale-bearing. Taken red-handed in the deed, he met with swift retribution from the furious populace; and the same hour which witnessed the crime saw his pinioned corpse dangling from the nearest tree, with the bloody knife hung in awful mockery around its neck. Thus the murder and its punishment conspired to make the lonely road a haunted path, ghost-ridden, terrible, where women shivered and hurried on, and little boys, creepy with fear, scampered by, breathless, in the dusk; seeing before them always, on the ragged turf, two small, piteous, blood-smeared bodies

and hearing ever, overhead, the rattle of the rusty knife against the felon's bones. The highway, with its unholy associations, discreetly perpetuated in its name, became an education to the good people of Edinburgh, and taught them the value of emotions. They must have indistinctly felt what Mr. Louis Stevenson has so well described, the subtle harmony that unites an evil deed to its location. "Some places," he says, "speak distinctly. Certain dark gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots, again, seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable." And is all this fine and delicate sentiment, all this skillful playing with horror and fear, to be lost to fiction, merely because, as De Quincey reluctantly admits, "the majority of murderers are incorrect characters"? May we not forgive their general incorrectness for the sake of their literary and artistic value? Shall Charles Lamb's testimony count for nothing, when we remember his comfortable allusion to "kind, light-hearted Wainwright"? And what shall we think of Edward Fitzgerald, the gentlest and least hurtful of Englishmen, abandoning himself, in the clear and genial weather, to the delights of Tacitus, "full of pleasant atrocity"?

I was awakened recently to the modern exclusiveness in vice by having a friend complain pettishly to me, in the theatre, where we were watching the snake-like uncoiling of Iago's treachery, that she hated the "heavy villain." I knew the remark to be born of a tremulous discomfort she was susceptible of feeling, but not of appreciating at its value, and that she merely used a current phrase, which, by long handling, has come to have little meaning in our ears, — a term of reproach we fling unheedingly at any mark. But surely it is unmerited by Iago, the lightest of all villains, when we except that true,

"laughing devil," Mephistopheles. If Mephistopheles is responsible for all the tragedy of Faust, he gives us, by way of compensation, those fire-flashes of wit which lift our souls momentarily out of the gloom. Something evil within us responds with a shuddering laugh to each wicked, piercing jest. If to Iago is due all the concentrated suffering of two noble souls, it is to him also we owe that flavor of bitter pleasantry which makes bearable the slow approach of a horror forecast from the bright dawning of a nuptial joy. How subtle, how discriminating, how fine, the touch with which he handles his different victims! How absolute, yet half kindly, is his scorn for the poor fool Roderigo! "If thou must needs damn thyself," he urges in friendly protest, "do it in a more delicate way than drowning." Even when the exigencies of the hour impel him to stab his dupe in a midnight brawl, there is no absolute ill feeling in the deed. It is a mere matter of business. The dark vials of his hatred he reserves for other and nobler game. When Cassio, seven times in four short lines, groans out a lament for his lost reputation, what candid contempt in Iago's relieved rejoinder! "As I am an honest man, I thought you had received a bodily wound. There is more offence in that than in reputation." With what positive glee he lays an emphatic stress, on all occasions, upon his one cherished virtue, honesty!

"Take note, take note, O world!

To be direct and honest is not safe,"

he cries upbraidingly, when the furious Moor has nearly strangled his last lie in his throat. Even in that sore strait, choked, gasping, and terrified, he can perceive and enjoy the irony of the situation. Christopher North, it will be remembered, pronounced the character of Iago unnatural and unintelligible, because it illustrates the utmost wickedness without the cover of self-deception, and without a strong impelling

motive. It is malice for malice' sake. But if anything can give this prince of villains a claim to our common humanity, it is, first and foremost, that one moment of scornful dignity, that merited rebuke of the disarmed prisoner to his assailant, —

“I bleed, sir; but not kill'd;”

and next, that touch of humor which lightens without softening his baseness, — “*La malignité naturelle aux hommes est le principe de la comédie;*” and the malignity of Iago affords the faint tinge of comedy as well as the dark and pitiful tragedy of the play. Had he given us nothing but his definition of virtuous womanhood, the smiling generations who listen to its “lame and impotent conclusion” might afford to forgive him many sins.

Repentant villains, I must confess, are not greatly to my mind. They sacrifice their artistic to their ethical value, and must be handled with consummate skill to escape a suspicious flavor of Sunday-school romance. The hardened criminal, disarmed and converted by the innocent attractions of childhood, is a favorite device of poets and story-writers who cater to the sentiments of maternity; but it is wiser to lay no stress upon the permanency of such conversions. That swift and sudden yielding to a gentle emotion or a noble aspiration, which is one of the undying traits of humanity, attracts us often by the very force of its evanescence, by the limitations which prove its truth. But the slow, stern process of regeneration is not an emotional matter, and cannot be convincingly portrayed with a few facile touches in the last chapter of a novel. Thackeray knew better than this, when he showed us Becky Sharp touched and softened by her good little sister-in-law; heartsick now and then of her own troublesome schemes, yet sinking inevitably lower and lower through the weight of over-

mastering instincts and desires. She can aspire intermittingly to a cleaner life, but she can never hope to reach it. Dickens knew better, when he showed us Ralph Nickleby moved to milder thoughts by the beauty and innocence of his niece, yet refusing to deviate a hair's breadth, for her sake, from his shameful purpose. “If the boy were drowned or hanged, and the mother dead, this house should be her home,” is his very moderate acknowledgment of Kate's influence; further than this, his gentler mood is not permitted to lead him. The simple literature of the past is curiously rich in these pathetic transient glimpses into fallen nature's brighter side. Where can we see depicted with more tenderness and truth the fitful relenting of man's brutality, after it has wrought the ruin it devised, than in the fine old ballad of Edom O'Gordon? The young daughter of the house of Rodes is lowered from the walls of the burning castle, and the cruel Gordon spears transfix her as she falls. She lies dead, in her budding girlhood, at the feet of her father's foe, and his heart is strangely stirred and troubled when he looks at her fair childish face.

“O bonnie, bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry were hir cheiks,
And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

“Then wi' his spear he turned hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He said, ‘You are the first that eir
I wisht alive again.’

“He turned hir owre and owre again,
O gin hir skin was whyte!
‘I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been sum man's delyte.’”

It is pleasant to know that the ruthless butcher was promptly pursued and slain for his crime, but it is finer still to realize that brief moment of bitterness and shame. I have sometimes thought that Rossetti's Sister Helen would have gained in artistic beauty if, after those

three days of awful watching were over, after the glowing fragment of wax had melted in the flames, and her lover's soul had passed her, sighing, on the wind, there had come to the stricken girl a pang of supreme regret, an impulse of mad desire to undo the horror she had wrought. The conscience of a sinner, to use a striking phrase of Mr. Brownell's, "is doubtless readjusted rather than repudiated altogether," and there is an absolute truthfulness in these sudden relapses into grace.

For this reason, doubtless, I find Mr. Blackmore's villains, with all their fascination and power, a shade too heavily, or at least too monotonously darkened. Parson Chowne is a veritable devil, and it is only his occasional humor — manifested grimly in deeds, not words — which enables us to bear the weight of his insupportable wickedness. The introduction of the naked savages as an outrage to village propriety; the summons to church, when he has a mind to fire the ricks of his parishioners, — these are the life-giving touches which mellow down this overwrought figure, this black and scowling thunderbolt of humanity. Perhaps, too, Mr. Blackmore, in his laudable desire for picturesqueness, lays too much stress on the malignant aspect, the appropriate physical condition of his sinners. From Parson Chowne's "wondrous unfathomable face," which chills every heart with terror, to the "red glare" in Donovan Bulrag's eyes, there is always something exceptional about these worthies, to indicate to all beholders what manner of men they are. One is reminded of Charles II. protesting, not unnaturally, against the perpetual swarthy of stage villains. "We never see a rogue in a play but we clap on him a black periwig," complained the dark-skinned monarch, with a sense of personal grievance in this forced association between complexion and crime. It was the same subtle inspiration which prompted Kean

to play Shylock in a red wig that suggested to Wilkie Collins Count Fosco's admirable fat. The passion for embroidered waistcoats and fruit tarts, the petted white mice, the sympathetic gift of pastry to the organ-grinder's monkey, all the little touches which go to build up this colossal, tender-hearted, remorseless, irresistible scoundrel, are of interest and value to the portrait, but his fat is as essential as his knavery. It is one of those master strokes of genius which breaks away from all accepted traditions to build up a new type, perfect and unapproachable. We can no more imagine a thin Fosco than a melancholy Dick Swiveller or a light-hearted Ravenswood.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who has upon all occasions the courage of his convictions, has recently, in one of those pleasant papers, *At the Sign of the Ship*, given utterance to a sentiment so shockingly at variance with the prevalent theory of fiction, that the reader is divided between admiration for his boldness and a vague surprise that a man should speak such words and live. There is a cheerfulness, too, about Mr. Lang's heterodoxy, a smiling ignorance of his own transgression, that warms our hearts and weakens our upbraiding. "The old simple scheme," he says, "in which you had a real unmitigated villain, a heroine as pure as snow or flame, and a crowd of good ordinary people, gave us more agreeable reading, and reading not, I think, more remote from truth, than is to be found in Dr. Ibsen's *Ghosts* or in his *Pillars of Society*." Now to support such a statement would be unscrupulous, to condemn it, dispiriting; but I wonder if the "real unmitigated villain" is quite so simple a product as Mr. Lang appears to imagine. May not his absence from literature be owing as much to the limitations as to the disregard of modern realists? Is he, in truth, so easily drawn as to be unworthy of their subtle and discriminating pens? Is Sir Giles

Overreach a mere child's toy in comparison with Consul Bernick, and is Brian de Bois Guilbert unworthy to rank with Johann Tönnesen and Oswald Alving? A villain must be a thing of power, handled with delicacy and grace. He must be wicked enough to excite our aversion, strong enough to arouse our fear, human enough to awaken some transient gleam of sympathy. We must triumph in his downfall, yet not barbarously nor with contempt, and the close of his career must be in harmony with all its previous development. Mrs. Pennell has told us the story of some old Venetian witches, who were converted from their dark ways, and taught the charms of peace and godliness; but who would desire or credit the conversion of a witch? The potency of evil lies within her to the end; and when, by a few muttered words, she can raise a hell storm on the ocean, when her eye's dim fire can wither the strength of her enemy, or when, with a lock of hair and a bit of wax, she can consume him with torturing pain, who will welcome her neighborly advances? The proper and artistic end of a witch is at the stake, — blue flames curling up to heaven, and a handful of gray ashes scattered to the wind; or, by the working of a stronger spell, she may be stiffened into stone, and doomed to stand forever on some desolate moor, where, underneath starless skies, her evil feet have strayed; or perhaps that huge black cat, her sinister attendant, has completed his ninth year of servitude to nine successive witches, and, by virtue of the power granted him at their expiration, he may whisk her off bodily on St. John's Eve, to offer her a living holocaust to Satan. These are possibilities in strict sympathy with her character and history, if not with her inclinations; the last is in especial accordance with sound Italian tradition, and all reveal what Heine calls "the melancholy pleasurable awe, the dark sweet horror, of mediæval ghost fancies."

But a converted witch, walking demurely to vesper service, gossiping with good, garrulous old women on the doorstep, or holding an innocent child within her withered arms, — the very thought repels us instinctively, and fires us with a sharp mistrust. Have a care, you foolish young mother, and snatch your baby to your breast; for even now he waxes paler and paler, as those cold, malignant heart-throbs chill his breath and wear his little life away.

The final disposition of a mere earthly villain should likewise be a matter of artistic necessity, not a harsh trampling of arrogant virtue upon prostrate vice. There is no mistake so fatal as that of injustice to the evil element of a novel or a play. We all know how, when Portia pushes her triumphant casuistry a step too far, our sympathies veer obstinately around to Shylock's side, and refuse to be readjusted before the curtain falls. Perhaps Shakespeare intended this, — who knows? — and threw in Gratiano's last jeers to madden, not the usurer, but the audience. Or perhaps in Elizabeth's day, as in King John's, people had not grown so finical about the feelings of a Jew, and it is only the chilly tolerance of our enlightened age which prevents our enjoying as we should the devout prejudices of our ancestors. But when, in a modern novel, guiltless of all this picturesque superstition, we see the sinner treated with a narrow, nagging sort of severity, our unregenerate nature rebels stoutly against such a manifest lack of balance. Not long ago, I chanced to read a story which actually dared to have a villain for a hero, and I promised myself much pleasure from so original and venturesome a step. But how did the very popular authoress treat her own creation? In the first place, when rescued from a truly feminine haze of hints, and dark whispers, and unsubstantiated innuendoes, the hapless man is proven guilty of but three offenses: he takes opium, he ejects his

tenants, and he tries, not very successfully, to mesmerize his wife. Now opium-eating is a vice, the punishment for which is borne by the offender, and which merits as much pity as contempt; rack-renting is an unpardonable but not at all a thrilling misdemeanor; and, in these days of psychological research, there are many excellent men who would not shrink from making hypnotic experiments on their grandmothers. In consequence, however, of such feeble atrocities, the hero-villain is subjected to a species of outlawry at the hands of all the good people in the book. His virtuous cousin makes open and highly honorable love to his virtuous wife, who responds with hearty alacrity. His virtuous cousin's still more virtuous brother comes within an ace of murdering him in cold blood, through motives of the purest philanthropy. Finally, one of these virtuous young men lets loose on him his family ghost, deliberately unsealing the spectral abiding-place; and, while the virtuous wife clings around the virtuous cousin's neck, and forbids him tenderly to go to the rescue, the accommodating spirit—who seems to have no sort of loyalty to the connection—slays the villain at his own doorstep, and leaves the coast free for a second marriage service. Practically, the device is an admirable one, because, when the ghost retires

once more to his seclusion, nobody can well be convicted of manslaughter, and a great deal of scandal is saved. But, artistically, there is something repellent in this open and shameless persecution, in three persons and a hobgoblin conspiring against one poor man. Our sentiment is diverted from its proper channel, our emotions are manifestly incorrect.

“How are you to get up the sympathies of the audience in a legitimate manner,” asks Mr. Vincent Crummles, “if there is n't a little man contending against a big one?—unless there's at least five to one, and we haven't hands enough for that business in our company.” What would the noble-hearted Mr. Crummles have thought of reversing this natural order of things, and declaring victory for the multitude? How would human nature in the provinces have supported so novel and hazardous an innovation? Why should human nature out of the provinces be assumed to have outgrown its simple, chivalrous instincts? A good, strong, designing, despicable villain, or even villainess, a fair start, a stout fight, an artistic overthrow, and triumphant Virtue smiling modestly beneath her orange blossoms,—shall we ever be too old and world-worn to love these old and world-worn things?

Agnes Repplier.

GOD IN HIS WORLD.

A SURVEY of the spiritual universe as it affects the being of man gains this advantage from anonymous publication, that the book becomes a voice only, and the reader is not confused by an effort to individualize the authorship. If, besides, the voice, be persuasive in tone and gentle in modulation, if it be not raised in angry impatience or hard-

ened by argumentative temper, and if its sweetness be not the honeyed phrase of a rhetorician, then the absconding of the personality behind it, however much ultimately it may arouse an honest curiosity, does for the time being deepen the impression made by the earnest thought and the reserved passion.

Such, at any rate, we think, is likely to be the reflection of one who lays down a remarkable book¹ which has recently appeared. The temper in which it is written is so fine, its tone is so authoritative without the semblance of dogmatism, and the sweep of its thought is so large and steady that one is fain to receive it as what it claims to be, an interpretation, and so, in the radical sense of the word, a prophecy. Like prophecy in its most universal type, it is revolutionary in spirit, in obedience to an eternal conservatism; and it is only as one moves on through the phases of the evolutionary thought of the book that he fails to be startled by the quiet conclusions with which the author confronts him. If one were to read first the closing passages in which contemporaneous civilization is tested, he would — except that the age has cultivated a complacent toleration — exclaim, Away with this fellow, for he turneth the world upside down!

The three divisions into which the work is cast, bearing the titles *From the Beginning*, *The Incarnation*, *The Divine Human Fellowship*, intimate the scope of the subject treated. It is an attempt on the part of a student of human life to disclose the manifestation of God in nature, in the Christ, and in human society. The key to the revelation is in the words *Son of God*, *Son of man*; but the theologian, though he may acquiesce in some of the terms employed, will discover that the author is very indifferent to scholastic definitions, and is constantly escaping, just when the dialectician appears to have him in his toils, into the freer fields of nature. In the first book he passes in review the Aryan faith, the Hellenic development, and, with too brief characterization, the Roman religion. His method can scarcely be called historical or scientific. Rather, he employs his test of pure

Christianity to determine the true nature of the phases of spiritual life which preceded the Christian revelation; but inasmuch as his pure Christianity is interchangeable with nature, the test is one not of creed, but of life. In effect, the first book is on the intimations of immortality as discoverable in nature, when the gate of everlasting life had not yet been opened to nature through the death and resurrection of the supreme person in nature; for though the author's use of the term "nature" is never defined, it is impossible to avoid perceiving his intention to regard the entire creation as standing in the word. Possibly most exception will be taken by historical students to his sweeping inclusion of all Roman life under the designation of death. The study of Roman history, he says, "is instructive only as it is a study of death; not simply of the death of Rome, but of Rome as itself the death of the ancient world. It was because of the lack of any spiritual impulse or movement that this death has endured through nearly a score of centuries. For Constantine and the worldly Christianity which followed his standards only prolonged the mortality, which was still further perpetuated in Papal Rome, and which remains to-day in all the forms of Church or State which still retain the similitude of the old worldly scheme. What an inversion of terms was there in the reign of Decius, when death occupied the places of life above-ground, while life was hidden in the places of death, with the Christians in the catacombs!" He might have strengthened his position by a reference to the exacting ritualism of the Roman religion and the fundamental notion of fear in the devotion paid to the gods; but there would remain still the answer to his charge which consigns a vast section of human life to the grave of worldliness, that his own conception of humanity as indestructibly in the image of God for-

¹ *God in his World. An Interpretation.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1890.

bids this wholesale entombment. It would be more philosophical for him to seek for a village faith corresponding with, and not inherited from, the Eleusinian mysteries, and also to see in the structural genius of the Roman a contribution to the kingdom of heaven no less than to that kingdom of the world with which he seems exclusively to identify it. Certainly it is dangerous, in any scheme of interpretation which aims at universality, to blot out one of the three sentences which repeated the superscription on the cross.

The author is more at home in his treatment of Hellenic, and especially of Pelasgic faith. We leave to scholars the task of scrutinizing his rendering of the Eleusinian mysteries, only surmising that this is one of the cases where a certain mental and spiritual sympathy is liable to make one read into obscure and fragmentary records one's own thought. A similar appropriation of the Vedic hymns intimates a kinship of feeling on the part of our author, who, both by his negative treatment of Roman worship and his positive treatment of Oriental and Hellenic, indicates the bent of his mind. But we may accept this half-mystical attitude as the natural and, we may say, necessary approach to the heart of any profound subject of life; and when we follow this writer into the consciousness of the primitive Aryan poet, we are not taking a long historic journey, but a short cut by the way of intuition.

It is in the second book, on the Incarnation, that the writer shows himself in his greatest strength, since he is able to occupy the theologian's special field without coming into collision with him, and yet without ignoring the questions which are perpetually under debate; for his point of view is so unusual that the mind is drawn away from the crucial tests which it is apt to apply when considering this subject, and is interested rather in the development of fresh

thought. The most novel position, we suspect, and one over which the most sympathetic reader will halt the longest, is that which denies to justice any divine attribute; and in the casual returns to this point—for the author plainly feels its significance—there are frequent suggestions made of the inadequacy of the ethical conception of personality and society. "Even in human affairs," he says, justice "has no significance save in connection with the conventional adjustments of a perverted life. Injustice must be manifest before there could be a conception of justice, which is an outward and mechanical righteousness, equity of division, compensation of injuries. In nature equilibrium would mean death; no sooner is it restored than it is disturbed, and both the restoration and the disturbance are through the action of forces, dynamically and normally. No one would think of transferring our term justice to these operations."

Part of the difficulty appears to lie in the limited construction which this author puts upon the term "justice." But the interchangeable use of the words "justice" and "righteousness" in the New Testament points to a more fundamental unity than he appears to understand.

The reader who has begun to apprehend the drift of the writer's meaning enters upon the third and final book, treating of the Divine Human Fellowship, with lively expectation, for here he must look for the interpretation of the gospel as it affects modern society. The strength of the author in this portion lies in his opposition of the divine life to what he succinctly terms the worldly philosophy of the worldly scheme, and he pursues his thought without fear of the practical issue. Practical, we suspect, many will not find it; or, at the best, will look upon it as a vague resolution of all forces into the simple act of human love. Singularly enough, there

has just appeared a little tract¹ by Henry Drummond, which, with the enthusiasm of that single-hearted, spiritual-minded man, is a personal appeal for the foundation of human intercourse and religious belief upon the great law of love. It is a fervent, unconventional, penetrating exposition of the doctrine of charity as set forth by the Apostle Paul in the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians; and the eagerness with which it has been read (our copy is marked "seventieth thousand") is an indication of the response which such an address, in the direct line of this Interpretation, though couched in more popular phrase, finds in the expectant generation of this age. It would be easy to extract long passages from this third book of *God in his World*, which would show clearly the author's position, but we must content ourselves with two which contain, perhaps, the central idea:

"God worketh in all for salvation, and especially in them that believe, who have a living faith. The children wait upon Him; they behold His work, and, though they know not the way thereof, though it hath for them wonderful surprises, they coöperate therewith. They have no exclusiveness; they stand not aloof from the world, nor do they judge the world; it is only love that is in their hearts, and they follow their Lord whithersoever He leadeth, even away from the temple and among the dark mountains, seeking to find and take to their hearts their shabby, bruised, and captive brethren. They work and watch and pray: to love is to do all these, and they expect, not justification, but only love. It is always this, — love calling unto love. They do not shun the temple, but here also, following their Lord, they seek to drive from it the money-changers, and to warn men against the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees. They

would break up images, and restore the love-feasts, and fill the house of God with children singing glad hosannas. They have no contempt for the earthly life, and give themselves not up to austerities and sanctities and penances and mortifications. It is life, not death, which they seek, — a larger, freer, fuller life. And they ally themselves with all who seek to get nearer to Nature's heart, knowing that they who follow her living ways draw nearer to the Lord; and they hail with delight every application of Nature's forces which promises greater freedom to men from their incessant toil, knowing that, though for the moment it may serve the selfishness of the powerful and seem to strengthen the bonds of the weak, yet, in the end, it must serve Love's eternal purpose. Their watchword is not that Knowledge is Power, but they know that there is no true enlightenment that is not from God, and that, however it may for a time be associated with the pride of human intellect, it is more closely linked with His loving purpose; and when they behold men drawing nearer together in space and time through steam and electric communication, their hearts are glad within them, for they see in this, not the immediate result, the corporate abuse and the strengthening of a selfish despotism, but the preparation for the universal brotherhood of God's kingdom."

"The Imagination exhausts its resources in vain, attempting to construct this ideal life. We may suppose that, in place of the desire for mastery and for material possession, the heroism of love and faith is dominant, since our Lord hath said that the meek shall inherit the earth, they who overcome evil with good. This heroism of meekness not only hath in it all that is possible of human courage in the face of life and death, but is reinforced by the divine might. Here is an army whose weapons are drawn from the armory of heaven. We may imagine an array of bright

¹ *The Greatest Thing in the World*. London: Hodder & Stoughton. New York: James Pott. 1890.

angelic forms, supple as Michael's, shining with the health of seraphs, from their radiant brows, beneath which the piercing glance of every eye is like the flash of Ithuriel's spear, to their beautiful feet upon the mountains, upon the vantage-ground of truth; and unto them truth is life, and life is love. They have the wisdom of serpents, the harmlessness of doves, and the strength of God. The whole race of men upon earth becoming such as these, we may picture to ourselves a society in which the natural tradition of impulse and knowledge is perfect and sufficient; — a society without a history and without monuments, and whose intellectual development is in no way separate from its forward-looking life; — a society in which there is a common bond of love uniting all hearts and all activities, so holding to the immediate contact with Nature that there is no monstrous aggregation of human life in cities; — a society without conventional distinctions, all laboring alike and together as one family, and in which, as there would be no drudgery, so, on the other hand, there would be no artificial amusement, — the sharp distinction between work and play no longer holding; — a society without a government for the administration of justice, since the very notion of justice arises only from injustice; without ethical regulation, the spontaneous spiritual impulse having taken the place of binding duty; without charity, since love has removed the oc-

casion for its exercise; without polish, since in the alchemy of this flowing life there is nothing hard enough to take it; without refinement, save as the fire of life refineth; without canons of taste or rules of discipline, since an obligation from within holds, in consistency with perfect freedom, all life to the harmony of spiritual law; — a society having in its constructions and interpretations the original endowment of divination, through the divine wisdom informing the human, so that its progress in art and knowledge is rapid beyond our ability to conceive by comparison with the achievements of what we know as civilization."

It will be seen that our author is a visionary, but his visions are of a different order from those that look to a community in which the centre of selfishness is merely shifted from the individual to the whole mass. His interpretation of Christianity, if it were at once adopted, would shatter the whole order of society, as light shatters darkness; their interpretation of the laws of life presupposes a dynamitic explosion. In his view, reiterated as a sort of watchword, the meek shall inherit the earth; in theirs, the earth shall be parceled out among all in arithmetical proportion. As we intimated at the outset, God in his World is a revolutionary book, and we shall not be surprised if it plant in some minds the seed of a new reading of history and a new criticism of current movements in society, politics, and religion.

WILLIAM MORRIS'S NEW WORK.¹

MR. MORRIS is a long-practiced storyteller, and in the present tale he employs a very perfect art. It is a narrative of the summer campaign between

¹ *A Tale of the House of the Wolfings and all the Kindred of the Mark.* Written in Prose

a gathering of Gothic Marksmen and some Roman legionaries who were making a foray into their country. It begins with a pastoral scene, disclosing the and Verse. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1890.

clearing along the river, in which the House of the Wolfings stood, above the meadows and pasture, and hemmed upon the other side by the Wild Wood. Thither comes the tidings of the threatened invasion, borne by the runner with the war-arrow; and immediately the action of the piece commences with the arming of the people, the setting forth of the host, joined by the contingents from other villages, each under its own banner, and the grand folkmote of all the kindreds at the chief meeting-place of the entire clan. There leaders are chosen, and, the reports of scouts and stragglers having given warning that this new enemy, the Romans, is near at hand, part of the host goes out to meet them. The first ambushade and the first battle are won by the Goths; but the main body of the Romans has meanwhile taken the country on the flank, and, passing the open ways by guides, has fallen on the House of the Wolfings itself. The Goths follow, upon these tidings, and by two lines of march come up with the Romans, after which there is much various fighting, ending in the overthrow and destruction of the entire Roman force in the Wolfing stronghold. This is the material part of the narrative, and the opportunities it affords for scene-painting, landscape, and battle, under conditions strange to us, are fully availed of.

With all this, however, mingles another poetical element. Thiodulf, the war-duke of the host, is loved by a goddess, the Wood-Sun, and by her has had a child, now grown to womanhood, who is the priestess of the people, and called the Hall-Sun, because she cares for the lamp that is kept burning continually under the roof of the House of the Wolfings. The Wood-Sun knows that her lover, Thiodulf, will be slain in these wars, and she has gained by stratagem a hauberk which, wrought by the Dwarfs, will preserve his life if he will wear it; but a curse goes with it, and

the warrior will be saved only by the loss of his cause and people. The Wood-Sun does not tell of this, but Thiodulf is fearful of some such charm, and leaves the hauberk with the Daylings, and succeeds against the Romans, until the Wood-Sun again intervenes, and, obtaining the hauberk by disguise, tells Thiodulf there is no harm in it, and persuades him to wear it. The consequence is that in the thick of the battle and at its crisis the chief is overcome with faintness, and loses his opportunity and the day. The Goths, defeated, retire into the Wild Wood. Thiodulf's daughter, the Hall-Sun, who has the second-sight, has now discovered the cause of the trouble, and by her intervention the Wood-Sun confesses to Thiodulf her lie, bids him take off the magic armor, and though seeing the end of their love in his approaching death, yet consents to it. Next morning the storm of attack begins under Thiodulf, now restored to his full faculties, and in the moment of victory he dies. In this portion of the plot lies the ethical element of the narrative, and out of it grows the supernatural element, of which much is made in the characters of the Wood-Sun and the Hall-Sun, through whom the life of the people is brought into relation with destiny and the gods.

We have chosen to give the outlines of the story as the best way of exhibiting to the reader the varied character of the saga; and if he is familiar with Mr. Morris's handling, he will perceive at once that this is a story after the poet's own heart, and that in its wide scope is given for the special traits of his genius. Something must be added, to make the matter clear, concerning the literary style and mould into which the poetry is run. The larger portion is prose, but the speeches are usually given in verse. The prose itself, however, is not ordinary prose, but is written in a peculiar and artificial style, well sustained, but having the effect to remove

the work out of the domain of prose. Though measured, it is not rhythmical to any such degree as to arouse a particular metrical expectation in the reader, and it thus escapes the principal defect of so-called poetical prose. On the other hand, it brings about an illusion akin to that worked by ordinary verse form. It is very beautiful in its general movement and color, and very noble in phrase; its affectation, even, sympathizes with the Gothic element in the work itself. It is such prose as only a poet could write, and it does effect what the poet intended. Those who hold that prose is not the best medium for poetical thought will easily find objections to the poet's method; independently of all that, he succeeds in his aim. The test of his experiment lies rather in the question whether, having chosen this form, he should not have kept to it, whereas, as has been said, he has put the speeches, as a rule, into rhymed verse. The answer seems to us to depend on whether or not the change is natural in its place, and maintains the illusion already obtained by the prose. For ourselves, we must acknowledge that this change appears in each instance arbitrary, and also that at the moment of the transition the illusion is destroyed, and recurs only after an interval, and then in the different form of poetical expression. The poems, so to speak, are as much a change as it would be in an English book to find extracts in French. Not only is continuity broken, but consistency is lost. This, however, is an individual impression, and is apposite rather to the question, which has been raised, whether Mr. Morris may not have illustrated in this work a new literary form of mingled prose and verse, with a future development before it, analogous to the old and now well-worn forms of the epic and the drama. It does not appear to us that this is any other than a hybrid product of art, or that it contains in itself any principle

by which the repugnance and incongruity of prose and poetry as modes of expression can be harmonized. Prose has been written in a poetical spirit before now, and has produced the illusion here sought for. This is of a lower intensity and less reality than the illusion of the epic or the drama; and in this work it does not show more power.

Within the limits which Mr. Morris has set for himself by his choice, the work itself is one of extraordinary beauty in detail, and rich both in minute and broad effects. The author's characteristics shine through his words, as must be the case in creative literature; and, most prominent of all, the artistic nature is clear. Each of his chapters becomes, sooner or later, a picture, admirably grouped, lovely or grand in its unity, but with that care for light and shade and posture, even for costume and framework, which discloses the artist: sometimes there is but one figure, sometimes there is a throng; now the scene is under the sunshine of the clearings, often in the shadow of moonlight or the thicket; here a stormy dawn, there a midsummer afternoon; but throughout there is the pencil of the artist. This quality in his work is especially felt in the heightening of the external beauty of the home surroundings of the Goths, in the carving of the woodwork of the House of the Wolfings, in the contents of their chests of precious stuffs and jewels, and generally in the manual decoration of the properties which he has chosen to use. Out of all this come, in part, the singleness of impression and the poetical illusion which are implicit in the narrative, and in part, also, the sense of artificiality and tenuousness of fact, which will be felt even by those who lend themselves most willingly to the poet's magic. A second trait is the strong expression of the social union of the Marksmen as one people, generally most powerfully brought out in the speeches of Thiodulf

as their leader, and of the Hall-Sun as their "soul" (so she calls herself); their tribal self-consciousness, as an evolutionist would say. The delight of Thiodulf in the thought that his life, through his deeds, will live on and become immortal in their destiny as a folk among men springs certainly from a modern feeling, or gains by it; so that the doctrine of the brotherhood of men in races and kindred, and their duty to society as a part of a larger life, has seldom been so nobly and almost triumphantly expressed. The source of this in Mr. Morris is not far to seek. The great shadow of the English race is also cast backward to make this little body of a few thousand warriors loom larger on the confines of our history. So one may detect separately many of the strains that the poet has woven into a tale which is an expression of emotions and beliefs and tastes that are more vital now than they were in the days of the Roman border wars. In one point Mr. Morris has been extraordinarily successful. We have been told in books of the position and character of the women of the Goths, and from these hints he has worked. The Hall-Sun is the

idealized type of this womanhood; in the story she does not stand alone, but is surrounded by a throng of companions, unlike other women in poetry, with a kind of heroism, dignity, and serviceableness, which lends a main element of attraction to the narrative.

Criticism, however, does but half its work in making such a volume known, and discriminating between the several elements of which it is compounded. It is a harder task to give any appreciative account of the charm of the story; of its inventive power; its northern sense of life and strength and the delight of action; its simple handling of many adventures; its broad, clear sketches of the borderland of the forest, and of existence in its quiet glades and by the river; the picturesqueness of its trophies and emblems; the aloofness of its gods; the naturalness of its superstitions, and, more particularly, of the phrase and measure in which all this is set forth in color and landscape and the murmur of a people's life. For these we refer the reader at once to the volume, in which he will find, after all criticism, one of the few contributions of our present time to imaginative literature.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Liverpool
Glimpses.

AN Englishman would say, I suppose, that, of all the towns in England, Liverpool is the most uninteresting. As for Americans, most of our countrymen go as quickly as they can to Chester; and those who have stopped in Liverpool at all remember it as nothing more than a dull, sombre town, first seen in leaden silhouette from the Mersey, and even after the miseries of the landing stage — and they are many — on closer acquaintance proving dreary and forbidding. A few fine buildings in the classic

style (including a good picture-gallery), which immediately surround S. George's Hall, and the hall itself, together with the docks, seem to them all that the town has to show. These sights are in no sense typically English; although the never-ending procession of slatternly women and wizened children bearing beer-mugs either filled or about to be filled, which files around a certain corner, near a well-known hotel, leads the beholder to believe himself indeed in the land of Cruikshank and Gilray. For beggary

in its most miserable form commend me to England; for the most sodden and abject of English beggars, to Liverpool.

And yet some delightful hours may be passed in Liverpool, and people do not realize that there are characteristically English sights to be seen there. After all, why wish to be plunged into antiquity? Why, rather, should we not (if I may so speak) wade in by degrees? For just in proportion as we are familiar with a period does it interest us, and we find our colonial homestead, with its two hundred years of familiar history, richer to us in suggestion and greater in interest than the Roman bridge built by a general we never heard of, in some period whose remoteness robs it of any sense of age or reality. It is somewhat for this reason that the small and unimpressive seventeenth-century building styled the Cathedral Church of S. Peter, Church Street, Liverpool, has for me its attractions.

It was a late autumn afternoon when I first saw the interior of this ugly old temple, — a gray, murky day, and all the air of the sanctuary permeated, not with incense, but with the characteristic Liverpool odor of soft coal. A few gaslights dimly twinkled in a halo of brownish haze, near the altar. There seemed to be no color anywhere. All the woodwork — the fronts of the galleries, the stalls, the great carved altar-piece — was black, its polished darkness broken only by thin white streaks, the reflection of the garish light outside through the great plainly glazed arched windows in the galleries. Over the altar was a great window in an anæmic mezzotint, representing S. Peter with his keys, and surrounded with a border of red and blue panes of glass. A modest throne for the bishop rose conspicuous among the stalls of the choir. The organ, in a gallery on the left of the altar, soon began to play, and the choir rapidly filed into the church from a small circular sacristy in the tower. The ser-

vice was the usual evensong of the English cathedral, not ill performed; and with an anthem full of rills, trills, and quavers, and pleasant parts and harmonies, — not solemn nor devout, but quaint, and just matching the queer old pseudo-classic church whose walls were bathed in its soft melody. It was all so intensely eighteenth-century, so ugly, so homelike, so interesting, that I could but think of Dr. Johnson at S. Bride's, Fleet Street, or else believe him on a visit to this same church, where he would have been placed in a pew devoted to the Corporation of Liverpool, — a pew decorated with two elaborate wrought-iron posts, heavily gilt, upon which stood the civic bird, an ostrich. This same proud fowl figures on a waterspout without, and beneath him, on the said spout, appears the date of the building of the church, which is, I believe, 1611.

Hardly an afternoon passed that I did not find myself at S. Peter's, in the midst of a congregation made up of workingmen, pale clerks, old women and doddering old men, young girls and little children; always a good congregation for a week-day service; always the same indefinable English steadiness and sturdiness about the performance of it, and in the behavior of the people, which is so satisfying after the self-conscious reverence or (what is worse) the unconscious irreverence which are the Scylla and Charybdis of American religious life. As I watched the darkling church, the sense of the immense background of tradition, custom, inheritance, and continuity of faith overwhelmed me. "This," I said to myself, "is to me a strange episode, and yet all over England, in cathedrals and parish churches, this goes on day by day, and I am the chance and transient quantity even here." It vexed me that what to them was so common was to me an event, and that what had been the heritage of the poorest child of the slums was to me a privilege worth recording. I left the church with a sense of having

been in some way defrauded of my birthright, and for the moment wished myself a Briton born.

It was one evening, after a particularly well-sung service, that, as I emerged into the dark street, a little bent man, in a tall hat, a poor faded oddity from Heaven knows where, touched me on the arm, and said, "Parding, sir, but that hanthem, — was n't it beautiful, sir? Oh, sir, I do henjoy them hanthem, sir, — no offense, I hope, sir. Good-night." And he vanished into the darkness. "I think," said I to my friend, "that man must have escaped from — Dickens." Indeed, it was enough to remind any one of *Hard Times* or Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* to see, on certain mornings, the couples waiting in the church to be married. Somehow it seemed impossible that they could be about to take part in a ceremony which the traditions of all lands and all ages surround with joy (or an expensive imitation of it) in so sad-colored and commonplace a manner. No music, no well-dressed crowd, no flowers. It made me long to buy each couple at least a wedding favor; and possibly that good angel of European fiction, the rich American, will some day found a "dole" to supply rice and iced cakes to the lads and lasses who frequent *S. Peter's* on marriage-days. Old shoes the couples seem to bring with them.

The cathedral stands in an open space, — not precisely the traditional English cathedral close, although its trim parterres, winding paths, and green turf are a pleasant bit of freshness and color amid the dull shops and warehouses about it. It is surely much pleasanter than when I first knew it; for then the entire churchyard was paved with gravestones, — a desert of slate parallelograms, with their inscriptions half obliterated, reminding the beholder of a forgotten set of dominoes, face downwards.

It was across this stony plain that, the first afternoon of my arrival in

Liverpool, I wandered in search of adventures. I had nowhere to go and nothing to do, and it was at the precise moment that I had decided that Liverpool had nothing at all worth seeing except docks (about which I am as indifferent as I am ignorant) that, at an angle of the churchyard, an old building in what we should call "colonial" style attracted my attention. It was, in fact, a Blue Coat School, founded by a dead-and-gone Liverpool merchant, in which, a Latin inscription informed me, the youth of Liverpool were to be trained, under the protecting wing of the Church of England, in that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom. This dignified structure, surrounding three sides of a courtyard, looked its part to perfection. Its gates stood open, and beyond, through the centre door of the school itself, also open, I could see all the little Blue Coats going to prayers. Crossing the court and entering, I found myself in a hall paved with stone, with whitewashed walls and tall arched windows filled with little panes of glass. Two long tables ran up and down the room, set with great blue and white plates and bowls, all with the arms of Liverpool thereon. I could hear the tramp of the little boys going up the staircase to the chapel overhead; and now the little girls, in blue dresses, white handkerchiefs crossed on their shoulders, and caps, were formed in a procession, which presently began to move, and which, respectfully followed, brought me to another hall, of the same size as that first entered, with more tall windows and a large organ. Banks of seats ran up on all sides of the room. The girls were close to the organ, flanked on either hand by the boys, all smug and neat in their long-tail blue coats with brass buttons. At a desk directly in front of the organ stood a peculiarly solemn blonde little boy, who saying in a piping voice, "Let us now sing the 312th hymn to the praise and glory of God," all the children struck up a psalm tune. This

was followed by prayers, read by the same excellent youth in a loud voice and with a manner at once confident and exemplary, great attention being paid to shades of meaning, commas and full stops. At the end of some collects the "youthful quire" again burst forth into an elaborate anthem, of really great beauty, by Barnby, Stainer, or some other English composer, which they performed with great precision and very evident enjoyment. Not the least amusing part of the scene was the assemblage of townspeople, friends of the pupils, who sat patiently on the steep (and extremely hard) rows of seats, and gazed with kindly pride at the little folks, — honest, good-humored people, proud that "Johnny was being brought up to respect himself, and was by way of being a credit to the family." Nor must I forget the decorations of the hall, which consisted of a number of immensely tall black wooden tablets (about eight by three feet), upon which were painted in dull yellow letters the amount of the benefactions made to the institution, thus : —

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Alderman Round	3	3	0
The Rt. Hon. P. Steen	1	0	0
T. Williamson, Esq.	0	3	0

etc., in the manner of an account-book. This ingenious system of praising the liberal and shaming the churlish still goes on, and — such is British conservatism — having once been begun, no known power could modify the large type or the enormous tablets.

At the close of the anthem I discovered that I was to be "let in" for the Catechism and an address, and also that an unfortunate little boy and an equally wretched little girl were each to repeat a chapter from the Bible, verbatim. Shocked at the prospect of witnessing this ordeal, I fled from the room, but not before I was intercepted by an urchin with the inevitable plate. He was in the hallway, and, I fancy, enjoyed the

"gates of Zion" more than what Miss Phelps would call "the beyond."

But to the tired eyes of the voyager over the North Atlantic, wearied with the unutterable dreariness and grayness of its tossing waves, the greenery of the pretty parks without the town is the most grateful of the sights of Liverpool. The rich damp mist, the church towers rising above the masses of foliage, rosy-cheeked children by twos and threes loitering across the commons, all begin to tell us of the real England. Beyond Croxteth Park there is a network of lanes and roads, bordered by suburban houses, — houses buried in deep, dense shrubbery, with vines overrunning all bounds and shrouding them in green. We pass these houses, each with its name painted upon the gatepost (and always the most imposing name for the smallest abode), and the roads lengthen out into real highways, bordered with tall, lichen-grown, discolored walls, and at last a turn of the road discloses a distant view. We are at Mossley Hill Church. Below and beyond it the green meadows, the hedge-rows dividing field from field, the elms spreading their branches against the pale luminous blue of the evening sky, a light twinkling up the slope from some farmhouse, a laborer crossing a distant field-path, — all blend in one soft pastoral view full of a peaceful well-being, which, in spite of the discordant notes here and there, makes us forget the black and toiling town behind, and realize that the England we have always dreamed of is at last before us.

A Slip of Coleridge's. — Has any one ever called attention to the extraordinary blunder, in describing natural phenomena, which occurs in the *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge? At the moment of the terrific apparition of the phantom ship, we read how

"The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun."

Then comes the awful game of dice, then the sunset, and then the instantaneous tropical night and the miserable efforts of the steersman, when

"Clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip."

But if the moon rose in the east and gradually climbed the sky, she was at or near her full, — opposite the sun. Hence she could not be horned, or have a star within either tip. The crescent moon, with her horns, is of course seen in the west, at or near sunset, and the crescent moon is steadily setting and getting lower in the sky from the instant of its appearance. It may also be crescent in the east at sunrise, but this has no application here.

The significance of this error is twofold. First, Coleridge is one of those authors whom his admirers generally will not allow to be criticised; he is supposed to be justified by a kind of inspiration in anything he ever wrote. In such circumstances, there is some satisfaction for those whose taste is for a wholly different style of composition,

and who consider Coleridge a peculiarly proper subject for criticism, to find the sort of mistake in him which, made by Scott, Byron, or Moore, would have instantly brought down on the offender a swarm of harpies.

But there is a much deeper significance in this mistake. It shows that poet, of undoubted genius and skill in composition, who has planned and composed a poem with profound thought and care, may in the course of forty lines admit an impossible incongruity unnoticed by himself, and, as time has shown, unnoticed by three generations of readers. Yet it is precisely such incongruities that cause the various German critics to cut up the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into separate poems, and declare that no one man could have composed either of them. Coleridge tells us himself that he is indebted to Wordsworth for two lines of the poem. Lachmann would undoubtedly argue that one of these two poets must have stopped his hand soon after describing the sunset, and then the other have inserted the description of the moon.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Religion and Philosophy. Footprints of Christ, by Rev. Wm. M. Campbell. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A series of familiar talks, suggested by salient features in the life and ministry of Christ. We cannot greatly praise the off-hand manner of the writer, and the matter is not so new nor so impressive as to make one indifferent to the tiresome short sentences which succeed each other in disregard of all effort at continuity. — *The Unanswered Prayer, or Why do so many Children of the Church go to Ruin?* by Mrs. S. M. T. Henry. (Woman's Temperance Publication Society, Chicago.) A small volume, reciting the experience of a writer who is engaged in the work of the W. C. T. U., but it relates rather to the perils of impurity than of intemperance. — *The Continuous Creation, an Application of the Evolutionary Philosophy to the Christian Religion,*

by Myron Adams. (Houghton.) A fresh, well-considered, and reasonable study in religious philosophy. The writer possibly does not appreciate fully the inhuman aspect of evolution as held by some of its interpreters, but he gives generous reception to the scientific basis, and reads Christianity in its light. — *The Evolution of Man and Christianity*, by the Rev. Howard Macqueary. (Appleton.) This author treats his subject in a different manner from Mr. Adams, his attempt being to apply the evolution theory to the facts as recorded in the Bible, and to see what is left after the physiologists and psychologists and biologists have had the last word. He strikes us as honest, but as rather blindly obedient to his new masters, and more disposed to accept as final the conclusions of scientists than some of his class are to accept the deductions of metaphy-

sicians and theologians. — The Religious Aspect of Evolution, by James McCosh (Scribners), is issued in an enlarged and revised edition, including a chapter on Final Cause in Evolution. Dr. McCosh's position is well known, and he is not a recent convert to the theory. He does not profess to be a naturalist, but neither are any of the unreligious evolutionary philosophers. — Whither? O Whither? Tell me here, is the somewhat startling title of a pamphlet by Dr. McCosh (Scribners), in which he plunges into the arena where Dr. Briggs has been riding about with his lance. He does not much seek to unhorse Dr. Briggs as to gird some of the ghosts which Dr. Briggs has sed.

History. Alexander: a History of the Origin and Growth of the Art of War from the Earliest Times to the Battle of Ipsus, B. C. 301, with a Detailed Account of the Campaigns of the Great Macedonian; with 237 Charts, Maps, Plans of Battles and Tactical Manœuvres, Cuts of Armor, Uniforms, Siege Devices, and Portraits. By Theodore Ayrauld Dodge. (Houghton.) We have copied in full the descriptive title of this important book because it tells so much of the scope of the work. Colonel Dodge has already issued a comprehensive volume of lectures on Great Captains, and now, under the same title, proposes to expand the several subjects. "It is believed," he says, "that when the series of volumes, of which this is the first, shall have reached our own times the entire body of the art of war will have been well covered. This is not a political history. If any errors in the description of the intricate political conditions of Alexander's age have crept in, the author begs that they may be pardoned, as not properly within the scope of the work. Time has been devoted to manœuvres and battles; politics has been treated as a side issue." Colonel Dodge writes as an experienced soldier and military critic for a non-professional audience, and he writes out of so fresh an interest in his subject that he is sure to find interested readers. — In the Story of the Nations Series (Putnams), a recent volume is The Hansa Towns, by Helen Zimmern; a book which is not only readable in itself, but valuable as a commentary upon the insufficiency of a merely commercial league as a basis for nationality. The part which the Hanseatic league played was an important one, and much light is thrown upon the conditions of intercourse in the thirteenth to the fifteenth century; but there is something of a misnomer in calling the book the story of a nation.

Poetry. A Few More Verses, by Susan Coolidge. (Roberts.) The characteristics of this writer's poetry which have attracted readers heretofore reappear in this modest volume:

the earnestness, not to say eagerness, of spirit, the friendliness, the perception of beauty in things common, the wholesomeness of tone in things religious, set forth in lines which are often effective, sometimes quaint, and sometimes, also, — shall we say it? — a little hobbly. — The Beautiful City in Song, and Other Poems, by the Rev. Dwight Williams. (Phillips & Hunt, New York.) A volume of sentimental religious verse. — Songs of Help and Inspiration, by Brewer Mattocks. (American News Co.) A species of rude grace, if we may say so, attracts one in these unmelodious verses, a touch of genuineness removes them from the merely commonplace, and one is disposed to think that though there is not much poetry in the verse, there is some in the man who writes the verse. — A London Plane-Tree, and Other Verse, by Amy Levy. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) The strain of weariness and of expectation of death which runs through these slight poems impresses one as largely physical in its origin. There is an undercurrent of pleasure and delight in beauty which might very likely have become more dominant if this young writer had lived. Her musical power is undoubted. — Annals of the Earth, by C. L. Phifer. (American Publishers' Association, Chicago.) A supplement to Milton's Paradise Lost, but with a protest on the part of the author against some of Milton's positions. The work is annotated with footnotes, and the author draws upon Biblical, classic, and Oriental sources. He rides his poetic horse with a good deal of zeal, and keeps up a steady trot down the centuries.

Travel. A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees, by Edwin Asa Dix. (Putnams.) Mr. Dix's title as ex-fellow in history intimates the nature of his interest in travel. His book is both a picturesque tour and a sketch of the historic points covered in the tour. The writing is pleasing, and if one could have the book in a smaller form, printed on uncalendered paper and without pictures, bound so as to open agreeably, and with a good map, he might read it with great satisfaction. — A Handbook of Florida, by Charles Ledyard Norton. (Longmans.) This is a section of the entire work, and is devoted to the Atlantic coast. Mr. Norton divides his subject by countries, and afterwards takes up special points. He has accumulated a great deal of information, historical, geographical, and industrial, and he has made liberal use of maps. We have no doubt he shares our regret that the maps are so inelegant in style. — Two Years in the French West Indies, by Lafcadio Hearn (Harpers), is the result of a summer trip to the tropics and a prolonged sojourn on the island of Martinique. Mr. Hearn often writes with force and picturesqueness, but he dips his pen in too many

brilliant colors, and his gorgeous pages become a trifle fatiguing at last. The compositor must have had on hand a phenomenal supply of one-em dashes in order so successfully to meet the exigencies of Mr. Hearn's peculiar prose style. — Stanley's *Emin Pasha Expedition*, by A. J. Wauters. (Lippincott.) This book may be taken as a convenient forerunner of Stanley's own narrative. It makes no profession of being a substitute for it, but details with some care the events which led to the formation of the expedition, the incidents preliminary to Stanley's departure from his base, and then, very briefly, the facts which have since come to light regarding Stanley's movements until he rescued Emin Pasha. A good map and a number of process cuts, of varying degrees of goodness, accompany the book.

Science. The sixty-sixth number of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is *Physiology of Bodily Exercise*, by Fernand Lagrange. The study is minute and somewhat dry, but the results reached are of value, for the author determines with much justness the conflicting claims of difficult and easy exercise. His final sentence sums the matter as a practical application: "Prescribe fencing, gymnastics with apparatus, and lessons in a riding-school to all those idle persons whose brain languishes for want of work. The effort of will and the work of coördination which these exercises demand will give a salutary stimulus to the torpid cerebral cells. But for a child overworked at school, for a person whose nerve-centres are congested, owing to persistent mental effort in preparing for an examination, for such we must prescribe long walks, the easily learned exercise of rowing, and, failing better, the old game of leap-frog and prisoner's base, running-games, — anything, in fact, rather than difficult exercises and acrobatic gymnastics." The same reasoning would favor light gymnastics for this second class. — *The Science of Metrology, or Natural Weights and Measures*, by the Hon. E. Noel. (Edward Stanford, London.) The author calls his little treatise a challenge to the metric system. His purpose, however, is not merely critical, for he aims at constructing a system which shall harmonize the English and the metric system.

Sociology and Economics. *Emigration and Immigration, a Study in Social Science*, by Richard Mayo Smith. (Scribners.) Mr. Smith's book, if not in strictness a pioneer book, is so full and so thorough a treatment of a subject which has been attacked from various sides that it is a positive addition to our social and economic literature. It is a pleasure to find a writer who takes at once a humane and broad view of his subject, and handles his statistics in a scientific

way. He treats of the history of migrations, of the relation of immigration to population, the political effects of immigration, the economic gain by immigration, competition with American labor, social effects of immigration, assisted emigration and immigration, and similar topics. We notice that Mr. Smith does not refer at all to the recent discussion on negro emigration. — *The Geography of Marriage, or Legal Perplexities of Wedlock in the United States*, by William L. Snyder. (Putnams.) A rapid sketch of the complexity of the regulations of the marriage contract, closing with a few pages of suggestion as to the remedy, which is in effect greater uniformity in the laws governing both marriage and divorce. The last third of the book is a digest of the law of marriage in its most important particulars, arranged according to States. — Mr. J. Madison Cutts (Washington) has edited a pamphlet containing the views of the late Stephen A. Douglas on an American Continental Commercial Union or alliance. Its arguments, drawn up a quarter of a century ago, and regarding Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, and Central America, are just as applicable to-day, and may be extended to include South America without impairing their value. — *Involuntary Idleness*, an exposition of the cause of the discrepancy existing between the supply of and the demand for labor and its products, by Hugh Bilgram. (Lippincott.) A small book, with the conclusion "that an expansion of the volume of money, by extending the issue of credit-money, will prevent business stagnation and involuntary idleness."

Bibliography and Books of Reference. *A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of John Ruskin, LL. D.*, edited by Thomas J. Wise. (Wiley.) This work is to be issued in eight parts, of which two have appeared. It is prepared in the same minute, painstaking manner as *Arrows of the Chace*, the *Index to Fors Clavigera*, and other helps to an exact account of Mr. Ruskin's literary work. This author is a boon to the bibliographer, for he has started so many enterprises, made so many sharp turns, recrossed his own steps so frequently, and taken so many *vestigia retrorsa* that to follow him is as exhilarating to the book collector and indexer as a fox-hunt to a fox-hunter. Moreover, Mr. Ruskin himself seems to think the game is worth the candle, and takes a delightful interest in his own footprints. — *Handy Lists of Technical Literature. Part I. Useful Arts in General, Products and Processes used in Manufacture, Technology, and Trades.* Compiled by H. E. Haferkorn and Paul Heise. (National Publishing and Printing Co., Milwaukee.)